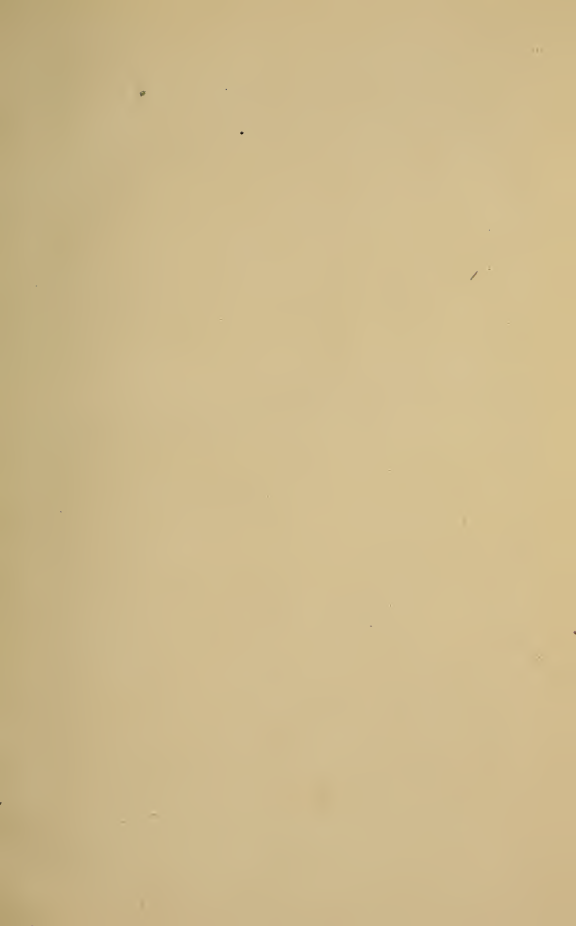


CHRISTIAN WOMANHOOD

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More loving friend
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Christian Womanhood.

LIFE OF MRS. M. K. FVERTS,

With an

INTRODUCTION.

"A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit, still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

"Her children arise up and call her blessed. Her husband, also
and he praiseth her."

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PREFACE.



BIOGRAPHY, as compared with Romance, labors under some disadvantage. The latter may ignore faults, borrow angelic virtues, group in a single character every grace and charm, and weave a plot of circumstance that will develop every power, exhibit each beauty.

But Biography deals with a humanity that shares our common nature, — is limited to the delineation of possible virtue, and real, instead of supposable, events. Thus real history may never bring forth “so true a lover as Theogones; so constant a friend as Pylades; so valiant a man as Orlando; so right a prince as Cyrus; and so excellent a man in every way as Virgil’s Æneas.”

But if History is “Philosophy teaching by example,” then we need Biographies to teach the world the philosophy of life, of self control, of achievement, of endurance, of success; and the detailed character of the noble, the good, are worth to the world more than

any possible conception of the ideal. The individual history of such men as Washington or Lincoln affect the public mind more than the most illustrious heroes of Romance; and it is perhaps truly alleged that the life of Christ is more powerful to convince the judgment, and influence the will, than even the attestation of his miracles and wonderful utterances.

Yet false standards of greatness have bewildered the judgment and misled the conscience of the world, and while meretricious and superficial characteristics have been exalted, superior virtues are ignored and forgotten. Mental balance and moral power rise higher in the true scale of being than genius. The man Christ Jesus might have chosen the highest rank in literature, philosophy, or empire, but in resplendent philanthropy he left us a conception of god-like virtue outweighing worldly distinctions.

Although Mrs. Everts' education was early interrupted, and her whole life burdened with active duties and heavy cares, the variety and extent of her labors prove her endowments to have been of a rare order, and that, with leisure, she might have won reputation for mental superiority.

But, in our loving estimation, she rose far above *litterateur*, artist, or lyric queen, in her humble approach to Christ's life, — she gained the distinction of rare virtue, of true philanthropy.

But some may ask why we intrude a private life upon the public ear. The lessons drawn from simple individual experience are most pertinent and capable of practical application. We may admire the heroism and capacity by which a man of humble origin rises

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to become the saviour of his country in great crises; but our neighbor who shelters the homeless, and reclaims the erring, incites us to emulation as well as admiration — for we may grasp such opportunities, a like work lies at our door.

There is a keen sense of satisfaction in the reflection that TRUTH, instead of marring the symmetry, is the only embellishment of the following history. Without disguise, as free from exaggeration as impartial criticism could suggest, its effectiveness depends solely upon its faithfulness. But how bold the attempt to write the history of a life, to mirror the many days of each year, with their distinctive work and phases of feeling. The task faithfully performed, will but resemble the scene "On 'Change," where the merchant consummates the sale of a cargo that heavily freights the vessel, with but the sample that he carries in a little box. Or the sign-post, on the roadside, whose index-finger points the way, round the mountain-side, through the valley, and over the river, but can not tell the traveler of the little inn where refreshment waits, of the bit of woodland the road skirts, or the quiet beauty of a sheltered lake.

No ambitious attempt at book-making would have inspired this volume, but the burden of a sacred trust, and the courage of a lofty purpose. She did not belong exclusively to one church or one denomination; but, as a judicious friend remarks, "Her life affords a lesson for the next generation." She was not a woman of one shining gift — she could not be ranked with the few whose genius characterizes an age. Nor did the circumstances of her life remove her from the

ordinary routine which constitutes the life of most of her sex. But in entire consecration her daily walk became a sacrificial life; and if in a study of its record any learn the beauty and dignity of Christian Womanhood, then she, "being dead, shall yet speak."

The oneness of aim and interest in Mrs. E.'s relation with her husband can hardly be overstated. Not only through the enthusiasm of affection, but by the interest of a co-laborer was this unity perfected. Jointly with him she wrought: her life of action, thought and feeling was identical with his own; and for this reason, the narration of her life necessitates the frequent notice of her husband's labors.

Although the limited choice of correspondents from whom we gain the most of Mrs. E.'s letters are not exhaustive of her friendships, they serve as types each of a class. Miss S. was the friend of almost her lifetime. Associated intimately with her early remembrances, a peculiar tenderness guarded their intercourse. During her last illness, after many sleepless days and nights, with intense weariness in look and voice, she said, "If I get well, I *must* rest. Perhaps E. S. will want me to come to her." Mr. P. was the friend who, during Mr. Everts' failing health, more, perhaps, than any other, advised and furthered the voyage and travel which promised restoration; and, during his enforced absence, was unfailing in thoughtful kindness for the lonely family. The moistened eye often attested her grateful appreciation of his almost brotherly kindness. Mrs. P., a southern woman, of decided character and ability, was the warm personal friend of her later years. Although each was distin-

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guished by peculiarity of birth and education, yet there was a congeniality which asserted itself, and the generous affection which, in time of trial, only clung the closer, was dearly prized.

Mrs. Everts' character supplied to her husband, the study on Christian Womanhood which introduces the story of her life. Thus suggested, revived and delivered as a discourse, in the tender gratitude of an expected convalescence during her last illness, it became the *husband's* fittest offering to the memory of a sainted wife.

E. E. WRENN.

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CHRISTIAN WOMANHOOD.

I.

CONDITION OF WOMAN.

"THE Christian religion alone presents woman to man as a companion; every other abandons her to him as a slave."

PERFECTED womanhood, where shall we find it? Not in history. From earliest ages, in the East, man might sell his wife into slavery, or even adjudge her to death. Still, in India, by law and tradition, she is denied social equality with man. She may not promenade the city, or walk the country, without special permission and attendance. She may not sit at a feast, or ap-

pear on any public occasion. At the family meal she stands obsequiously behind husband or son as servant, and satisfies her dignity and hunger with the remains of the repast. In Western Asia she has long been a conspicuous article of commerce, and a make-weight in diplomacy. In Africa she is sold for cowries, as a dog or a sheep. In the Russian language, soul designates male slave, as if woman was not worth counting in property. A nobleman was worth so many *souls* — that is, male servants.

Not even in the most pretentious civilization, ancient or modern, do we find a perfected womanhood. Syria, Babylon, Egypt, Greece, have not bequeathed it to the world. Rome, which conquered the world three times — once by its arms, once by its language, and once by its religion — could hardly name one truly noble woman for each century of its supremacy, and has furnished no example of woman's ideal excellence. And, while modern civilization has failed to raise woman to possible perfection, among the lower classes, she is still

the servant and drudge of man. In parts of Europe she is devoted to menial employments of the field, sometimes harnessed, to plow or drag, with ox or ass. In large cities she is left to almost hopeless degradation. In London alone there are supposed to be forty thousand needle-women, living but one degree above the starvation point. And in cities of this country, the proportion of suffering, as of vicious women, is almost as great.

Nor do we find our ideal of womanhood yet represented by art. Whether in the sculptor's Eve or Venus, the lovely Slave or the glorious Zenobia, or in the painter's conception of Madonna or Magdalen, the Sancta Cæcilia or Beatrice; however beautiful these in themselves, assimilated to the materialism of the artist and the age, they have not satisfied the search for the model woman.

Nor hitherto in the annals of the Church has that female perfection been disclosed. Though the Hebrews were exalted above cotemporary nations, a collector of biography has found among the inspired annals

only eighteen worthy of notice; and even among these were embraced such doubtful characters as Jezebel and the Witch of Endor. In the New Testament, none are distinguished for genius, intellectual culture or art, and only some half dozen for the higher qualifications of piety and charity.

Immature religious beliefs, even Swedenborgianism in its poetic mysticism, Atheism itself, have incorporated as a creed, or suggested the future of a perfected and glorified womanhood. Comte, the French atheist, says, "We only want, and shall have, the glory of woman to worship." This longing of humanity, thus voiced in faith, we shall only find realized in the new prophecies of human progress and womanly development, awakened by Christianity. In *Christian* womanhood perfection may be sought — will be attained.

II.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

THE body is the mind's casket; in normal condition it guards and displays the jewel; disordered or enfeebled, it exposes it to be tarnished or destroyed.



CHRISTIAN womanhood must be developed through normal physical culture. The Rose springs up from the ground; by untraced processes derives its beauty and fragrance from earthly mould, and is lifted up into the air, and held firm against wind and tempest, by a homely stalk rooted in the soil. Forgetting its lowly dependence, it droops and dies in an hour; or its communication with the earth impaired, proportionately loses beauty and fragrance. So the human soul rises into being through earthly media, spreads the first tender leaves of thought, sentiment, and feeling

over the surface of material life. And though rising toward heaven in intellectual stature and moral elevation, its dependence upon the body is as constant and vital as that of tree or flower upon the ground for the nourishment of stalk, stamen, calyx, petal, color, or fragrance.

The floral system is not more affected by climate, soil, and diversity of culture, than material beauty and graces of womanhood by varying physical conditions. The Dandelion, Hollyhock, or Sunflower are not farther removed from the beauty of Lily, Rose, or queenly Magnolia, than the average character of womanhood from its ideal conception. Through long ages, over dark lands, the flower of womanhood has been dwarfed, paled, and scentless. And even in civilized nations, its beauty and fragrance have been but partially developed. With some, styles of dress stifle respiration, confine the motions, and expose the most sensitive parts of the body. With others, unseasonable or stimulating diet taxes digestion, inflames the blood, engenders or aggravates functional disorders.

With others, want of exercise enfeebles the pulse, renders languid the circulation, and brings on nervous irritability or prostration. While with others, unsuitable employments or dissipating amusements overtax the vital powers, and precipitate decline, consumption, and death.

All these evils impair the strength and beauty of womanhood, and hasten at once the decay of her charms and her life. The preceptress of one of the largest female seminaries in an Eastern city, recently, in deploring the neglect of physical culture in female education, said there was scarcely one of the whole number of her pupils who might not be regarded as a fit subject for medical treatment. We fear a careful examination, one by one, of all our schools and families would lead to the same sad report.

“Ill health is so much the normal condition of feminine existence here,” says a public writer, “that many women, who have never had a well day in their lives, actually declare and believe themselves healthy. Let them apply to themselves

the test of a celebrated physician: 'A healthy woman,' says Dr. Meigs, 'has no experimental knowledge of back, sides, head, lungs, stomach, liver, or any other organ; she is conscious of herself only as one perfect, elastic, and life-enjoying whole!'"

A generation of slaves in Cuba, it is estimated, is killed off by work in seven years. Generations of women are as surely, if not as rapidly, killed off by the accomplishments, fashions, and follies of modern civilization, and ignorance and disregard of the laws of life. Compare granddaughters with grandmothers in stature, development, erectness, power of endurance, and probability of long life. Tapering down at the present rate, the race would soon vanish altogether, but for the grafting in of healthier stock from humbler life, the transfer of plebeian blood through aristocratic veins.

As the Roman empire was recuperated by the incorporation of a hardier stock of barbarians; as cities derive fresh material of health and vitality from rural and moun-

tain districts, so the vigor of effeminate peoples is ever recuperated from hardier races. Anakim children of hard-working laborers come up every two or three generations, with their great heads and strong arms, like Gullivers among Lilliputians, and pluck away all the wealth, honors, and prizes of life from descendants of degenerate races. With fewer intellectual and moral achievements, and enfeebled health, is lost the happiness of life.

“ Now Spring returns, but not to me return
The vernal joys my better years have known.
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health have fled.”

In seeking the development of a true womanhood of the individual and of the race, there must be a primary and due regard to physical culture. The blooming cheek, the developed form, the elastic step, the commanding mien, softened to gracefulness; the flowing spirits lighting up the countenance with joy, and ringing out in the merry laugh; and even power of endurance, noble purpose and lofty achieve-

ment, entering so largely into our ideal conception of woman, confirming to her that power that "rules the camp, the court, the grove;" are mediately the gift of health. Its subversion is like removing the foundation of a graceful temple, precipitating it into shapeless ruins.

This higher physical culture is due to woman's own well-being, achievement, and happiness. Why should she pine so soon in faded loveliness? Why tenant so early the sick-room darkened with sorrows—the dying chamber shaded with gloom? It is also due to the well-being and happiness of man. Why should he so soon be bereft of her companionship and solace? Why left so soon to cast his shadow alone on the hillside of life? But it is preëminently due to the elevation and progress of the race. Spurzheim, the distinguished naturalist, declares that the physical culture of woman is more important to the welfare of the race, than that of man. From enfeebled mothers will be born a degenerate race. With increasing vitality in women, and progressive application of the laws of

life, the race may rise to hardier character and greater power. The little girl may more surely be trained up in healthy development, or recovered from deformed bias or sickly condition, than tree or plant, and endowed with strength for the duties and pleasures of a true life.

As this culture advances, we may oftener admire in the parlor, the health still blooming in the kitchen ; in the higher walks of life, the freshness and vigor still manifested among the industrious poor ; among American ladies, the more developed form and ruddier cheek adorning English women. Then, in physical endowment, as of the most distinguished matrons of Greece and Rome, and the most worthy mothers of England and the Republic, will be laid the foundation for longer life, and more distinguished intellectual and moral achievement. Then woman, and the race, commencing from these rudiments of being, may rise to their destined greatness, glory, and happiness.

III.

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

"A SOUL without reflection, like a pile without inhabitant, to ruin runs."



CHRISTIAN womanhood must also be attained through a varied intellectual culture. Woman's capacity for varied mental development and achievement requires no proof. Hypatia, while in the bloom of her beauty, declared the first philosopher of her age; Eudocia, who found leisure amid regal dignities, for cultivating philosophy and rhetoric; Zenobia, Marie Theresa and Elizabeth, great in Empire; Madame Roland and De Stael, peers of the social philosophers of their time; Mrs. Sommerville and Caroline Herschel, illustrious in science; Rosa Bonheur and Miss Hosmer, eminent in art; Mrs. Browning, our "fe-

male Milton ;" Siddons and Rachel, queens of the stage; Jenny Lind, the incomparable songstress; and now *the remarkable young orator*, Anna Dickinson; all attest her varied mental endowments. And yet woman has never been encouraged to development. These attained fame only through the inherent power of genius, with unusual aids of cultivation and appreciation. We will never know of the "mute, inglorious Miltons," the embryo scholars, painters and philosophers, that the world has lost, through cramping circumstance and chilling neglect. Woman has been ranked scarcely above the birds of brilliant plumage or beautiful song, fit for the gilded cage in the boudoir; the graceful swan that sails in the garden lake; or the deer that may gambol at pleasure in the enclosed woodland.

The debasement of women is enforced primarily by denying her that development of reason which could assert her rights, and redress her wrongs. Woman's education in the East has been confined to those superficial accomplishments of beau-

ty, graceful manners, and arts of fascination, which might adapt her to please man, but not such as to inspire a sense of individual rights and responsibility. When missionaries remonstrate against such distrust of mental culture, they are told, "Education does very well for English or American women, but not for ours. They would cease to be contented and subordinate." Thus their eyes are put out that they may not explore ways of escape from their social condition.

The standard of female education in modern and Christian nations has been too far assimilated to the views of the oriental defamers and oppressors of woman. Too many, now, believe woman is perfectly developed by fine figure, fine complexion, fine manners, fashionable dress, and other showy accomplishments, though the mind is left unfurnished. By disproportioned attention to this order of culture, they seem to despise mental endowments and acquisitions of knowledge. When following the Roman army in a war against Persia, the rude German soldiery were pillaging the

royal tents of Narses, they were filled with wonder at the luxurious and elegant arts of the East, but they were ignorant of the value of the most precious of the spoils. The shining leather bag that contained the precious pearls of the king, they greatly admired and cherished as an elegant and useful trophy, but the pearls it contained they scattered on the ground as useless pebbles. So, many dazzled with the external investiture and adornments of womanly character, appreciate not the pearls of intellectual and moral endowment.

Trained under these false views, many a beautiful young lady can carry free and animated conversation no further than the gossip of the daily press, the last fashion-plate, or some recent development of scandal. For such the poet has already prepared an epitaph :

“ Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam;
Want, only of wisdom, denied her respect,
Want, only of goodness, denied her esteem.

Now a higher order of intellectual culture is opening to woman the elevated and refining pleasures of knowledge and art. She will have sources of contentment and happiness within herself, protecting her from the temptations of seeking all enjoyment abroad. And beyond the supplement of her pleasures, she needs such culture to fit her for her mission and usefulness. If the classics enrich and embellish the mind, she requires these advantages as well as man. If mathematics strengthen the reason, correct the judgment, and free from the delusions of fancy, woman requires such rectitude of understanding, and regulation of fancy, as well as man. But as the providential teacher of the world, high culture is especially important. An Indian chief said, in the early efforts to evangelize his tribe, the missionaries instructed the boys. But as they grew up and married uneducated girls, they relapsed into barbarism with their families. "Now," he says, "we educate the girls, and they, educating the rising generation, the whole tribe advances in civilization."

Gradually higher and juster views of woman's education obtain. A more liberal culture is produced in common schools and higher seminaries; and Vassar College is a way mark of progress. The idea is becoming rooted in the public mind, that a thoroughly educated woman is not only ornamental but useful; that her cultivated resources are not only to refine but may also instruct society; that she may influence votes, if not at the ballot-box, yet by the intelligent use of her intuitions and the exercise of her reasonable influence; that she may aspire to professions and forms of business long closed to her ignorance, thus raising herself beyond disaster, or the belittlements of idleness; that she may use and guard property intelligently; in short, that she may be a thinking and working partner in the great business of life. Thorough and varied education is to solve the social problems of woman's life, her work, her influence, her rights; which have engrossed attention, provoked discussion, and even stormy debate.

Woman's education furnishes a scale on which to measure the progress of civilization. When Antony, after returning from Egypt, was discoursing to the Roman nobles of its peculiarities, he is reported as saying: "Thus do they, sires — they take the plane of the Nile by certain scales of the pyramids, and they know by the height, lowness or mean, whether dearth or foison follow. The higher Nilus swelleth, the more it promiseth." Female education is the Nileometer of society. It gauges the comparative advancement of individuals, nations, ages. The higher it rises in intellectual and moral tone, the further it reaches, in invigorating influence, the wider and more affluent harvests of knowledge, virtue and happiness.

IV.

DOMESTIC CULTURE.

“THE modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance.”



TRUE womanhood must be authenticated through industrial skill and occupation in the family. Industry is the necessity of most women — the duty of all. The family is the primary and most important sphere of her employment. The order of the household is peculiarly confided to woman, as husbandry of field, manufactures, commerce, and civil affairs, to man. Ignorance of Blackstone, or the Constitution and laws of a Commonwealth, does not more surely disqualify one for the practice of law; or

ignorance of physiology, diagnosis of disease, and efficiency of remedies, for the practice of medicine; or ignorance of Scriptures, theological institutes, and church history, for profession of religious teachers, than ignorance of household economy incapacitates woman for her appointed sphere and occupation.

It may be that Providence denies some women the headship of a home, but it is none the less her peculiar mission to carry the atmosphere of sweet homeliness with her, wherever she is—in the traveler's tent, or the crowded hotel, the invalid chamber, or the neglected nursery, as teacher, friend, sister, or aunt, it is her privilege to tax her ingenuity and use her deft fingers for the nameless and numberless little acts which serve, as the garden paling on the mountain side, to enclose home-cheer from world's désolation.

In portraying the model woman of the patriarchal ages, Solomon, passing over highly appreciated accomplishments, gives singular prominence to domestic industry and skill: "She seeketh wool, and flax,

and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. * * * She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple."

The model woman of the ancient Romans was also distinguished by the same domestic virtues. It was customary for the bride to be escorted to the house of her husband by a retinue of friends, and among these, one bearing a spindle and distaff. Upon their approach, being interrogated: "Who comes there?" in attestation of the received standard of womanly accomplishments, their answer was: "Caia," in memory of "Caia" Cæcilia, wife of Tar-

quin the Elder, celebrated for her habits of industry and virtue.

The most honored women of succeeding ages, and all lands, have possessed the same accomplishments; and, instead of being ashamed of labor, have gloried in industrial accomplishments. Madame De Stael, upon being complimented for her skill on the guitar, answered: "It is not for such things that I value myself, but that I have the command of fourteen several occupations, by either one of which I could maintain my independence." When Lafayette last visited this country, he found the mother of Washington in the field, superintending the affairs of the farm; and all the worthy mothers of the Revolution knew how to order their houses, so as to make them conservators of happiness, virtue, and greatness; and prevent the nameless evils of ennui, discontent, and dissipation.

These employments furnish a recreation for mind and body, which are in the highest degree healthful and enlivening, while the moral effect is not the least advantage. The fact of working for the benefit of others,

the family community, tends to overcome the taint of selfishness in our nature, and refines what might seem drudgery and too wearing care into a noble phase of life's work. Domestic responsibilities also guard the relation of mistress and servant from ignorant abuse, securing the one from oppression, the other from imposition.

Domestic taste and ability are not only valuable in the prosperous course of daily life, but in the sudden disaster of commercial revulsions, when suffering under the blight of business frauds — perhaps the victim of some terrible casualty, or smitten by wasting disease — afflicted by any one of the causes which so frequently embarrass the husband and father, the wife or daughter who, besides the heroism for sacrifice, has the trained capacity that will lighten exertion, the judgment and economy that can multiply resources, may be the saviour of her family honor and happiness. A few years ago, a Fifth Avenue merchant made an assignment. Sadly he returned that night to break the dreadful secret to his wife. Endowed with practical sense, and

accomplished in household economy, as well as with an affectionate heart, she threw her arms around her husband's neck, and cheered him with assurances of her sympathy and hope. "It will all turn out for the best. We can live most comfortably in a small house, in a quiet country place. I can wash, iron, and bake, make garments for the children, besides doing something for those poorer than ourselves." The bankrupt took heart and hope, and the family saved from social and moral wreck — far more serious than pecuniary ruin.

In this sphere true womanhood must be developed; manifested through her primal duties, reflected from domestic virtues and accomplishments. It is more important that she be faithful at home than shine abroad, receive the benedictions of parents than the flattery of strangers, the caresses of brothers and sisters than the compliments of the selfish and designing world. We should go to the home-circle, and not to the assembly-room, the party, the watering-place, to ascertain the rank and worth of woman. The mother's diploma is more

important than the preceptor's; standing at home, than abroad.

Disdaining her appointed sphere, and neglecting or poorly attending to her proper duties, woman can not attain the highest excellence and destiny of her being. But, faithful in her providential home, be it never so homely, she can make it an Eden. Though a small estate is enclosed, a small cot is reared upon it, let industry and taste adorn and furnish it; and while the rose and the honeysuckle are trained over its walls, let peace and contentment dwell within, and light up every day with joy and hope, and woman's highest mission is accomplished.

What greater work can she do than provide homes for the race? As they are better ordered, adorned, and rendered more happy, humanity advances by surest steps of progress. "She who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household; her legislative faculties in making laws for the nursery; whose intellect and ambition have scope enough, in common with her husband, in seeking the improve-

ment of her children; who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and does not disdain to be beautiful; who has faith in the virtue of glossy hair and well-fitting gowns; who speaks little, and not with assumption; who is patient and gentle, and adjusts with a smile, instead of reasoning or scolding; who is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and who is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past, is the true woman, acting more for humanity — for woman's cause — than all the captains, barristers, judges, or members of Congress in the land." It is in the family that woman may mend the vices of society in the detail, and build up the virtues of humanity in their indestructible principles and complementary order.

V.

SPIRITUAL CULTURE

“So free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it as a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested.”



TRUE womanhood attains perfect development through spiritual culture. It is only in this higher phase of development that woman receives the crown of her sex's glory and dominion, only as the arbiter of heart and conscience can she assume the power she inherits by divine right—of ruling the race. The culture that will fully develop woman's spiritual nature must be of three-fold character, regarding her, first, as the *Natural Dispenser of Charity*; second, as the *Conservator of Conscience*; third, as the *Priestess of Religion*.

Man's charity is excited by conscience, example and appeal, but woman's is intuitive, spontaneous, perpetual. Distress may arrest man's attention; it could not escape woman's. Priest and Levite may pass by without relieving humanity, wounded and bleeding by the wayside: woman never. Woman's love, free, disinterested and persistent, surpasses all limits of character, class or condition, equals the emergencies of necessity or suffering, and in imminent danger becomes heroic and daring.

Almost a whole village had assembled to see the pulling down of an old church, to give place to a more tasteful structure. The ropes had been fastened to the spire, and as it swayed to and fro under the strain of the ropes, a lone white dove was seen flying round and round as if instinctively apprehending the impending danger, but not daring to fly in to shelter her imperiled brood. As it reeled and tottered to the fall, the distress of the bird hushed the shouts and riveted the gaze of the men at the ropes below. As, at length, the timbers gave way, and the old steeple began to

fall, the dove poised a moment on her wings and then darted up into it out of sight, to protect or share the ruin of her young. Amid the wreck of timbers and fragments of a dove-cote, was found the poor dove lying between her two young ones—all three dead. The genius of woman's charity is this lone dove. Over humanity in its doomed dwelling, tottering in weakness, trouble and sin, the white-winged guardian hovers. She claims as her brood the defenceless, the suffering; and true to her instinct of unselfish devotion, she will sacrifice herself for the objects of her love and care.

Mrs. Fry, in her prison labors; Florence Nightingale, among the sick and dying soldiers; Miss Dix, providing asylums for the insane; these notably illustrate the beauty and heroism of woman's charity; and may serve to remind us of others who, in a smaller sphere, have contributed their all of labor and influence for the amelioration of distress. Many noble women during our late war, sacrificed ease, even comfort and health, to their ministry of love in

hospital wards, in army tents, or in the home-work. They wrought quietly, and history will treasure but a few names; but the savor of their good deeds has newly perfumed the name of woman in our generation. One young lady, the daughter of wealth, gave up her whole time to work for and among the hospitals of her city. It was but a succession of little offices that busied her days, and often wore into the weary nights. The daily walk between the long lines of cots, with a smile and a word, a flower maybe, or a book, the promised delicacy for a craving appetite, while she lingers here and there to catch requests for some homely comfort, or pauses longer to write a letter or take a message. The surgeons who witnessed her labors, confessed that her success lay beyond their skill. We all remember the dying boy in one of our western hospitals, who, in reply to the inquiry, "Can I do any thing for you?" answered, "Only kiss me." He longed for the outward token of that love which he recognized as sacred, kindred to the mother-love which had never failed him.

Woman's sympathy is the vital principle of all our benevolence, as she sways the heart of man, refining to tenderness his ruder feelings, he emulates her virtues in rearing asylums for the afflicted, and retreats for those past life's work or pleasure. To her own hands are entrusted the administration of our tenderest charities, to provide homes for the aged, the orphan, the friendless, the erring. Study the records of such institutions, and you will find women are not only the nominal, but the real founders; the committees, the acting officers, all are women; and often the endowment is the gift of a woman's loving heart. Woman recognizes her fitness for such work by the enthusiasm these labors kindle in her own heart, and the success to which they attain under her care; it is while thus engaged man sees in her his highest ideal of "the beautiful, the true, and the good."

If such, then, is woman's God-given nature, selfishness seems a strange and violent perversion of the character. When she, who was appointed to live so much for

others, lives for self, how base the degradation !

“ Whose wish to serve
Is circumscribed within the bounds
Of self — a narrow, miserable sphere.
To trill of us and ours, of mine and me,
Our horse and coach, our friends, our family,
While the excluded circle sit in pain,
And glance their cool contempt, or fierce disdain.”

Christ, our universal exemplar, is peculiarly the model of female excellence; and her noblest eulogy must be the words spoken of her Master, “ He went about doing good.”

Woman is also destined to be the *Conservator of Conscience*. Her position as mother, invested with an authority none questions over those who, in their time, are to make and wield laws; as wife and sister who, in the shelter of home, can more readily adjust questions of right, removed from the shock of the world's jar and crime; and chiefly, in her womanly character, with her moral susceptibility, her almost intuitive perception of right and wrong, her tenderness, which so clothes the just claims

of duty that they may win, as well as *command*, man's attention : these considerations emphatically mark her place as moral guardian of the race.

There are few men, perhaps, but that can look back to some moral crisis of their lives, when, perplexed with the sophistries of evil, harassed by the responsibilities of decision, wavering with the longings of desire, wishing for a human helper, they have turned to the true-hearted wife, the wise sister ; or, backward in memory, to the counsels of a mother, who, by example and precept, taught inviolate allegiance to duty. Life reënacts Fenelon's parable of Telemachus ; and the boy, the youth, the man, is followed by the faithful mentor, which, taking human form, is Woman, who, in her general character, or as endeared by love, guides through temptation, and inspires hope in a future of honor and happiness.

In one of the little villages among the Green Mountains, a boy had grown up, chafing at the quiet monotony of his daily life, and longing for the freedom of the

sea. His widowed mother at length gave a reluctant consent — her heart full of foreboding. For a last look, a last embrace, she followed him down the garden slope, and there, as they paused, while tears fell fast, the mother asked from the boy a pledge that he would never drink. Softened, trembling, the boy gave his solemn promise. Through long voyages, no plea of friendship, or necessary comfort, tempted him; no urgency of good-fellowship drew him into the carousals while in port; his mother, her love, her tears, the promise registered within sight of his native mountains — these memories followed him — saved him. Once, in a foreign port, an American sailor came on board, drunken and friendless. Our hero took him in charge, cared for his comfort, then told the story of his mother's love, and the parting promise. Touched by the pathos and truth of this recital, the poor man caught at the hope of reform, and willingly pledged himself to total abstinence. Years later, a gentleman called at the counting-house of a wealthy merchant in New York. That

day, the New York merchant, and the captain of a Liverpool packet, dined together—the Green Mountain boy and the reclaimed inebriate. Long they talked over the past, the present, the hopes for the future, tracing the virtue, honor, and prosperity of their lives to the pledging influence of that faithful mother among the mountains.

The resolution that decided a boy, already embarking for his place on the waiting vessel, to go back to his home, was the memory of a sorrowing mother; and thus George Washington was saved to become the ruler of our armies, the father of our nation, while he ever ascribed his usefulness to the mighty influence of a mother's counsels and guardianship. The younger Adams, one of the most upright and pure of American statesmen, said: "What I am, and what I hope to be, I owe, under God, to my mother." Our late President, in confidential intercourse, said: "Billy, all I am, or can be, I owe to my angel-mother." Garibaldi traces his conviction of duty to his mother, whose image has followed him

as a guardian angel, amid storms of ocean, the lightning gleam of swords, and iron hail of battle.

Such mothers do not stand alone; they are known to us also; women who have, single-handed, saved their families from moral ruin, often in the face of evil example, and the danger of wicked patronage and counsels. These are the world's reformers; their influence permeates society, vitalizing conscience, toning up the moral sense, and inspiring virtue through all classes. It precipitates and emboldens all conflicts with evil; helps and hastens the victory. In conquering an age, a country, a city, a generation, a soul, to virtue, there is truer glory than all the battles from Thermopylæ to Waterloo; and the evil rife in all lands, and under all governments, that no human law can remedy, the influence of woman upon our conscience, morals, and law, can obviate.

Woman is preëminently the *Priestess of Religion*. In the practice of the ancient Roman faith, the temple was confided to woman's care. She fed the altar-fire, whose

constant flame commanded her ceaseless vigilance. This ministry of religion but symbolizes the great truth of woman's mission and influence. As she fed the symbolic fire of the altar, so she nourishes the flame of devotion in the heart of man, and in the temples of religion. Remitting her vigilance, the sacred fire would die from heart and temple.

Woman's superiority to man is of the heart, and religion has its seat in the heart; hence, the eminence of her religious capacity and power. She is more largely endowed with those principles specially brought into exercise in religious experience, than man. She is more confiding; it is her nature to believe, and faith is the substance of religion. She is more affectionate; it is her nature to love, and love is the passion of religion. Thus her nature and organization define her position. In sacred Scripture, her priesthood is as clearly recognized as that of Aaron, or any modern ministry. The names of Miriam, Deborah, and Anna, the prophetess; of Typhena and Typhosa, who labored in the

Lord; of Dorcas; of Priscilla, Paul's helper; Mary, who bestowed much labor on the Apostles; of Phœbe, the servant of the Church—are honorably mentioned. Last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre, in various ministry, woman attested superior devotion, and in every age has pledged man to faith and God.

In her abounding confidence, the faith of the world is perpetuated. Hannah nourished the faith of a Samuel; Lois and Eunice, a Timothy; the pious Norma, a Gregory; Anthusia, a Chrysostom; Monica, an Augustine. When the Prince of Orange was perplexed and desponding, while plots thickened around him, intrigue and bribery were rife, misfortune spread gloom over the land, his noble mother soothed and cheered him in the pursuit of his great mission by her words of lofty faith and tenderness: "I trust my heart's lord and son will be supported by Divine grace to do nothing against God and his own soul's salvation. It is better to lose the temporal than the eternal." The eccentric Randolph said: "I have been a French

politician, and I should have been a French infidel, had not my mother often taken me, when a little child, into the closet, and, kneeling beside me with her hand on my head, taught me to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven.' " So pious mothers foster more piety than creeds, books, and preachers.

Nor is woman less prominent in measures for spreading the gospel. But for her influence, how often would the family altar be abandoned, the prayer-meeting neglected, the Church disbanded, Sunday schools given up. Encouraging the missionary spirit, she has not hesitated to offer herself, and bequeathed us some of the brightest names on our mission annals, as the Judsons, Newell, Comstock, and Vinton. Some of the most important and characteristic missions of Christianity she has instituted herself. Miss Rhenard has recently developed the grand movement of Bible readers in London, and now in other cities of the kingdom. Miss Marsh has originated and is sustaining, with wonderful success, a mission to railroad laborers, as a class.

Mrs. Whilen, visiting neglected streets and homes, is leading hundreds to Christ. Madame Feller's Grande Ligne Mission has been the most successful mission to the Romanists of modern times, and has changed the spirit and policy of such missions. Miss Webb is using her own fortune and influence in sending female missionaries to Africa, in collecting funds, and conducting correspondence — thus performing mission work.

It is not in different faculties or powers that difference of sex may be traced, but in a different development, combination, and proportion of these powers. A brain of finer texture, body more symmetrical, quicker perceptions, clearer intuitions, stronger faith, and deeper heart—these characterize woman, fit her for her mission, and plainly point to her position as Love's earthly incarnation. Hence, although, in perfecting womanly character, the culture of body, mind, and soul are each complementary to the other, yet, in this three-fold spiritual development lies her strength and superiority.

Grant her all the attributes of beauty in the perfection of healthful vigor; they are fleeting, they can not satisfy; ideal art may please more. Give her a mind trained to acquisition, introspection, analysis and criticism, fine taste, clear judgment, profound knowledge; we can find man her superior in all this. We look for some thing above, that may prove our kindred with the Infinite, that may reach the immortal craving of our nature; and we find it in a heart prone to love, forgiveness, sweet offices of mercy; the conscience that knows no weak commerce with error, that, faithful as the needle, points to Right as the pole-star of existence; and the soul that goes up often into the audience-chamber of the King of kings, and breathes its native air of heaven while prisoned on earth. With this affluence of spiritual life, we recognize in Woman, God's best gift to man; without it—

“ Oh, what is Woman, what her smile,
Her lip of love, her eye of light;
What is she, if her lips revile
The lowly Jesus? Love may write

His home upon her marble brow,
And linger in her curls of jet,
The light spring-flowers may scarcely bow
Beneath her step; and yet — and yet,
Without that meeker grace, she 'll be
A lighter thing than vanity."

Combine these forms of education, cultivate the complete nature of woman, then it would be no idle dream to expect a generation of women, where the body of developed muscle and healthy nerve, calm in repose and powerful in activity, will fitly shrine the jewel of mind, so fashioned and polished by education as to gloriously reflect the Maker's image; both mind and body subject to Christ's higher law, which, occupying the hands in mercy's work, freeing the mind from selfish taint that it may rise to the noblest themes of contemplation, gives to woman her final distinguishing charm, the halo with which art invests its pictured saint. In this millennial dawn, woman will bring the race in her arms to the Saviour's feet. As by her the race fell; by her it may rise again.

There are women who seem earnest of

this noble future of their sex, whose lives light up glorious possibilities for the world. Such a one, to our partial affection, seemed the subject of the following sketch, and the testimony of the many who knew her authorize our eulogy. The daily contemplation of her life, her character, her virtues, suggested the reflections which have matured in this study of woman and her destiny. Although in early life her inherited frailty of constitution occasioned solicitude, by her conscientious observance of the laws of health, she gained almost complete mastery over physical weakness, and endured, for a long term of years, a variety and extent of service, in wise alternations, that many robust women would have sunk under. Her mental development, nearly the result of self-education, was so symmetrical and thorough that she seemed capable of attending to any subject or duty within the range of woman's life. Her domestic skill was so remarkable that, although called to so many public duties, accepting many personal responsibilities that friendship and religion made impera-

tive to her lively sensibility, she looked "well to the ways of her household;" home order and comfort were never neglected. Her spiritual culture was so complete, that partial friendship often declared her faultless, but for the extreme of disinterested devotion that taxed too heavily her life for others' welfare. Thus love saw in her "the perfect woman, nobly planned." Sir James Mackintosh, eulogizes his wife in such terms of loving appreciation, that they are transcribed to celebrate the praises of Christian woman, and as the fitting tribute of an adoring heart, to a wife who might have claimed the picture as her own: "I was guided in my choice only by the blind affections of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as ever children had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pertinacious of them. She became prudent from affection, and, although of the most generous nature, she was taught frugal-

ity by her love of me. During the most critical period of my life she relieved me. To her I owe whatever I am ; to her, whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause (would to God I could recall those moments), she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm, nay, impetuous ; but she was placable, tender, and constant. . . . Such was she whom I have lost."

Experience alone can gauge such sorrow. The sunlight of the affections extinguished ; the heart denied the utterance of the depth and ineffable tenderness of its regards — robbed of the object of its earthly worship ; reparation for chance neglects forever impossible ; haunting thought, that, by wiser care, life might have been prolonged ; solace sought in overruling Providence, denied by consciousness that moral delinquencies may have determined the painful discipline ; these considerations, ever recurring, deepen the anguish of the soul.

It is oppressed by an indescribable sense of loneliness, weakness, and woe! Unsuccored by Divine grace, it is sometimes driven to madness—sometimes to the grave! But there are no sorrows of earth that heaven can not cure. The weakness of the creature is succored by the strength of the Creator. There is relief in the tempering of time; the diversion of care; the engagements of duty; the solace of fond memories; the legacy of beautiful virtues, examples, and traditions; remembrance, perhaps, of that life before snatched from the grave, in answer to prayer, and given back with lengthened lease; in memorial of wisdom and goodness, stamped upon family order; and especially in the hope, quickened to assurance, of eternal reunion in heaven.

A treasure but removed —
A bright bird parted for a clearer day,
Yours still in heaven.

VI.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

Will gaze
Upon her effigy
With reverential love,
Till they shall grow familiar with its lines
And know her when they see her face in heaven.



IF Christian womanhood is left to perish, nothing of earth is immortal. Then, all beings and things we know are but the efflorescence of creative energy, aimless display of blind power, the sport of capricious chance, to fade in periodic decay, as earth, blooming in variegated beauty, before relentless approach of winter. If any thing of earth is immortal, it must be mind, animated with spiritual intuitions; character, resplendent with heavenly virtues; will, in harmony with Divine will; and affections allied with the true, the beautiful, and the

good; rising to happy immortality, and the reunion of saints in heaven.

Immortality promises this reunion; only obscure apprehension of the future life casts doubt upon it. As that life is demonstrated, the hope of reunion is confirmed. As through all stages of life and changes of condition here, correspondence of love and friendship continues, so it may in later periods of being. In nourishing the intuition of immortality, nature, by beautiful symbolic teaching, kindles the aspiration and gilds the promise.

Rainbow and cloud, leaving us so soon to sigh over their faded loveliness, may reappear in diviner form, spanning a fairer clime, to fade no more. The stars, in their unapproachable glory, challenging and confounding our finite capacity, may point to a more exalted sphere, and beckon towards a more glorious destiny. Aspirations which wander about in this world like exiled angels, may regain their native bowers, and the beatitude of complete and everlasting fruition. The loved ones we cherish so fondly and so purely here, now leaving

us alone in the pilgrimage and sorrow of life, may be restored to our presence, and abide with us forever. In the future life, could we know less than in this? A Welsh divine, interrupted in his study by the anxious enquiry of his companion: "John Evans, shall we know each other in heaven?" replied, somewhat curtly, but forcibly: "Of course we shall! Do you think we shall be greater fools in heaven than we are here?"

Moreover, does not *identity* imply *recognition*? Would not any metamorphose that prevents recognition also destroy identity? In loss of identity, and, consequently, of recognition, would heavenly beings, in any proper sense, be the same that were born and lived in this world! If there will be no recognition, will there be resurrection, or future life? As through change of age, dress, manners, language, clime, condition, one is still identified by relations and comparisons with the past; so through all changes and scenes of future life, and through remotest periods of eternity, one will still be identified with earth, and be

recognized by those associated in its history.

Besides, universal *aspiration for it*, prophecies reunion. Intuitive belief in God, or immortality, however encumbered by superstition and error, remains an unanswerable argument for the great objective fact to which it refers.

“ As sunshine broken in a rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.”

No intuitive conviction misleads the world, any more than instinct the bee, the beaver, or the bird. Our hope of reunion in the future world is such an apprehension. It is not an occasional or temporary feeling, obtaining only in some lands, in some ages, and under some forms of civilization; but it is a normal and universal desire.

It is attested in the widow immolating herself on the funeral pyre of her husband; in the sacrifice of courtiers and servants upon the grave of the barbarian king; in similar funeral rites of aborigines of Central and North America; in inscriptions on costly monuments and humble tablets in all the

burial places of Christian lands and ages; and in the aspirations and injunctions whispered in ten thousand dying chambers. And this aspiration becoming more ardent through the teaching of Christianity, must be of the same authority. Rising in confidence and promise with the Christian life, it is authenticated by the same Spirit that attests the Christian revelation.

Still further, expressions of this hope, by trusted teachers of the world, particularly confirm it. Homer, illustrating the opinion and hope of the Greek civilization, represents his hero as visiting the spirit-land, and recognizing and communing with ancestors, founders, and benefactors of the state, patrons of justice and virtue.

Virgil, in like manner, reflecting traditional beliefs of the Roman age, conducts Æneas through the shadowy land, tenderly meeting his venerable father, and recognizing the lost companions of his pursuit of empire in the West, and seeking acquaintance with illustrious ancestors.

Socrates, receiving the poisoned chalice, consoles himself and his friends with the

hope of reunion beyond the vale of death, and consorting with martyrs of truth, defenders of justice — the wise and good.

Cicero solaces himself, upon the death of his son, with the same hope of soon following to know personally those he has so long admired in history, as well as to be re-united with his lost son and kindred.

But these expressions are weak, compared with assurances animating the confessors of the church, through all lands and ages. Paul's triumph has been repeated a thousand times by martyrs and missionaries of the cross. And by this hope, ten thousand times the dying chamber has been radiant with glory as an outer court of heaven!

The Old Testament, also, strongly confirms this hope. Without it, the patriarch's tender care for his dead was, after all, a weak superstition.

Without it, the yearning of Hebrew saints to be "gathered to their people," "buried with their fathers," was but an amiable delusion!

Without it, Isaiah's graphic description

of a royal descent into hell; the mutual recognition of oppressor and oppressed, and rivals in oppression, is a hideous fable.

Without it, the translation of Enoch and Elijah have no significance nor promise.

Without it, David practices self-delusion, when, consoling himself upon the death of his child, he exclaims: "I shall go to it, but it will not return to me."

Without it, attributing all the worthy deeds and characters of the Hebrews to faith, is imposture. Limited to bounds of the grave, faith is destroyed. Its confidence survives only in the unobstructed sphere and promise of the future.

Finally, this promise is implied and confirmed in every page, and ordinance of the *New Testament*. If Christ came not to destroy beneficent law and institutions; much less the whole worth and value of humanity, for whose benefit law and institutions were made! He came to perfect, beautify, and glorify the true and good in man. To the bereaved widow he restored an only son; to weeping sisters an only brother; to the centurion an only daughter

— all prophesying restoration of spiritual kindred, and renewed fellowship in heaven.

Besides gathering all the redeemed into himself, unites them to each other. They will share the experience and fellowship of the re-united family. Does not the promise of “many mansions” imply familiar community?

The recognition, at the final judgment, of those served or neglected in this world, implies all the blessed promise of this doctrine.

The parable of the rich man and Lazarus recognizing each other, and Abraham, confirms it beyond dispute.

The meeting of Moses, Elias and John, talking with Jesus in the transfiguration, establishes it with a glorious fullness.

The unity of the church with orders of the spiritual world, declared in Hebrews, amplifies and glorifies the promise:

“Ye are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are

written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant.”

With these we are made kindred, fellow heirs, glorified companions.

Immortality is not a pleasing fantasy. At the grave the soul does not lose identity in other forms of being. The universal longing of humanity is not an *ignis fatuus* light. The prophets of the world are not impostors. The Old Testament arches the future with the bow of promise. Life and immortality are brought to light in the Gospel. United with Christ here, we shall be with him in glory. Though parted on earth, we shall meet again in heaven. Our friends in Christ are not lost, but gone before.

If yon bright stars, which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite
Whom death hath torn asunder here,
How sweet it were at once to die,
To leave this blighted orb afar;
Mist soul and soul to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.

But oh! how dark, how drear, and lone
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We failed to find the loved of this!
If there no more the ties shall twine,
Which death's cold hand alone could sever
Ah, then those stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine for ever!

It can not be — each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere,
Than this bleak world that holds us now,
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain;
'Tis heaven that whispers — "Dry your tears,
The pure in heart shall meet again."

Life of Mrs. M. K. Everts.

LIFE OF MRS. M. K. EVERTS.

I.

PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD,

“A ROSE, with all its sweetest leaves yet unfolded.”



IT is now nearly three-quarters of a century since John Burtis, born and bred a Quaker, left his father's house among the richer farming lands of New Jersey, and came to Philadelphia, wishing to compete with men in more active business, and ambitious, in his quiet, determined way, of greater advantages of society and culture. The Quaker's son, with all the engrafted characteristics of the sect, and through the homely

nurture of his frugal life, yet felt a faint stirring in his blood of the far-off Italian extraction, which betrayed itself in some instinctive refinements of manner and taste that strongly individualized the man.

A character so nicely compounded of the sterner virtues and finer sensibilities would readily command circumstances; and, after a short, but profitable, business venture, he accepted a position in the United States Bank, which he held for a quarter of a century, until its suspension; meanwhile making prudent investments, which eventuated in his becoming proprietor of a large manufacturing establishment. His inherited endurance, moderate life, equable temper, and systematic adjustment of time, these each bore their part of the burden, and for a long series of years these responsibilities were borne with ease and dignity.

He was past his young manhood before he married. He then became acquainted with a daughter of Joseph Keen, a prominent man in the community, and well known among Philadelphia Baptists for elevated Christian character. Some years

his junior, this young girl, with the fervid religious temperament of her Welsh ancestry, and the lighter graces of a buoyant temper and sunny face, a loving heart and open hand, molded into beautiful womanhood by the culture of a careful, happy home—this creature of fire and dew so rarely blent, John Burtis won as his wife, and bore to a new home.

The daughter often held before us the charming sketch, which memory had preserved with loving fidelity, of the mother in her premature decline, with all the charms of her youth spiritualized to fragility, her almost invariable dress of spotless white, the invalid chair always a centre for the household group, her buoyant sunshine animating to endeavor, cheering in defeat, welding with sweet influences the ties that bound heart to heart. She lived to middle life, long enough to impress her influence upon the elder children, and leave to them all a beautiful, tender memory; then only—in the clearer vision that approaching death brings, the reflected radiance of the dark cloud's silver lining—daring to call

herself a child of God. Whom she had longed for, she saw, waiting to receive her as a Father. Without loud songs of triumph, but in perfect peace and assurance of hope, she passed over the river.

The children of such parents inherited a "diversity of gifts," and in the second child and only daughter, these were developed in a combination at once rare and excellent. Margaret Keen Burtis was born in the August of 1817. Of her earliest years we have no record. She always spoke with feeling of a happy childhood. A father ruling his family through loving fear, whom she revered from her earliest memory; a mother, wise and tender; the freedom of a large garden-space, where the children's sports were often resolved into their father's pastime of caring for the fruit and flowers; the commodious, well-ordered house; and the constant flow of fun and frolic, unallied to boisterousness, which eminently characterized the children's intercourse; these were the memories to which we have often listened.

Margaret was never a robust child; but

proper care and a lively disposition equally removed her from the charge of ill-health. Her studies were pursued with an ardor which the parents' forethought held in check. She was rarely gifted in musical taste and ability. An ear so sensitive to melody that the ready tears often spoke her painful rapture, and voice of that sympathetic sweetness that her song drew one irresistibly in the current of her expressed feeling; these gifts, coupled with her enthusiasm, prophesied the excellence which became afterwards so marked as to characterize her as "the young lady who played and sung so well." It was with the idea of cultivating and refining her vivacious disposition, that the non-professing parents allowed, within certain limits, the social dance. This, to Margaret's susceptible temperament, was "dangerously fascinating," as she often spoke of it, and she followed it with the keenest enjoyment until her conversion, when its incongruity with Christian profession decided her in willing renunciation.

II.

CHRISTIAN PROFESSION.

"If any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round her hair."



THE decided religious position of Margaret's grandfather, Deacon Keen, with the bias of her mother's early education, combined to rule family order; and under these influences they were brought up to an observance of all the outward forms of religion. The family were regular attendants of the First Baptist Church, then under the pastoral care of the senior Dr. Brantley, and the children were identified with the Sunday school. Here, under the teaching of Miss Hetty Bruce, a faithful Christian woman, whose name we love to chronicle, Margaret received her first decided impres-

sions of religious truth — another of the eloquent encouragements that the Sunday school teacher may claim. It was only the little seed, from week to week watered by prayer; but, as in our Lord's parable, the little seed matured to a mighty tree, that gave sustenance and shelter to many forms of life. Doubtless this faithful woman, long gone to her reward, is permitted to trace the influence of her early teaching upon that growth of Christian character which became a mighty influence in Christ's kingdom on earth.

But it was while attending a four-days' meeting in a Presbyterian church near her father's house, that her impressions deepened into a profound conviction of personal guilt, and rose in the penitent's prayer:

" God! God!
With a child's voice I cry,
Weak, sad, confidingly."

There she finally found peace in believing, and happiness in consecrating herself to a Christian life.

Among her cherished papers was found

a note, evidently written about the time of her conversion, interesting as the only evidence we have of her feeling, or of encouragement to the young inquirer. The name it bears, Mary Hallman, brings up to memory the quaint face and figure of one who, unordained of men, yet filled the place of those who, in the Christian Church, bore the title of deaconess. A woman both wise and tender, of remarkable personal influence, and singular religious consecration, who, while she wrought with her hands for daily bread, built up the Church by her varied labors, and has left a name fragrant with all good deeds. Her solicitude for Margaret's welfare but epitomizes her spirit and work.

“The services of Friday, my dear Margaret, were peculiarly calculated to bring every conscience to a stand; and I do trust have brought my dear young friend seriously to consider what course she will pursue. Allow me, then, to ask what has been your determination. Have you resolved still to withhold your heart from that compassionate Saviour, who loved you, and gave himself for you; or, overcome by his long forbearance and tender mercy, will you not cast yourself at his feet, and resolve, in his strength,

that from this moment you will devote yourself to his service. You feel that there is danger of grieving away the Holy Spirit, but you can never know the extent of that danger till your eyes are opened, and you realize, in some measure, the worth of the immortal soul. You fear your 'prayers will not be heard, because you are so sinful in the eyes of a holy God.' It was *sinner*s, my dear Margaret, Jesus Christ came to save; were the prayers of the *righteous* only heard, none could ever ascend to his throne, for 'there is none righteous, no, not one.' It is in the character of guilty and helpless sinners we are to come to the dear Saviour — he has assured us that: 'Though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' We are to come just as we are, for he only can cleanse us from our guilt, and produce the change in us that we know and feel to be necessary if we would stand acquitted at the judgment bar. If you feel the slightest desire, my dear M., to converse on this subject, let me see you an hour before the appointed time on Saturday. If you prefer writing, I shall be truly gratified to receive and answer your communications. I trust I need hardly assure you that nothing could give me greater pleasure than to be of service to you in this way. My interest in you has increased ten-fold, since I have hoped that this all-important subject is not slighted by you as it was formerly.

"Yours affectionately,

"M. H."

In the laxer practice of our latter-day religion, we might not look for great or decided change in one of such native loveliness. Yet this young girl, of whose graceful deportment, sunny temper, and loving heart all her early friends speak ; to whose filial virtues her parents bore testimony as a child who had never wounded them by thoughtlessness, opposed them in will, nor uttered a word of disrespect ; she, of whose faults none spoke, all knew her to love — in avowing herself a Christian, took a new position, and the whole character became imbued with a strange and subtle charm.

She seemed to take to herself, with an intense personal significance, the apostle's assertion, that " we are not our own, we are bought with a price." Her natural disinterestedness matured into self-abnegation ; from the first, *consecration* was the key-note that explained the harmony of her Christian character. There was no grudging reserve of powers or gifts. After consulting with her parents and Christian friends, she presented herself to the First Church as a candidate for admission, and

was baptized into their membership by Dr. Brantley, in the month of November, 1831, going down into the Delaware river, where they had opened a place in the ice to allow the ordinance.

III.

BUDDING CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

“SHE hath borne herself beyond the promise of her age.”



HE had just entered her fourteenth year at the time of her conversion, and from this year we have some record of her life in her own hand. After her death, among many reminiscences of her early life, were found three little books, written out with her characteristic neatness and legibility, only defaced by Time's coloring; from 1832 till 1837 bearing irregular intermediate dates, as circumstances allowed time, or

some important occasion impelled utterance.

We would not, if we could, lay open before the merely curious eye these sacred self-disclosures, but from them we may glean for those who loved her, much of the lesson of her life. She gives as a reason for her journal, the need she feels of vigilance and frequent self-examination. We may imagine also the religious isolation this young girl must have sometimes felt, with none in her father's house who could sympathize with her in her peculiar trials, or give the human encouragement she craved, until self-communion seemed relief and comfort, and the pages of her diary as the face of a trusted friend.

In one of her earliest entries, she notices the prevalence of slanderous gossip among both young and old, and she marks this as one of the outposts of her conflict—she “will avoid unkind mention of any one.” The girl's simple resolve, watched and strengthened, became one of the woman's noblest characteristics. “She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is

the law of kindness," was often spoken of her. This resolution not only originated a care over herself, but made her a social power against slander, by the marked silence and irrepressible flush of feeling that betrayed her sensitiveness, or the sometimes softly-spoken word of deprecation.

We find an allusion in her diary to Dr. Judson's "Appeal to the Christian Females of America," in behalf of the Burman Missions, which produced a profound impression upon her mind. Keenly susceptible to impressions of beauty and grace, possessed of nicely-discriminating taste, the matter of dress and personal adornment had a charm for her youth, and her parents approved of rich ornaments and handsome fabrics. But Margaret's conscience, once aroused on the subject of Christian consistency in dress and expenditure, decided her in principle and action. She laid aside all jewelry, and reduced her dress to almost Quakerish simplicity, while the money thus saved she enjoyed as her benevolent fund. That this was no mere outburst of girlish enthusiasm was proved through the

many years of her after life. Her conscientiousness on this subject many deemed a peculiarity, which, indeed, it seemed; singling her from the many who, in our day, belie Christian humility, dwarf noble character, and threaten family ruin, by extravagant outlay and undue attention to dress. Although rarely noticing such outlay in others, her own sensitiveness in this respect forced her a number of times to refuse gifts of ornamental dress, which she alone thought unsuitable for her place and profession. She considered time and money as among the entrusted talents, and that they should yield their utmost advantage, before the Lord's coming to demand his own, with usury.

We find among her records, one mighty evidence of the change wrought in her, in the intimate connection her mind makes between heaven and earth — the duties and pleasures of her daily life, and the joys of eternity that are promised. The one derives its truest relish but as it foretastes the other, and borrows a keen zest from the hope it assures of something nobler.

An interesting lesson in Astronomy fills her mind with thoughts of the "wonderful and admirable attributes of Jehovah." As her class pursue their text-book on the Evidences of Christianity, she is lost in amazement at the love of Him who left his glory to become the Saviour of a world, and she says the plan of salvation opens before her in new beauty and significance. In attending a concert, which she mentions with delight, the music reminds her of the more glorious harmonies she hopes to join above. She spends a social evening at her uncle's, and speaks of the pleasure it affords her to mingle with Christians—fellow-travelers to a better country. This vital godliness establishes in her the basis of a cheerful Christian character. One can not go mourning all their days, when they feel constantly the guiding hand and the absolute presence of a mighty friend and counselor.

Her records during the first year widen out in resolves for action. We here copy three resolutions :

1st. I will attend all meetings for prayer, when circumstances will permit.

2d. I will commune with Christians, and we will exhort one another.

3rd. I will converse with impenitent sinners, who are under my influence, and urge them to flee from the wrath to come.

We see from after allusions, that this compact with herself is extended into her school-life among her more intimate friends, and they mutually promise to keep one day in the week, in the intervals allowed for recreation, sacred to Christian intercourse; on another day of the week, each would endeavor, in some way, to approach and influence the unconverted among their associates. After some time, we find this merged into a daily study of the New Testament, during the intermission, with all who could be induced to join the exercise. This is maintained for many months with great regularity.

She mentions with pleasure—probably her first connection with a benevolent scheme—attending the weekly meetings of a Dorcas society, to provide clothes for infant-school scholars. She calls her-

self privileged to be able to share in such a work, and speaks of each meeting with unflagging interest. In her union with this little society, so early in her career, was engrafted upon her character the benevolence which bore such rich fruit in her maturity.

An early friend contributes the following reminiscence of her at this time : " Almost all my recollections of her are coupled with religion ; for she seemed, from the first of her profession, to make that the guiding-star of her course through life. I think she had been a member of the Church rather more than a year when our acquaintance commenced, and she seemed then to unite the zeal of a recent convert with the firm confidence of an experienced Christian. She was foremost in every good work in which she engaged, winning the confidence and love of all those associated with her. In social life, she was the center of attraction, giving out an influence for refinement and goodness which none could altogether resist ! "

Here we note the entry of a Sabbath,

which throws much light upon the young Christian's life, in its union of labor for others with the careful performance of secret self-culture. It seems as if thus early she solved the problem of the nice adjustment of the Sabbath to doing and getting good; in the alternation, also, effectually banishing the possibility of weariness: "Rose this morning at 6.30. Wrote part of a sermon before breakfast. Attended Sunday school. Went to church, and heard a very solemn dissertation on Rev. ii. 14: 'But I have a few things against thee.' In the afternoon, attended church, and heard our beloved pastor expound first chapter of Isaiah. Returned home, and taught, in the evening, the Scriptures to three of the family; afterward, studied the Scriptures, and wrote, from memory, the sermon of the morning. 'Order my footsteps by thy word!'"

We find another charming picture of the young girl of fifteen in the pages of her journal. There are three of them, whose friendship is cemented by Christian sympathy. She says: "We consulted as to

the best methods of ruling our lives ;” and they agree upon a weekly meeting for social prayer, and conference upon the best methods of growth in grace and conquest of the world, choosing a subject for special prayer and contemplation during the intervals of meeting. She mentions that they select, as a subject for two weeks thoughtful prayer, *Self-renunciation*. Smile — perhaps you may, as you conceive of these children’s apprehension, in their sheltered lives, of the sublime truth that sages and philosophers have wrought out in lives of painful weariness. But the child’s world had its own pomps and vanities ; through the quickening of a new life, they saw the increasing difficulty of “in honor preferring one another.” They had entered upon the same conflict of which the veteran Paul speaks in solemn emphasis, after having gained the victory : “I am crucified to the world, and the world to me.”

As another evidence of the pervasiveness of her religious feeling, we may notice the record of a night spent with a friend, when sleep was long deferred, as they talked of,

their faults and mourned their unfaithfulness. But while she is thus exercised in careful self-culture, and stretching out her hands to do good abroad, the ties of natural affection tighten around her heart, in the anxiety she feels for her family. Her journal attests her prayer and solicitude for the conversion of her parents, her brothers — each member of the family, whom she severally names with the tenderest affection. She frequently breaks out into prayer that her conduct may not be derogatory to the cause she has espoused, but that, as a reflection of humble Christian life, her example may be blest to those she loves. Unlike mere outbursts of youthful feeling, this ardor is a constant flame. She continually reverts to it as the great wish of her heart. Other friends and relations are frequently alluded to; and she debates with herself how she may best approach them, and recommend her cause. Then, after weeks of interval, we find the allusion to “the friend mentioned before” — “another conversation,” and “renewed prayer.” She covenants with an absent friend

to retire at a certain hour every day, to pray for the conversion of their own relations.

We have, as an interesting testimony to this part of her life, the recollections of her valued friend and instructor, Dr. R. W. Cushman :

“ Your favor of the 15th came duly to hand. It told me of such a visitation in your family-circle as I was poorly prepared to hear of. Mrs. Everts, for months past, has been very often in my mind, connected, not only with memories, but with anticipation. It is nearly a quarter of a century, indeed, since I last saw her ; but all the more fondly have I cherished the anticipation of seeing her in the coming spring. Alas ! how little did I think of her having finished her life's work before I should see her again !

* * * “ The records of a life so beautiful and beneficent certainly should not be lost to the world.

“ Miss Margaret Keen Burtis entered the ‘ Collegiate Institution for Young Ladies ’ in Philadelphia, on the fifth of September, 1834, as a daily pupil. It was a matter of much uncertainty with her family, whether she would be able to attend regularly, at so great a distance from home. She appeared to be constitutionally too frail to undertake a walk of a mile and a half, twice daily, amid all kinds of weather. It was hoped, however, that the regularity of her ex-

posure to the air, and the long walk, even though at first severe, might improve her health, and strengthen her constitution. That hope was, in a great measure, realized. Neither weather nor sickness interfered much with her attendance. Indeed, I find but one record of absence from recitation during her first term. Her success in her studies was equal to her regularity in her attendance.

“ I happen to have the minutes of her account of her Christian experience before the Church, which I made when she came before it as a candidate for baptism. She stated that her first religious impressions were received from the teachings of the Sabbath school. She was ‘ more powerfully exercised,’ however, at a four days’ meeting at Rev. Mr. Patterson’s Church (Presbyterian), and it was there she found relief.

“ She had been, from her earliest years, a pattern of filial affection and dutifulness; and her outward life seemed to have nothing in it ‘ to be repented of.’ Sweet in temper, ingenuous, frank and winning in manners, and social without forwardness, she very early drew the attention and love, not only of the connections of the family, but of strangers, who marked her for no ordinary womanhood.

“ No sooner did she make a profession of her faith in Christ than she began her work for him. Well do I remember, even at this distant day, her young face glowing with happiness, as she sat in the midst of a circle of her fellow-pupils, whom she was accustomed to gather about her

in a comparatively quiet recess in the Lecture Room, during the twenty minutes intermission between the opening and close of the daily session. I remember how they sat, each with her Testament or Bible in her hand, spell-bound, eagerly bending forward and listening to what she was telling them of the story of the cross. I remember with what interest I watched the daily scene, as I sat at my desk at a little distance, enjoying my own brief respite. And I remember, when I missed her from her place, and learned that she was ill, how the tears came to my eyes, as the thought came up that that smiling, happy face might not return—that sweet voice be heard no more in that youthful group—that that ‘beauty of holiness,’ while yet steaming in blossom, had, perhaps, already ripened for heaven.

* * * * *

“In deep sympathy with the sorrow that shadows your home and that of your bereaved father, I am, dear brother,

“Yours in Gospel bonds,

“VILLAGE SIDE, “R. W. CUSHMAN.”

“Oct. 29, 1866.”

IV.

MOTHER'S DEATH.

"Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oftentimes drained its bitter cup,
But ever wanders on with heaven ward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up."

FROM the ordinary language of her journal, and the general tenor of her life, we might readily infer a sweet docility of disposition; but it is made noticeably prominent by a little history we glean from the pages of her journal. In one record she speaks of a destitute part of the city that should be occupied by a Sunday school, and exclaims, with ardor, that she would enjoy this work. After several days, she alludes to it again as growing upon her heart, and wonders if her parents would allow her to engage in such a school. By still another

mention, we see that the subject engrosses her mind, and she now determines to seek her parents' consent, and prays that they may approve her plan. The next record she makes is in disappointment. They "think proper to deny my request," as her health is considered too delicate to venture in such an arduous undertaking. While she admits their superior judgment, she prays for an entirely submissive spirit, and then: "O, Lord, send other laborers into thy harvest." Weeks after, she makes thankful mention of the fact that a school has been organized there; with a noble unselfishness, she exclaims: "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

She is but sixteen, when we find, heading a page in her diary, this inscription: "A new era in my life:"

"The Lord has smitten me, yet will I praise him. He has laid his afflicting hand upon me, yet I will glorify his name for seen and unseen mercies. The mother who tenderly watched over my helpless infancy has fled. She who counseled me and taught me lessons of wisdom has gone forever. No more shall I hear the music of her sweet voice, or listen with delight

to her instructive conversation. I have lost a darling mother, with no sister left me. Oh! the bitterness of a bereaved heart. I feel as if I never more can enjoy many things in which we participated, because, to me, the dearest one will be gone. . . . Never was a mother more tender and indulgent, when her excellent judgment said it was proper; but strict where one's benefit required it. Altogether, she is thought to have been a wonderful woman—always cheerful, even when pain harassed her. She was admirably calculated to make all around her happy. I feel a vacancy, which time alone can fill. I trust I am resigned to the will of my heavenly Father, and feel assured that all is right, and that the wisdom of my heavenly Director saw it was necessary; but oh, the ties of nature are hard to sever, and leave wounds which remain long unhealed. I am left with the charge of the house, and two dear little brothers who will look much to me for direction. I look to God to enable me to perform my various duties, and that good may ensue. I desire to be a dutiful daughter, and show, by my walk and conversation, that there is something in religion which is desirable. I thank my Father for my many mercies—they are innumerable; and I trust if I have in the least been guilty of repining, because of his dispensation, that he will pardon my sin. Bless Zion; convert the world: and may the millennial day soon dawn on our earth, to the glory of the Triune God. Amen."

On her mother's death Margaret, though pursuing her studies with the relish of a thoroughly awakened mind, acquiesced willingly in her father's decision that it was her duty to fill the vacant place in the household. Her mother, though for so long a time an invalid, yet possessed such tact, that her influence was the ruling power in domestic order, and the machinery of home-life moved as noiselessly, and with the same regularity as in other families, where every thing seems to hinge on the actual presence of a head.

Judging from the testimony of others, even at this age, she closely copied her mother's excellence. Inviolable order, unbroken regularity—these were necessity in her father's life—still he never had occasion to find fault with his daughter's housekeeping. Yet she succeeded to the care of a large house, with a regular family of seven, and the certainty of a constant flow of company, from the country round and the Jersey farms, those who considered "Uncle" or "Cousin John's" as headquarters; besides the large circle of relatives

and acquaintances in the city who loved the happy hospitality dispensed so easily in that home. They were the class in the community who entertain, and we have heard pleasant stories of the unexpected breakfast guests, the impromptu musical parties, details of the social life which in her home was equally removed from stagnation or dissipation. Besides the housekeeping cares, which she discharged with such scrupulous fidelity and nicety that she won a reputation for her ability among all her acquaintances; she regulated with judgment and remarkably swift and dexterous fingers the family wardrobe, handling tasks which many of the mothers of to-day would consider onerous. She also accepted much responsibility in the training of younger children, striving at the same time to hold herself the companion and friend of the bereaved father and her elder brother.

The most of us would consider this enough, to attempt for ourselves, all that we could reasonably expect from others, but with this she pursued her music as a regular study; took up the systematic reading

of text books, which she would have studied with her class if allowed, also giving time to careful reading of instructive miscellany, of which we have some record in one of her journals, where, under the heading of the different months, she has written out the titles of the books read each month; opposite the name, her opinion of the book, how long she occupied herself with it, etc. And now we think the young girl has wonderfully well adapted herself and her time to fulfill all possible claims upon her. But outside of all this, she held her religious duties most sacred; not only the appointments of the church, of which she was faithfully observant, and the Sunday school class which she loved; the female prayer meeting, the Dorcas society, and visitation of the poor, these each found a place in her distribution of time.

It is no rare creation of fiction that we are sketching, but the girlhood which foreshadowed the woman we knew so well, whose achievements in so many forms of industry, carried on with such apparent facility and unruffled calmness. were the

wonder and admiration of all who knew her. We think her life may afford us the simple solution of a problem which widely engrosses public attention — in defining the value and uses of education — if we accept the primary meaning of “leading-out” *all* the powers as full armor for life’s combat and attainments. Education, as apprehended by the popular sense, is too much confined to a multifarious and extended book-culture, and the young lady who has spent her ten or twelve years in training at the best female colleges, comes home often to lay aside books, then to pursue her pleasures and employments at her own sweet will, enjoying the freedom from restraining system; or from a higher vantage ground, with a painful sense of responsibility, to sigh over wasted hours and lost days, and long for a continuation of the wholesome regulations which insured some achievement. They do not understand that this was but the training, not the work itself; and without any attempt or the most casual efforts to use their trained powers, these are but additions to the class whose accomplish-

ments and well-earned class-honors in the wife and mother but serve to rehearse as part of a bright past.

In the new assumption of domestic responsibilities, she regrets her inability to engage in many plans of benevolence, but in her humility says, "I think God has marked out the path of duty very plainly." Yet she holds herself eagerly ready for every opportunity to do good. In the summer of her seventeenth year, she went into New Jersey to spend a month among her relatives. Seeing the perfect destitution of religious privileges in the neighborhood where she was, she resolved to attempt a Sunday school organization. Her natural timidity suggested many fears. She says, "I have been almost disposed to shrink from such an undertaking, but on seeking aid at a throne of grace, I am strengthened and encouraged: may the Lord grant me success." She provided herself with tracts, visited through the community, and was rewarded by the promise of over thirty scholars. The school was duly organized, and in the three Sundays she remained,

doubled its numbers. The success attracted friends, and she left the school as a permanent organization with sixty-nine scholars, besides officers and teachers. The school was maintained for years, and from it sprung a church, whose constituent members were those collected in the little school.

Through one of her old friends we have learned something of her early labors. They both belonged to a board of managers, representing the Infant School Society of Philadelphia, comprising under its supervision five schools and hundreds of children. It was their duty to visit the school nearest their residence, teaching and supervising the instruction. We may regard this association as among the advance guard of the Sunday school army, whose march through the land has been a long triumph. Then, the work was not accepted in its broadest possibilities, and gained but scanty support. Those who engaged in it were inspired only by the greatness of the cause; now, it claims a liberal recognition, and the enthusiasm of numbers contributes to the interest of the work. Together, these friends origi-

nated an evening school for girls who considered themselves too old for the Sunday school. Here they endeavored to combine religious instruction with the rudiments of common education, meeting two evenings in the week.

The same friend says: "For years I was with her some part of every day, and never heard her utter an unkind word of, or to any one." She adds, Margaret *loved* prayer; and it was often her custom, when several young friends met at her house, whether by invitation or accident, to invite them to the privacy of her own room "for a little prayer-meeting."

She is about nineteen when we find in her journal a record of visiting among the poor, relieving their necessities, reading and explaining the Scriptures, praying with them, and holding particular conversation with individuals. But she deplored her ignorance, and remarks that she is struck with her extreme unfitness for such a work; she longs for further and gracious preparation. Thus we find her anticipating the need, that is now extensively recognized,

of regular "bible readers," those who will go from house to house compelling men, with holy violence, to come into the kingdom.

The factory with which her father was connected was only divided from her own home by the garden wall, and as she daily saw the crowd of girls coming and going, whose face and dress too plainly told the story of ignorance and neglect, her warm heart was touched, and she conceived this as work that awaited her, to do what she could to arouse them to a better life. Accordingly she organized a class of these girls, and met with them certain evenings. But in this attempt she encountered many difficulties. As the novelty wore off, the girls were ashamed of their ignorance, and while some dropped away, others taxed her ingenuity and patience in contriving inducements to hold them. In different journal entries, she speaks of her factory class, for years, and it was only relinquished when she left her father's house for a new home.

Through the records of her later journal, she notices the family birth-days with espe-

cial prayer. It became a habit of her life to make anniversary days opportunities of spiritual advancement. On her nineteenth birth-day, we find this as a part of the entry made in her journal: "On interrogating myself as to the increase of my knowledge in the word of God, I can say it appears more clear and beautiful than ever, and if I neglect perusing its sacred pages, I feel unprepared for the duties of the day. The necessity of studying it appears to me more obvious than ever, and I do not feel so content to scan it as formerly. The character of Christ, as my righteousness, is unspeakably dear to me. As I dwell on his unparalleled love, when I come before God, the idea that he is there interceding, is a thought replete with consolation, and gives me a boldness at the throne of grace, which has not always been enjoyed."

As a single instance of her Christian fidelity, we note that, as she is visiting in the country, on some occasion, she goes a long distance to see a friend, to whom she has written on the subject of religion, but thinks will now be more accessible, as

“she is in trouble.” How rare this watchfulness among older Christians, we all know. It may be we visit friends in sorrow, but only allow ourselves the most general consolations of Christian hope, when often the mourner longs for the *assurance* of hope, for faithful friendship to probe the wound and point to the Physician.

V.

ESTABLISHED CHARACTER.

“AND all hearts do pray ‘God love her’—
Aye, and always, in good sooth,
We may be sure he doth.”



N reading her own record of these early years, there is no fact more prominent than her sacred regard for the Sabbath. From the first of her religious profession, she considered it a day set apart as *holy* to the Lord, a *delight*, and *honorable*. She made the distinction between holy day and holi-

day, and accepted the faith of our best and wisest expounders of Bible truth, that while in a faithful life all days are the Lord's time to bless, the Christian's to enjoy, yet there is one day that was claimed on Sinai by the Majesty of heaven, and in the consecration of this portion of time there is a promised blessing. Her view of the Sabbath included the idea of rest, but it was a hallowed rest—neither expressed by mere bodily inactivity, nor animal exhilaration; rather the body standing back while the spirit goes up to worship. She believed that there is an individual necessity for the careful observance of Sabbath time to preserve the proper balance between temporal and eternal things. For worldly cares beset us so closely—follow us so persistently, that we habitually succumb to their rule, and religion languishes, morality grows lax, when all of time is given to man's discretionary care; but the hallowed seventh is an angel-hand, beckoning away and above. She argued its importance from its prominent place in the ancient law—announced in such awful

solemnity, afterward linked with such fearful penalties—enforced with a special rigor that is attached to no other of the commandments; and though we are not now answerable to the Mosaic law, yet, as she conceived it, we are each made a law to ourselves—an educated conscience must be the arbiter—the same spirit of rigorous care must guard the day from abuse and desecration.

Thus she believed, and by her belief she shaped her life. In her journal we find almost invariable mention of the approaching Sabbath, with prayer that she may find it a profitable day; that in its recurrence the churches may be blest. The day was fully occupied in a diversity of duties: two public services, when for a long time she sung in the choir; two sessions of the Sunday school; besides home duties, which she never intermitted, of reading or studying the Bible with the younger members of the family, and her own private reading and meditation. To gain the more time, she arose earlier on that day, and regulated her time with conscientious fidelity. As

an instance of her careful improvement of the sacred hours, we have heard that, as she spent the interval between two services at an uncle's house quite near the church, she invariably retired from the lively family group with a book. She feared her natural gayety would gain the upper hand, and she would be betrayed into unprofitable conversation.

Later, in her own house, there was never unnecessary work done, no bustling preparation for the public service, no encouragement of company or visiting; and while the outward observance of the day was thus guarded, the family were taught, by precept and example, the spirit of the Sabbath law; all mere worldly conversation was excluded; plans for the week, the trivial gossip that often follows public worship — these were discouraged; while the sermon, the Sunday school lesson, peculiar blessings, suggested kindred topics for family conversation. This was not an exacted submission to duty, but the willing homage of both love and reason. Her family will never forget her expression of

peaceful happiness, as she sung so often in family worship :

“ To-day is the Sabbath, the morning of rest,
The day of the week which I surely love best.”

To her it was the Shadow of a Great Rock in the weary march, where footsore travelers might rest. It was to her a fountain in the desert of the week, whose waters were for cleansing and refreshment.

As one of *many* similar expressions of feeling, we take the following, as sufficiently indicative of frequently-recurring thoughts :

“ But oh, this heart causes me much sorrow, to see so much of self and pride, and other equally dreadful passions, is enough to drive me to despair, were it not for the cheering thought that Christ’s righteousness is sufficient for the vilest of the vile.”

In mature years, and speaking of her beautiful youth, it has been frequently asserted by those who knew her well, and saw from year to year the maintenance of that serene peacefulness, that this unruffled calm knew nothing of storm ; that she had

inherited a peculiarly lovely character, and in intelligently professing her allegiance to Christ there was no conflict; that she was an exceptional case, one of those happy accidents of birth and fortune that may smile at trouble as one far removed. But we have often heard her speak of times of darkness, and profound spiritual distress. And these daily records of thought and feeling, bear constant trace of conflict. Her levity, her hardness of heart, her want of consecration — these she laments with tears and words of honest sorrow; but, possessing the noble development of Christian spirit, she is able to look up from the sad contemplation of her own sin to the perfected righteousness of her Saviour. She can claim by faith her heirship through the new covenant, although unworthy; she is a follower, if afar. Every plaint ends in praise. She rises in the divinely appointed order of thought and life from earth's sorrow to heaven's rapture. In the spirit of the inspired singer: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. Bless the Lord, oh my soul."

It is true that many wish to associate with the Christian life an idea of natural development, of sweet and gradual growth; they are repelled by this vision of conflict, and the austerities of trial. But, however we may rebel against the plan, we can not alter the Divine order. It is, as Bunyan shows in his allegory, that the pilgrim's way leads past the terrors of Sinai, through the darkness of Doubting Castle, and the perils of Vanity Fair, even amid the gloom of the dark valley and across the dread river, before he comes to shining garments, the crown and palm. But reflective and aspiring humanity, in all ages, responds to this divine appointment, and recognizes the necessity of purification by suffering; hence the idea of gaining eternal exemption from pain by submitting to abject penance in this world. Even those who eschew religion in their scheme of ethics, yet inculcate the fact that human virtue is but the rough diamond, and it is only by attrition and trial we rise above a mere animal existence, and earn the right to enjoy. Modern novels, of the more ac-

ceptable sort, represent the heroism of self-conquest in the brightest colors, and as essential to happiness. But Christ's exhortations to warfare are accompanied with abundant promise of love and succor. It must be conflict, but not uncheered — "Behold, I am with you alway." "We have an High Priest touched with the feeling of our infirmity."

We might go on and dilate on this beautiful life, broadening in Christian experience, widening in new channels of usefulness; in church, society, and the home circle, wielding an influence any woman might covet, yet few attain, the more potent because exercised in such unconscious humility; but we have sketched the outlines, and they must be accepted as suggestions of the story that never could be fully told. For the rest, we have only some letters to offer that pertain to this part of her life.

As an instance of the kind of correspondence she carried on with her young friends, we subjoin the following, addressed

to one of her friends in a distant part of the city.

“KENSINGTON, Nov. 17, 1838.

“Your truly welcome epistle, my dear E., has remained unanswered until this time, not on account of indifference, but because of circumstances extremely inauspicious for writing. Had it been otherwise, selfishness alone would have prompted me to reply, for I need not tell you how great my pleasure is in hearing from one so dear as yourself, whose every interest is dear to my heart. As you have chosen a subject, I will take it up and bestow upon it a few passing thoughts. Memory is truly a wonderful faculty of the mind, that mysterious power which brings the thoughts, feelings, actions, events, pleasures, and pains of an existence in review before us, and causes them to wear the freshness of yesterday. Yes, it proves to us that mind and body have been formed by a Master-workman, no less than a God. In many instances, memory, I think, is as much a cordial to the heart as hope, for although without the cheering influences of the latter, despair might sometimes take possession of the mind, yet, to one who has proved the fallacy of many of her promises, and experienced disappointment when his expectations were highest, she is very apt to be received with considerable distrust. The hope I allude to as frequently ending in disappointment, is not the hope which the Gospel inspires, but the promise of future good which, independently of religion, exists in-

discriminately in all the hearts of the human race. How melancholy, and yet how pleasant, are the visits of memory to our hearts; how often do they occupy the moments which otherwise might be claimed by the present grief or unhappiness of our minds, and direct the thoughts from a channel so painful. But there are pains connected with memory. How often does it bring the spectral forms of those sins which have blackened our being, and which have risen as a cloud to heaven, before our eyes; sins which, were it not for the great atonement in which we trust we have an interest, would be sufficient to bury us in the depths of gloom and despair. As it is, however, even these reminiscences may be productive of good, by increasing our gratitude, and teaching us lessons of humility. May we not suppose, dear E., that this faculty will accompany us to heaven, and cause us to sing the praises of redeeming love in nobler, sweeter strains? May it not afford topics for heavenly converse, and cause the glory of God (if it be possible to increase it) to appear still greater, by recounting his amazing goodness and love. But I must close these hasty lines, with St. Paul's admonition: 'Let us forget the things which are behind, and press forward to those things which are before.' I am afraid—indeed, the thing is certain—that we are not making those advances in piety which should correspond with our privileges. We are not yet spiritually-minded-enough; we are too worldly, and do not exhibit that crucifixion to the world which is re-

quired of us. O! E., let us, with the aid of the Divine Spirit, live nearer the cross, with Eternity more distinctly in view, and with the account which we shall have to render always before us. May God grant us more of the spirit of deep devotion, a nearer approximation to his blessed image, is the prayer of your sincere

“ MARGARET.”

The following class report is interesting, as reflecting her character as a Sunday school teacher:

“ It is with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain that I report to you the state of the class over which it has been my happiness to preside during the year that is about closing. For the first time, death has entered our circle and snatched from us one in all the budding bloom of youth and loveliness, with as fair prospect of life as any of her companions, at the opening of the year; before many months had elapsed, consumption marked her for his own, and gradually, but steadily, did he pursue his victim, until, wearied with the conflict, she sank into his embrace. She has left behind her cheering evidence that, although lost to her friends here, she has only gone before to enter those blissful mansions prepared for the redeemed. Her last hours were spent in prayer, which seemed, at that trying period, to be the only stay of her soul, and the element in which she would only live. Her

anxiety for sinners was manifested in the messages sent to her classmates, warning them to prepare for eternity now in youth, and assuring them that at the critical hour to which she had been brought, nothing could avail them but the blessed Saviour. Let this dispensation of Providence admonish us, dear fellow-teachers, to improve more diligently every opportunity we enjoy with our classes, begging them, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God while the bloom of health and youth still mantles their cheek. Since the last report, three of our number have, by public profession, connected themselves to God, and a fourth entertains a hope that her sins have been forgiven, for the sake of the great Mediator. Pray for them, that, surrounded by the seductive charms of earth, they may adorn their profession, and hold fast the beginning of their confidence steadfast unto the end. The class at present numbers eleven. Our studies have been, for the most part, in concert with the school, besides some Scripture and hymns which have been committed. In closing this report, the writer would solicit an interest in your prayers, that a more just conception of the value of the immortal soul may so take possession of her mind, that she may labor with a zeal which many waters can not quench for the conversion of every individual entrusted to her care."

In evidence of her careful Bible study, we give the following exercise, as written out in her hand :

"Upon what evidence does the first chapter of Genesis rest its claims for the truth of its details?

"In deciding upon the authenticity of any document, it is necessary for us to be satisfied as to the degree of confidence of which the writer is deserving. Secondly, whether his statements bear internal marks of honesty and truth. Thirdly, whether any witnesses can be found to vouch for their credibility.

"With regard to the chapter before us, it purports to have been written by Moses, who was frequently favored with direct communications from heaven, and who spake to God, as he informs us, "face to face." The Saviour and all the apostles have conferred lasting honors on his writings, both by quoting them and referring to them on many occasions. In the sixteenth of Luke, Jesus supposes Abraham to be saying to the rich man (when he desired some one from the dead to be sent unto his brethren, that they might repent), that if they 'believed not *Moses* and the prophets, neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.' On the mount of transfiguration also, we find Moses one of two or three who were commissioned from the court of heaven to commune with the Son of God Incarnate. His testimony has been relied on in all ages of the world, and his writings have survived the ruins of empires, and been transmitted to us with greater claims to antiquity than any others extant.

"The whole chapter bears evident marks of

truth and divinity ; the godlike sublimity which pervades it ; the conciseness and grandeur of its descriptions, so unlike the elaborate and studied expressions of human composition ; the exalted truths which it discloses, so totally beyond the conception of man, unaided by the Spirit of God ; and the self-evidencing honesty which characterizes all its details, furnish evidence sufficient to satisfy any mind not poisoned and blinded by infidelity. Independent of this chapter, we have nothing which gives us any intelligence relative to our own creation or that of any thing which surrounds us, and with heathen nations should be wandering in the mazes of doubt and absurdity, in endeavoring to account for our own existence and the host of created wonders which every where meet our eye. With regard to the external evidence of these details, we have, besides the Saviour and his apostles, the testimony of the whole Jewish nation, who first received the writings of Moses, and by whom, until this day, he is held in profound veneration. To him, also, may be traced the indistinct impressions which many nations of the earth have, relating to the fall of man, the universal deluge, the character of Noah, and many other things, which are evidently derived from the writings of Moses.

“ Q. 2d. Are the statements of this chapter to be received on the evidence of faith, or the testimony of reason ?

“ There is nothing in the statements of this chapter which our reason may not approve ; but by its light alone, we should never have arrived

at the conclusions to which this Scripture brings us ; and it is 'by *faith* that we understand that the worlds were made by the word of God.'

"Q. 3rd. At what time and under what circumstances was that portion of Scripture written ?

"In the seventeenth of Exodus, fourteenth verse, is the first intimation we have of writing, although it is generally thought that this book was written either while Moses was in Midian, or while he was journeying through the wilderness.

"Q. 4th. The first chapter of Genesis admits a beginning to all things, but implies the pre-existence of Deity. Upon what other Scripture evidence does this important fact depend for support ? Psalm xc. 2 : 'Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.' Isaiah lxiii. 16 : 'Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer ; thy name is from everlasting.' Micah v. 2 : 'Whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.' Psalm cii. 25 : 'Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands.' Isaiah xlv. 6 : 'Thus saith the Lord, the King of Israel, and his Redeemer, the Lord of hosts : I am the first, and I am the last ; and besides me there is no God.' 1 Timothy vi. 16 : 'Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light that no man can approach unto.'"

In 1835, representatives from the different city churches organized a "Female Tract Society," auxiliary to the Baptist General Tract Society. Miss Burtis became an active member, and was chosen to succeed Mrs. Eliza Allen, as Secretary of the Society. From a book of Society records, we select one of her annual reports. This was her initial effort in public affairs, which proved her capacity for administration, and served as training for the future:

" MARCH 22, 1842.

" Since we last appeared before you, another year has gone to be numbered with those beyond the flood, and the waves of oblivion have rolled over its grave ; happy would it be, could their waters wash away its numerous sins, and leave no dark record to condemn.

" From the nature of our organization, the material for a report is scanty. Our operations resemble the noiseless stream, too shallow of itself to subserve the purposes of navigation, but aiding the mighty ocean, on whose bosom is borne the ships of every nation, laden with treasures of every clime. We humbly hope that with advancing time there will be an increase of interest ; and that, as the parent Society prepares and circulates volumes, rich with the

treasures of knowledge, and begins to meet the numerous wants of the denomination, those who are now sleeping will wake up to the importance of the publication cause. Does any one inquire what this Society proposes to accomplish? or why it is thought so desirable to print and send throughout the country volumes such as the parent institution asks for means to publish? Were all our countrymen blessed with religious advantages similar to those which we possess; and could they, as the light of the Sabbath dawned, bend their weary steps to the house of God, and sit under the soul-refreshing droppings of the sanctuary, or even at short intervals enjoy this unspeakable privilege, apathy would not so much surprise us; but when we consider the immense numbers whose ears are never saluted by the sound of the 'church-going bell,' in whose desolate neighborhood no messenger of salvation lifts his voice to warn, instruct, or encourage; where few pages of religious truth ever meet the eye; nay, more, where many grow up from childhood to youth, and, in some instances, from youth to manhood, without hearing the Gospel of salvation proclaimed; when we consider all this, indifference in Christians appears to us criminal. The Society, then, to which this is auxiliary, proposes, so far as their means will justify, to meet this destitution, and give to the multitudes depending on our denomination for their religious literature, such works as will, by the blessing of the Most High, lead them in the way of salvation, and, in the absence of the liv-

ing teacher, silently instruct them in their duty to God, themselves, and their fellow-men. We appeal to your sympathies, your consciences, and your principles, as Christians, and ask, in the name of Him whom you call Master and Lord, whether these thousands shall die uninstructed and unenlightened, when it is in your power to send them the Word of life ; or whether you will resolve to sacrifice what may even be desirable to make them sharers in your privileges. The Great Head of the Church asks this, not as a favor, but as his right. He bids us follow him, and bear upon our shoulders the crosses in the way. He asks not what we can conveniently spare from that purse which his own hand has bestowed, and constantly replenishes ; but bids us take for our necessities only what is requisite, and demands the remainder for his cause. How, dear sisters, will it be found at last, when the Judge of all the earth shall institute an inquiry into our conduct ? Think you our hands will be stainless, and our consciences clear, in this matter ? Will it then be manifested that we have faithfully employed the talents entrusted to our keeping ? By all that is desirable in heaven, and awful in the torments of the lost ; by all that is valuable in the approving smile of that Saviour who, for man's salvation, became obedient unto death, we entreat those who live under the meridian splendor of the Gospel, heretofore unmindful of their less favored brethren, to arise, shake off sloth, and acquit themselves as good

soldiers of the cross, so that at last the blood of souls may not be found on their skirts.

"In closing our report, your Board would solicit a continued interest in your prayers, as well as your patronage; and in return would ask for you the bestowment of the grace and Spirit of God, that your lives may be crowned with his benediction, and your hope for the world to come full of glory and immortality."

Perhaps the most fitting conclusion to our retrospect of her early life is to be found in a letter received from an early friend, Dr. Thomas D. Anderson, of New York:

"Your letter, which reached me late last week, bore the first intelligence I had received of the departure of your most excellent mother from earth. As you may suppose, it deeply impressed me, much as though a beloved sister had been taken away. For, although we have seen but little of each other for the last twenty-five years of our lives, yet, for a period of two or three years previous, we were intimately acquainted, as youthful members of the same church, and companions, with several others, in the same Christian social circle. * * * *

"My acquaintance with Miss Margaret K. Burtis was formed in the winter of 1835-6, when I had gone to Philadelphia to pursue my studies

in the University of Pennsylvania. I united with the First Baptist Church, and in engaging in the Sabbath school and attending the prayer-meetings, I became acquainted with her, among others similarly employed. I soon found that, although quite young, she enjoyed the implicit confidence of the older members of the Church. Indeed, at that age, her Christian conduct was so marked, that it was frequently the subject of conversation (when she was not present) among her brethren and sisters, and was held up as an example worthy of imitation. Although her society was much sought after, her attendance on the meetings for social prayer, as well as the more public services of the sanctuary, was so constant, that her rare absence could be almost always accounted for by indisposition. Nor was she there by constraint; no rigid exaction of duty secured her presence in the Sunday school room or at the praying-circle; she was there from choice, when her smiling countenance, her noiseless and unobtrusive activity, and especially her voice of melody hymning her Saviour's praises, told that not the body merely, but all the powers of the soul were waiting on the Lord.

"There was another point, which does not occur to me only *now*, but one I have often thought on with pleasure. Her conversation—and her powers in this respect were a special endowment, as well as the result of a well-trained mind—was eminently religious. I mean not at set times, when the occasion seemed

specially suited to it, when it would seem almost irreverent not thus to key the speech ; but in the moments of joyous *abandon* among her youthful associates, when the pulse of feeling beat highest, when there was no restraint of solemn association, her conversation as naturally and as buoyantly flowed along Christ-ward as the heart turns to the object of its love. This was the charm of her society ; and I can say with certainty, from the remembered utterances of many of our then intimate associates, it made intercourse with those who, in some instances, may have possessed more of worldly attraction, unentertaining and insipid. I think hers was a power that unconsciously and silently has exercised an influence on many hearts ; by which through life they have sought to set a happy, cheerful, christian utterance among their chief means of commending the Gospel of Christ.

“ In estimating her character, we must not imagine that it grew by being fostered beneath the mild and careful nurture of parental piety. Margaret had the grief of losing her mother at a very early age ; and her father, at the period of which I write, had never professed himself to be a disciple of Jesus. When most girls are leading an unreflecting and ease-loving life, she had assumed the grave responsibilities of the matron of her father's home, with the additional care of the home charge of three brothers. Still, on entering the house, no one, by the slightest sign of neglect, could miss the hand of the most accomplished housekeeper ; and yet with such tact

was all this attended to, that industry laid too few restraints on social life ever to be intruded on the attention of guests; or suffer the many evening entertainments, which are looked back upon by those who mingled in them as some of the pleasantest memories of the times, to be deprived of her who was one of their chief attractions. A discipline that thus early threw on her the duty and privilege of ministering to a fond though widowed father, and motherless brothers, exerted its purifying power on her disposition, and through grace clothed the spirit with not only unselfishness, but actual self-forgetfulness. It was this that rendered all the little reunions at the house so delightful. You experienced a joy, yet you were not troubled with a sense of obligation. You were made happy, yet so unconsciously, that you had no one to acknowledge as the dispenser of the bliss; the reserved forgot their shyness; the unattractive found themselves centres of influence; wishes were so readily gratified that no one had any thing to regret; while music, which Miss Burtis had cultivated apparently as a means of ministering to others' pleasure, rather than a selfish accomplishment, or to provoke admiration, bound within its spell of harmonies all hearts. A desire to please, as an aim, rather than to be pleased, a christian self-forgetfulness, thus accomplished within the sphere of social enjoyment, that triumph, to realize which in the same degree among the people of my charge, has been to me an unattained effort through my pastoral life. For nothing

was ever admitted derogatory of the christian profession; while so pure was the joy, so elevating the influence, that the young could often turn with zest from the frivolities of the world's pastimes, and crave admission to the entertainments, which exemplified the truth that 'godliness is profitable for the life which now is, as well as for that which is to come.'

"Among the many things that come thronging to my mind of memories associated with your mother, I can only take time at present to refer to one other: the appreciation with which she listened to the preaching of the Gospel. Of all hearers, male or female, I have no remembrance of any one who, at so tender an age, listened with such rapt attention, and who received such delight at some beautiful development of truth, or at some fresh announcement of a doctrine that had been already adopted by the soul. These delights were not momentary, but I hazard little in saying, that I doubt not, until the day of her death, she could remember sermons preached by Drs. Brantly and Ide in the years to which I refer that, being received in faith and enforced by prayer, were means of her own spiritual growth.

"In consistency of christian practice, in fervor of spiritual devotion, in steadiness of obedience to the claims of duty, in joyous fidelity to Christ in the offices of life, in maturity of christian judgment, and in the sanctification of the charms and graces of endowment and cultivation to the Master's use, Margaret Burtis, from the age of seventeen to twenty, has had, within my knowledge, no peer among those of like years."

VI.

MARRIAGE AND REMOVAL.

“ ACROSS the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night ;
A guardian angel o’er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasure, and his cares dividing.”



IT WAS during a great Bible convention held in Philadelphia in 1836, that Margaret Burtis made the acquaintance which eventuated in her change of home and name. W. W. Everts, then a theological student at Hamilton, attended the convention, and in the dispersion of the throng of visitors, was assigned to the hospitality of her father's house. It was not strange that, under the same roof, Margaret's peculiar attractiveness of person and manner, seen

in her character of hostess — the always engaging position for a woman, and by her invested with a tender grace, in her three-fold relation in the bereaved household, should deepen the impressions of the few days into feeling, in the young student, and before he left the house he proposed correspondence. She, whom daughters might take for a model, sought her father's approbation for the continued acquaintance; but he, fond and fearful of the hardships of a minister's lot for his darling, dreading, as parents may, the stranger love, that must come before all others, disapproved the correspondence, and there, apparently, it ended. She remained to cheer home, meanwhile forming other acquaintances, but refusing any tie that could take her away; and he went back to his studies, dreaming of the "perfect woman, nobly planned," until, in time, the remembrance of that brief acquaintance was but a sunny spot in the shadowy past.

In 1839, the student graduated, married Miss Maria Wyckoff, daughter of the late Elder C. P. Wyckoff, and at once went to

New York to become the first pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church. After a short three years of happy married life, the young wife died, leaving two daughters, one but an infant of a few days.

It was a simple and natural process that, after a time, took the thoughts of the now saddened young man, in his solitary labors, and with his motherless children calling for the care and love he could not give, back to the memory of that bright face and form, which, to his early fancy, embodied all that was bright and good. The vicinage of his present home afforded easy opportunity for a renewal of the acquaintance, and time had so far modified the father's objections, and so singularly marked the daughter for such a position, that no further obstacles were raised, and, in November of 1843, they were married at the old home, and left for the new.

It would be entirely out of keeping with her character, to suppose that she could enter the new relation of wife, without serious and prayerful consideration. Yet, we have only a few words of her own, that

express any feeling in view of the change — those addressed to the one who is soon to become her husband : “ How short the time is becoming, before the event that seals our happiness or woe, shall take place. If our lives are unhappy, it will be our own fault, I am confident. Let us begin by a careful attention to little things, and not think that this care will only be needed at first, but continue in the practice. Many begin well, who, I believe, fail from this very circumstance, and become wretched : first, indifference, then coldness, then neglect, then misery ; than which nothing this side of the bottomless pit can be worse.”

The church, to which she came as pastor's wife, was an adventurer, if we may so speak, in the Christian world, the result of an experimental seeking for more extended usefulness. Revival efforts, which had prevailed in the State with powerful and beneficial results, were distrusted by the denomination in the city, while they maintained their existence by the observance of the ordinary means of grace, but lost the richer blessings that exalted their brethern. The

late Deacon Colgate, a man of rare spiritual discernment, and of great practical worth to the Oliver-street Church, studied these revival measures, and became convinced that they might be used to advance the interests of the Church: it was only a wise adaptation of the means of grace to the varying circumstances of the people. But he felt the futility of such an effort in the conservative atmosphere of the old Church, and rightly judged that this might be a leading from the Lord, that they should divide their numbers, and so work in different ways. He found others like-minded, and they left their church connection to unite with a remnant of the Mulberry-street Church and another small church, the united bodies calling themselves the Tabernacle Baptist Church. After a few months of supplies, they gave a unanimous call to W. W. Everts, who came from his graduation to his first pastorate, as their first pastor.

The young church attracted public attention, by their remarkable success. Large congregations were soon gathered in, and

many were baptized into their membership. In the first winter, Elder Jacob Knapp labored with them, through a series of meetings, which added hundreds to the church itself, and communicated a revival impulse to all the city churches. In three years they had trebled their membership, numbering over nine hundred, while the denomination had made considerable growth and aggression, in the erection of new houses of worship, and new preaching stations. Evidently this growth was but the beginning of a new order of things, and the pastor of the Tabernacle Church foreseeing that, in the encroachment of business, their location would soon be out of the way, encouraged the idea of colonization. Most opportunely, as they felt, a house, fronting on St. John's Park, built by Dr. Cox's congregation, was offered for sale. They succeeded in accomplishing a provisional purchase, and to strengthen and insure the success of the new enterprise, Mr. Everts felt it his duty to leave the now strong and established church, though against the wishes of the body, and go out

with the colony, as pastor of the Laight-street Church. But the march of church and residence property up town, was more general and extended further than any would have dared predict in so short a time, and while the Tabernacle went up with the current, Laight Street was left just a little out of the way, and subject to constant drafts on its numerical strength, by removals. Still, for a period of eight years, their average of annual additions amounted to seventy, while it stood in the ranks with working churches, ready for the claims of broad benevolence.

VII.

A NEW HOME.

“CONTENTED toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there ;
And piety, with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.”



IN assuming the relation of wife, she took upon herself a combination of domestic cares and responsibilities. It was not in the usual course of newly-wedded life, making the first essay, with only the husband's partial love to criticise, with the gradual springing up of a family circle around them ; but it was at once to take her place in the family that had formed around another. She must gather the loose threads of family discipline and domestic economy, and weave them into a pattern of order and beauty, while her sensibilities would be keenly alive

to implied comparison or blame. She has spoken sometimes of the diffidence with which she assumed these duties, but, it is true, that in their faithful discharge, "none named her but to praise."

The servants already in the family, remained with her as long as she kept house in New York, and no two more attached friends the family left behind in their subsequent removal. For she had nursed them in sickness, sympathized with them in trouble, counseled and cared for them, at once the kind mistress and constant friend. She never forgot them in her visits to the city, but always sought out their poor home, and gave them a rare bit of happiness, by her sunshiny presence, and the greatest news of their lonely lives—the story of the growing children and the family fortunes. The sisters and mother that she met in the new home, at once gave her a heart-adoption, and they found in the home's new mistress its greatest charm.

But it was in the assumption of her most arduous charge, the care of the children, that her uncommon force and beauty of

character showed most resplendent. The young mother, when dying, gave the elder child to her own sister, and afterward, her family would have claimed them both. To this the father objected, and when Margaret, soon to become his wife, learned the plan, with a noble unselfishness, she opposed it strongly, urging the sacredness of the family ties she hoped to cement rather than destroy, begging that both of the little ones be left to their father and herself. At length, though with reluctance, they allowed her claims as right, and the children were given back to their home.

It was but a short time after their marriage that she visited, in company with her husband, the parents of his first wife, with whom Mr. Everts ever maintained the warmest intimacy. We have often heard the visit alluded to, by different members of the family, as well as by the visitor herself, who spoke of it as then seeming to be a severe ordeal. The old lady, a woman of stately presence, and positive character, had invited the large family connection to fill the house, in honor of the guests, and

with, perhaps, many a thought of the bride death had so soon claimed, the friends awaited their coming. A sister said: "As soon as she crossed the threshold, and we looked into her eyes, there was a general thrill of surprised satisfaction, while the involuntary exclamation passed from mouth to mouth—'How much like Maria!' and mother met her with tearful embraces, and called her 'daughter.'" The impressions of this first visit ripened into a mutual attachment, which lasted through life. Indeed her facility in making friends, seemed without limit. As, in the following summer, they took a jaunt in the lake region of New York State, among the old family friends of her husband, it seemed but a round of conquests; the plain farmer folk, and city bred, old and young, all fell in love with "Cousin Margaret." She seemed at once to step into the confidences of a lifetime, and to be exalted into the family oracle, if we might judge from the appeals constantly made to her nice sense of propriety, her taste, or judgment.

Although the care of her little brothers,

served her, in a general way, as preparation for the charge of the children whom she now lovingly claimed as her own; yet the assumption of motherhood, without the tender tie born of sorrow, is, at best, a trying ordeal for a woman. The long conflict with the will which another bequeathed, meeting with the numberless disagreeable traits, which, unsoftened by that mysterious tie of blood, stand in unredeemed ugliness — through all, to give the tender love, the unfailing patience, the cheerful self-denial, which the name of mother implies to our heart, this was the lot she chose for herself; and how completely she filled it, only those know who saw her in her home, and those best, who were so long the recipients of her often unmerited, yet never failing love. The fact of their mother's loss, which could have nothing but painful significance to their minds, she ever kept, with a delicate reticence, that allowed no comment before the children, that could enlighten or wound them. Once, a lady expressing surprise at the age of the older daughters, inquired, before them, if these were *her* children, "I

call them mine," was the dignified response, that allowed the puzzled woman no further opportunity for inquiry or remark. As her own children grew up around her, no one could have detected any partiality that distinguished the children of two mothers, the older ones always having the precedence accorded to age in family order; and this impartiality extended through her life, even in the division of her private property she wished no difference made between the children—a most rare example of disinterested affection. Taking her in all her relations, as friend, mistress, wife, and mother, in no one of these, perhaps, do we see a more beautiful reflex of her virtues, than in her relation to these motherless children.

She writes to a sister of their arrival in New York, and the reception of friends:

“NOVEMBER 20th, 1843.

“MY DEAR SISTER,—You have doubtless thought it strange that I have not, ere this, replied to your very welcome epistle received in the Summer; but such have been the multiplicity of my engagements that *almost all* correspondence has

had to be laid aside. And even now, in consequence of your cousin's haste, I shall have to send a mere apology for a letter. We arrived in this city on Tuesday last, one week to-morrow, after having passed a week very pleasantly between Baltimore, Philadelphia and Newark; and now begin to feel quite settled in this city of my adoption. As you may suppose, all seemed very strange at first — particularly as the circle of acquaintance I left behind was large, and much endeared; but from the little opportunity afforded me of judging, the New York friends will, by their kindness, and hospitality, soon supply, in a degree at least, the deficiency I now feel. Last Thursday we appointed to receive calls from the Laight-street and Tabernacle members, when, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the weather, quite a large number favored us. This afternoon we expect the different branches of the Wyckoff family to take tea with us — as yet, I have become acquainted with none of them. To-morrow, or rather Wednesday, we are invited to take tea with Mr. C., our groomsman, where some of his friends are expected to meet us; and Thursday week Mr. Everts has appointed for the ministers and their wives to pay us a visit. Besides these, several others have given invitations, which we shall probably attend to shortly."

We have her own look-out upon new duties, in a letter addressed to a friend but a short time after her marriage:

“ FEBRUARY 27, 1844.

“ MY DEAR ELIZABETH,—That I have not written you before this, has not been the result of forgetfulness or disinclination. Had you been an eye-witness of my many engagements, I feel assured your generous heart would acquit me and say that it could scarcely have been otherwise. Since coming here, there has rarely been a day that I have had the command of my own time; and this has been particularly the case for about two months past, during which our Church have been holding meetings. I have yet to learn that a change produced in circumstances and relations at marriage, has necessarily to obliterate feelings of attachment long cherished in the heart; far otherwise; when removed from the loved circle, we begin to know somewhat of the depth of affection felt towards them, and often long for their society. I do not expect, situated as I now am, to form many close friendships. The feeling will have to be one of general good will and complacency to all; with some, of course, I am more frequently thrown, and shall be more intimate; but the course, at present, seems to be most prudent to show as little partiality as possible.

“ As you will probably want to know some of the particulars of my situation, it is unnecessary for me to say that my letter will look egotistical; the personal pronoun *I*, it would be more agreeable, to me, to dispense with; but from the nature of the case, this can not be. I seem to hear you say, “Tell me all that interests you.” Well,

then, to begin with, do you ask me how I like my new abode? Very much, indeed; and how could it be otherwise; my dear husband is one of the very best — which cousin Maggie, who has just left me, will testify — kind, and solicitous to a fault, and disposed to do all in his power for my happiness. I am very comfortably situated in my home, which is located in a lovely part of the city and only about a square and a half from our meeting-house, which is opposite St. John's Park — if you remember where that is. Our family consists, at present, of Mr. Everts' mother, (who expects to remain with us until some time in June), a brother, (who has just come from the north-east part of the State), who will probably stay with us some time, as he wishes to get into business in the city — Mr. W. and his little son, the former of whom we consider a great acquisition to our number, as, besides being pious and exceedingly agreeable, he is uncommonly intellectual, and communicates constantly in the family much valuable information. In a few weeks we are expecting Mr. Everts' brother and his wife, who, you know, were in Philadelphia at the New Market-street Church. Mr. Jeremiah Everts has been injured very seriously, and it has been feared fatally, and for several weeks has been suffering severely, and finally given up to die. My husband, much concerned, consulted a physician, in this place, who hopes to be able to cure him; and for this purpose, as soon as navigation opens, we expect him to visit us in order to have the best medical advice.

"March 4th. As usual, interruptions, of various kinds, have made it necessary for me to lay by my sheet, and, until this morning, have not been able to resume my pen. Margaretta Compton will be the bearer of this epistle, as she is now paying me a visit on her way from Charleston to Philadelphia. Very unexpectedly she arrived here on Friday evening, and expects to leave to-morrow. How much I enjoy the society of old friends, and how much should I prize a visit from my dear E.

"A word more about Church affairs. In this respect, we are much blessed of a kind Providence, for which I would be unfeignedly thankful. The members of the Church are very kind and affectionate, and seem unusually inclined to contribute to our happiness, which, you know, adds every thing to our comfort and peace of mind. Yesterday sixteen were added, twelve of whom were baptized; at the Communion previous, seventeen. The Lord has blessed us in some degree; but, oh, how much yet remains to be accomplished. I never supposed that I should like New York as I now do, and only pray that grace may be given me to discharge the numerous and responsible duties I find devolving upon me. O, dear E., much of divine assistance is needed in the case of every Christian, but a larger portion seems to be indispensable in a post like mine. "Sanctify me by Thy truth"; "Thy word is truth." Every Wednesday afternoon we have a female prayer-meeting at our house, which is, I trust, profitable to those who meet;

on the first Monday afternoon in the month, a Missionary prayer-meeting. Our Sunday school is very flourishing, numbering some where about three hundred scholars.

“How are you getting on in Second Street? I regret to hear of the apathy which is said to exist in most of the Philadelphia churches. And how, dear E., is your own state of mind? I hope that long ere this, the clouds that so long obscured your sky have been dissipated, and that your path is shining brighter and brighter. The only place of safety for us, is at the foot of the cross, with the disposition of little children, waiting the direction of our Heavenly Father. May this be your place and spirit, and I am sure you will be a happy and useful Christian. To-night is the Monthly Concert of prayer; how sweet and precious is this christian union, and what a cloud of incense now rises to the Head of the church, for the extension of his kingdom. This afternoon we had a very interesting Female Missionary prayer-meeting, which I think you would have enjoyed; M. Compton did, very much. At our female meetings, we endeavor to have as little reserve as possible, and all feel free to take any part they see fit, either to pray, speak, or sing. The tie that binds Christian hearts is very dear, is it not?—and if dear on earth, what will it be in Heaven?

. . . . “Be kind enough to see Miss Bruce and request her to remember me affectionately to my old scholars and fellow-teachers, and tell her how gratified I should be to receive a letter, giv-

ing a detailed account of their affairs. Please present my warm regards to your Pa, with my sincere wishes for his health, temporal and spiritual, but more particularly for the latter ; that, when his flesh shall fail, his soul shall be received to mansions on high. And now, dear E., do write me soon, and pay me a visit as soon as you can make it convenient. Accept much love, and believe me, as ever,

“ Your attached friend,

“ MARGARET.”

VIII.

HOME LIFE.

“THE sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things ;
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend.”

BESIDES at once taking the lead among the female laborers of the church, she stood side by side with her husband, in sharing his work and responsibilities. She visited for and with him, aided him in correspondence,

thought and planned for him, and by her buoyancy, kept him from despondency when pressed by cares. Later, in addition to his arduous work as a city pastor, with a young church, while he took upon himself the toils of authorship, every page went to the printers, copied in her fair, legible, hand. Though then with young children, demanding her time and strength, there was no conflict among her duties. Necessarily much confined at home, she yet found time for outside claims, and foremost of these in her affection, was the cause of the Grande Ligne Mission. Thus early in its history, they struggled for existence against the persecution of the Catholics, in poverty, misapprehension, and with few friends. Madame Feller, with true heroism, wrote appeals to the churches far and near, as she could, visited among them to use her personal influence, but still maintained her post, while she and her fellow-laborers denied themselves every luxury, and, with only life's necessities, labored, waiting the Lord's time. Mrs. Everts felt the kindling sympathy that heroism inspires in a mind

capable of the same, and used all of her influence in the community to awaken and strengthen sympathy with the mission. In one of Madame Feller's visits, Mrs. Everts became personally acquainted with her, and thus commenced a friendship, which both prized, which was kept warm by the interchange of visits, and a correspondence of years. In the family, Madame Feller was often held up as a model of noble Christian character, and the youngest born received, as a legacy, the name of Henriette Feller.

It was in the enlargement and growing claims of these duties that the first years of her New York life were passed, of which we have no record but memory, which recalls her as the ruling presence in a happy, busy home, where domestic order moved in unbroken routine; her husband's labors lightened by her assistance, the children's daily tasks conducted by her with unfailing regularity, the frequent guests and round of callers, always met with cordial and ready welcome, while her peculiar duties, as pastor's wife, were performed with marked and increasing devotedness. Since

her death, an old friend speaking of his lively remembrance of her beautiful character, alludes to a little incident, which occurred during this time, and pictures graphically her tender, graceful courtesies. It was after spending the morning with Mr. Everts, in the cell of a condemned criminal, they came, weary and depressed, to the latter's house, where Mrs. Everts prepared their late meal, and by her sympathetic conversation, insensibly drew them from gloomy thoughts; then seating herself at the piano, by her well-chosen songs and irresistibly-sweet voice, won them to repose and serenity. It is but a simple record of an ordinary incident in her daily life; but the charm of her tact made the indelible impression that survived a lapse of twenty years.

A letter, written in 1847, exhibits her constant and pervasive religious feeling, and, amidst her busy life, her tender sympathy for the friendless poor :

“NEW YORK, October 27, 1847.

“How much, dear Lizzie, I enjoyed your visit; it seemed so much like olden times. Such meetings of loved ones are green spots along the journey of life, that are truly refreshing and delightful. May the Lord grant us many such meetings, while it may please him to permit us to sojourn here. * * * Poor Sarah has been bowed with sorrow since you left. Her brother died the Saturday after you left. His sufferings must have been great, from his emaciated appearance after death; but he was a patient sufferer; so afraid was he of complaining, that his disease had progressed to an alarming extent before any one knew it. The wife was lying sick when he died, and was in the room with his dead body from Saturday night until Monday morning. She is getting better, but, poor thing, feels very despairing, as you may imagine. “Who hath made us to differ?” * * * We are well. Do write soon and tell us all that interests you. Please present love to Mary. With the most sincere wishes for your health and happiness, believe me, dear E.,

“Your truly attached friend,

“MARGARET.”

“‘Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.’ Accept Mr. Everts’ kind regards.—M.”

Another letter fills out the picture of her new home :

— “NEW YORK, January 14, 1848.

“MY VERY DEAR E.,—As these commencing words were penned, I felt my heart going out with each of them—testing their sincerity and convincing myself of the strength of my attachment to the friend of my youth. To one who did not know us both, and was ignorant of our past history, these expressions might be called the language of flattery; but to any who have followed us since our school-girl days, and have known our continued friendship, such protestations would, I am sure, only be regarded as the natural gushings of affection. Have you been disposed to accuse me of neglect for not having answered your last favor sooner? I have certainly been practising self-denial in not replying; but when your letter arrived, almost my whole leisure time was occupied in receiving calls (which, you know, the ladies here pay after New Year), and since, my husband has had some very particular writing for me to do, which I have just finished, as I took up this sheet. Thanks, many thanks, dear E., for your valuable presents. How kind and thoughtful you are. The only thing I regret is, that my obligations are increasing so rapidly that I shall never be able to cancel them. Please receive Mr. Everts' sincere acknowledgments, and our united wishes that you may enjoy, in every sense of the word, a 'happy New Year'—happy in yourself, being sensible of that well-spring of enjoyment which springs up within you to everlasting life; happy in your relations to others,

that nothing may interrupt the delightful intercourse you have with loved relations and friends; happy because, like your great Exemplar, you have been doing good. Your life, I sincerely hope, will be full of blessings, enjoyed and dispensed — ‘Peace be with thee.’

“But I must not forget to tell you something about New Year’s day, as you have given so pleasant an account of your happy Christmas. It is emphatically a great day here, quite novel to Philadelphians. Well, Saturday though it was, all necessary arrangements were made early; the table, spread partially the night before, was surveyed for the last time, to see that all was properly done, and then children and all hurried to complete the arrangements of the toilet, for fear some visitor might mortify us by calling and find us not ready to receive him. Sisters N. and M. had been spending some days in Philadelphia, and had not returned as we expected, when lo! about ten o’clock New Year’s morning, who should stop at the door but brother C. and M. They had been a day and night coming on, in consequence of a dense fog. * * * * Mr. Harding, the editor of the “*Courier and Enquirer*,” Philadelphia, spent two or three hours with us, professing to be highly entertained by what was passing before him. I was favored by the presence of several ladies, namely, Mrs. Wyckoff, Mrs. Everts, senior, Mrs. N. K. Everts, and Miss M. M. Everts, to assist in the business of entertaining. The day proved to be very pleasant in-doors, but just the reverse out.

I am not quite confident about the number of calls, as I was secretary, and some times found it impossible to record the names, but have on my paper some hundred and forty. We must have had considerably over this, the ladies think.

“Thus far I had progressed in this epistle, when I was obliged abruptly to stop, and have not been able to finish it until now, Monday, the 17th instant. You speak of a case of suffering in your letter, and no doubt there are many of the class in your midst; but imagine what it must be here. Case after case of thrilling interest comes to our notice, of persons that must be helped, or perish; and just now sisters were in, having called at the City Hall this morning, where they learned that seven vessels have just arrived, filled with famine-stricken and sick immigrants, some of them having been sixty days out, and down in the hold of the vessel. The Lord have mercy, and incline the benevolent to bring relief, or what will become of these thousands. * * * * It is said that enough emigrants arrive here annually to form a State. Is not this the missionary field of the world; and ere it grows up to thorns, must we not be diligent in seeding it with God's truth. I was very much interested in listening yesterday to a discourse on Home Missions from the agent of the American Sunday School Union. This agency of the Sunday School, Home Missions and colporteurs are the hope of our country's evangelization. It is impossible for the destitution to be supplied

by the ministry, as he showed by calculation that to do this, between three and four thousand ministers would annually have to be added to the present number ; while from all evangelical denominations put together, there are not (if I remember rightly) annually more than a thousand sent out. Let us pray for laborers to be raised up, and the means to be prospered for the Christianizing of the destitute multitudes of our country. No time is to be lost. If we tarry, the enemy will be possessing the ground.

“ But I must hasten. How is Mary ? Please give her my love and best wishes — wishes that end not with temporal things ; but I desire that she may be, above all things, blest in soul, and made an heir of God, a joint heir of Jesus Christ ; and may have united with her in the pursuit of life eternal, her husband and children. Oh, that they may be wise for eternity. I am glad that you, dear E., take so much comfort in doing good — this is certainly an evidence of your being a child of God. May these evidences constantly increase until you arrive at the comfortable assurance of your adoption. * * * *
Adieu, dear Elizabeth.

“ Your true friend,

“ MARGARET.”

IX.

SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

“WHEN pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!”

LTHOUGH possessing remarkable vigor, which was guarded with more than usual temperance, yet the pressure and variety of cares, seldom at once assumed, began to make serious ravages upon the health of Mr. Everts. Sleepless nights and wearisome days succeeded each other in alarming rapidity, and simple efforts at recreation served but as temporary relief. Thus he struggled through one year, with a short interval of partial health; then, with his wife and family, he withdrew from the city for the summer of 1849, hoping, in the country's seclusion, to “knit up the raveled sleeve of care,” and regain his lost strength.

Yet even here, amidst quiet beauty, and simple, homely life, attended by his wife's assiduous and ingenious efforts to please and interest, the tired brain kept up a dizzying round of thoughts and plans, and rest seemed unapproachable. His friends, now thoroughly alarmed, proposed his crossing the ocean, by sea air, the entire change of climate and scene, and the wholesome fatigues of travel, to regain health. They were not a rich church; but the generosity of a few provided the way, and urged him on; and the city pastors, with rare friendliness, proposed to fill the pulpit in turn, if no better plan were devised. In that shattered condition of mind and body, Mr. E. could arouse to no active exertion, and his wife took upon herself all necessary arrangements for such a change. As it was decided that a permanent supply would better advance the church interests, she went from one minister to another in the city, among the deacons and responsible men of the church, consulting and obtaining counsel; then in correspondence asking advice and coöpera-

tion. Meanwhile she completed his personal preparations, made such plans for the family as set his mind at ease for the future, and bore her burden of anxiety and foreboding with an enforced cheerfulness and even demeanor that is astonishing to look back upon. The last thing was a visit to the artist's, to obtain a family group for the dear wanderer's cheer when far from them all; and here the mother's face, surrounded by her rosy family, despite the smile that gave the constant curve to her lips, shows haggard and worn.

In a letter to Mr. Everts' mother, to whom she would naturally turn for sympathy, she details the experience of this period:

"NEW YORK, MARCH 5, 1850.

"DEAR MOTHER,—Had any one told me when you left that months would elapse before I wrote to you, it would have seemed an utter impossibility; and doubtless it would not have been so long delayed, had not Martha been constantly writing, and keeping you posted up in all matters that are transpiring. If it seemed proper, I could fill this sheet with details which would look, in even your eyes, as almost, if not quite,

sufficient cause for my long silence ; but I hasten to matters which will interest you more than apologies, hoping that your kind heart will excuse what may have appeared like forgetfulness. Since we parted, dear mother, I have had new experience. My dear husband's health began to fail seriously about the time of your leaving, although you know he had not been well for months before. His prostration was extremely painful, affecting so as to unfit him for any thing to which he had been accustomed, and depressing most sadly his spirits. I had for weeks, nay, months, to give myself almost entirely to him, sometimes reading until he was wearied ; sometimes walking ; then talking and endeavoring to cheer him, so that he might not be left without entertainment ; and I can never bear to think of the time that he went without me to Saratoga, although we both thought him able to go unattended, when I supposed him to be gaining every day. While he was there, I visited my father's to see my sister Jane, who was supposed to be dangerously ill, and on returning, found him home, but not improved. You may imagine my disappointment. Autumn had arrived, when he had expected to be able to resume his duties ; but instead of doing so, I found him totally discouraged. When, at length, a voyage was proposed, he was completely unnerved, and, at first, could not endure the thought. As a last resort, his mind was bent upon going to Philadelphia, which proved to be a wise step, as he began to improve immediately. Thus you see my summer

and fall must have been one of great anxiety ; but I desire to bless the Lord with my whole heart that he has dealt so kindly with him, and that his prospects are good for returning health. I have been thus particular, knowing that every thing in relation to your dear son is of the deepest interest. The letter you receive with this will give you accounts of him subsequent to leaving this country ; it came by the last steamer, along with one for the church and some for me.

“But as you are desirous to know about church matters, I will give some account of our meeting, which lasted some seven weeks, if I mistake not. At first, though the preaching was faithful and pointed, the Spirit's convicting and converting influences were wanting, and few seemed inclined to inquire for salvation. At length Mr. Westcott thought that we must either stop our meetings or have a day of fasting and prayer. The latter course being decided on, the church came up well ; the lecture-room was well filled at our day-meeting ; brethren and sisters confessed to each other and to God ; all seemed humbled, in view of the low state of piety, and renewed their covenant with God. From that time a change was manifest ; inquirers multiplied, were converted ; others took their places, until some twenty-eight have followed their Lord in a public profession ; while others remain, what number I can not say, who have not yet taken that step. . . . How good the Lord has been ! Pray that the work may go on, and that many

more from the giddy multitude around may be brought in. O mother! I have felt such solicitude for S. and M. What do you think of them? What will become of them, unless the lethargy which is upon them be removed? May the Lord arouse them before the slumber of death settles upon their souls."

We give the following letters almost entire, as the journalizing record she kept for her husband will be the most faithful account we could offer of her responsible, busy life during his absence; and the narrative of the few weeks, all that we can command now from her pen, tells the story of the nine months:

" NOVEMBER 5, 1849.

" MY DEAR ABSENT HUSBAND,—Another week has sped, and admonishes me to send you another communication, as I am desirous of letting you hear from home once every week. Oh, if I could only know how you are, and how near to your place of destination!

" ' Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee."

How soon would all that is uncertain become matter of information. 'Twill be two weeks to-morrow since you left, and it certainly seems

like a month. If the captain's conjecture be correct, you will reach Havre by Saturday of this week. I fondly hope that you have derived all the benefit from a sea voyage that we have anticipated; and that you will, together with your dear companions, be prepared to enjoy all the varieties of the ever-changing scenery through which you may pass. I was glad to read in the "Havre Journal" to-day some remarks in regard to the health of Paris. It was spoken of as being a remarkably salubrious city, and those visiting it, both English and American, bore ample testimony to this fact. It must be a source of great consolation to you all, to know that so many prayers are constantly ascending on your behalf. May the Lord hear and answer them all. It gives me pleasure to say to my dear husband that his family *are well*. *Sis is beginning to look herself again; while the older daughters understand better the nature of your absence, she wants you to come back. This morning she said (half crying), 'Mamma write letter, papa come home,' and made some significant expression which I now forget. Her command of language is, I think, rather remarkable. She talks about things being *pandid* (splendid), and says, is it not *deppy* (dreadful), etc. To-day she was lamenting over Aunt Anna's bird that died yesterday, and went about saying in the most pathetic tones: 'little birdie sing no more, bird is dying; aint it a pity.' She is very interesting, but very difficult to govern. She is impulsive and excitable in the extreme. Pray for me,

dearest one, that I may *know how* to discipline all our dear children. I feel my incompetency most painfully ; give me some hints that may serve to throw light on my path. * * * I left off in my narrative in my last letter at Monday : I will resume it, and begin with Tuesday evening. Attended lecture by Brother D. ; subject, Search the Scriptures. He did well — too well, Brother J. thought, compared with his prayer, etc. ; but I did not see any evidence of plagiarism. His case came up on Wednesday evening, but was too late to be acted on, so has been postponed until another month. J. thinks badly of his having been so long at Newark without joining the Baptists, or even attending their church simply because he did not like the preaching. I hope the church will do right in the matter. He proposes to have the foreign field in view. The early part of the meeting was taken up with discussing the subject of a supply during your absence. . . . After much talking, being greatly influenced by your opinion in the matter, they decided to pass a unanimous vote to invite Mr. E. to preach during your absence. The members were told by Brother R., senior, that you would be better off, so far as dollars and cents are concerned, to accept the offer of the city pastors, but that you preferred a man who should be devoted to them. Wednesday was also the anniversary of our Grand Ligne Mission. We had a good meeting. Mr. Tracy's remarks were very interesting. Your departure was noticed last week in the 'Recorder' very

kindly, as you will see; also, to-day, in the 'Tribune,' that is, the fact is mentioned. As you will get the 'Recorder,' I will not tell you its news. . . . Accept love from sisters and brother, and many friends, besides kisses in profusion from children and myself. Papa's son is sweet as ever. Love to George and Charles.

"As turns the needle to the pole
Forever with fidelity;
So turns the magnet of my soul,
Where'er thou art, my love, to thee.

"Your own devoted

"MARGARET."

"NOVEMBER 26, 1849.

"MY DEARLY LOVED HUSBAND, — Here is Monday evening, and I am admonished by its return, that it is time to give you another news, as well as love letter. A steamer arrived yesterday, and I had the faint hope that it might be the bearer of a letter from your dear self; but it is too soon, and I must be content to await another arrival. Oh, with what joy will I hail the arrival of a sheet from you! Yesterday I thought of you as spending a Sabbath on land, but could not place you at any point about which there could be any certainty. Yes, dearest, my spirit visits you often in your wanderings; and was this the sphere to enjoy purely spiritual intercourse, we should frequently be communing with each other. I trust your health has been greatly

improved by the voyage ; and now that you have, if prosperous gales have attended you, reached your sought-for haven, it affords us no little pleasure to think of you as on *terra firma*, no longer "rocked in the cradle of the deep," But I must to my narrative, which was continued up to Monday last. On Tuesday, attended the lecture, which was very good, indeed ; text, 'my soul followeth hard after thee, thy right hand upholdeth me.' Wednesday, took tea at Mr. Ezra Smith's, and had a very pleasant visit. Thursday evening, visited Evers' Panorama of New York, Brooklyn, etc.—a very fine painting and truthful delineation, which will, doubtless, be eagerly visited in Europe. Friday evening, went to prayer-meeting, and enjoyed it very much. Mr. E. was not present, having gone to Essex, Connecticut, to preach a trial sermon. Sabbath, we were supplied, very acceptably, in the morning by Mr. C., and in the evening by Mr. M. The latter took for his text the words 'Being found in fashion a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.' It was a very fine discourse, and I enjoyed it much ; but what an original he is in every thing. For instance, in giving out notices, he mentioned a meeting to be held this morning at the Tabernacle, to hear the recital of a certain man's experience, who, some time ago, left the Catholics, and is now about joining the Grand Ligne Mission ; he said if the wife of the respected pastor of the church was present, she was particularly invited to be present,

as she was known to take interest in that mission, and exerted great influence in its behalf. I felt, as you may suppose, very much mortified, to be thus singled out, but had to overlook it, as it was *Mr. M.* Accordingly, to-day, Mrs. Deacon Main, E., little E., and myself, went to the meeting aforesaid, and a very interesting one it was too. Miss Jane Jones (the name of the once Catholic nun), gave a most interesting account of her conversion. The Home Mission Society have at last unanimously agreed to take the mission in Canada under their patronage, but wish the ladies' associations still to keep on as usual. The dear children are well. E. and M. are studying geography, grammar, spelling, reading, arithmetic. I feel deeply the care of guiding them in right paths, and beg the prayers of my dear, inexpressibly dear husband, that wisdom from above may be granted. How your absence deepens the past conviction, that you fill every place in my heart, only subordinate to that higher love for our Heavenly Parent. No other human being does any thing towards filling the void your absence occasions. I live on the hope of seeing you, and count the rolling weeks, thinking that each one makes the number less. Dearest, let me hear often, regularly, if possible. Many inquiries are made for you, and the question 'have you heard from Brother Everts?' I have frequently had to answer in the negative. Have heard nothing from Philadelphia since I last wrote. Please give much love to the dear cousins. I hope you will have no difficulty in yield-

ing to each others' wishes, but will journey on, most fraternally and happily. Accept love from all—sisters, brother, friends—especially E., and many kisses from your little birds in their western nest, and from your unchanging and loving mate,
MARGARET."

" DECEMBER 3, 1849.

" MY DEAR, TOO DEAR WILLIAM. . . . Tomorrow will be six weeks since you left us. Just three, according to the papers, you were on the main. How great a blessing is the press; thus far have we been relieved from suspense, without hearing a word from yourself. Dearest husband, enjoy your trip as much as possible, for I trust you will never have to leave me so long again. Do not think I am sorry you have gone; oh no! my judgment is satisfied of the wisdom of the step. I humbly trust that our heavenly Father designs it for his glory and your best good, and the thought of again beholding you, enjoying something like the health you did when we first met, buoys up my spirits, and makes our separation tolerable. There is so much of mercy mingled in our cup, that we should be deeply ungrateful not to bless the Lord for his tender compassion towards us. My letter last week closed with Tuesday evening. Wednesday evening was church meeting. I did not go, but Brother J. did. . . . Thursday was thanksgiving. Mr. E. preached. His text: 'He hath not dealt so with any nation.' I took the three girls. Had a comfortable dinner, and

spent the rest of the day at home. . . . Friday, M. and myself gave considerable part of the day to fixing a play-closet for the children. You know there is no room or closet which can be spared for this purpose, so I took some money their uncle J. gave them, and added some more to it, and purchased a nice closet to stand in the recess of the basement, underneath the clock. We carpeted it, papered it, and arranged a bedroom, parlor, kitchen, and made ottomans, a divan, put up a mantel piece, hung pictures, put in a small glass centre-table that I have had for years. etc. E. then purchased a Britannia tea-set, a clothes-horse, a little flat-iron and stand, two tables, and I added three chairs and four little dolls. It is a beautiful little affair, and will beguile many an otherwise tedious day. The children regularly learn their lessons, and are improving. They are much out in the open air, when it is pleasant, as I have put up a swing in the back yard, which affords them constant pleasure. Bub is just as good as he can be. You will be glad to know that Sis goes quietly to bed every night with the older children without any difficulty. We had some little trouble in breaking up her old habit. Friday evening attended prayer-meeting, which was interesting, though few were present, owing, probably, for one thing, to a farewell meeting of Dr. Cote and the Nun at the Olivet Street Church. . . . Sunday, Mr. E. gave us a good sermon from the words: 'I knew a man in Christ some fourteen years ago.' It was on the unspeakable glories

of heaven. His subject for the evening announced: 'Different degrees in heaven and hell.' The afternoon was communion. Suitable mention was made of your arrival at Havre to the church. All are anxious to hear from you. . . . Some of the Boston churches have cheering indications of revivals. The Lord graciously extend the work till our own city be shaken to its centre by the powerful operation of his Spirit. . . . We are all doing well, and all, from youngest to oldest, join in sending love. Little Sis asked me, as she went to bed, if papa was coming in the steamer next week. Kind regards from E. S. And now, dearest, I have told you all that you will not be likely to hear through other channels. Tell G. and C. we wish very much to hear from them — how things seem in the old world. Give them much love. Please present my kind regards to Dr. D., if you see him. May the Lord bless you in body and soul. Oh, to tell you how deeply I love you, and how I long for your society, is impossible. May heaven grant you a safe return prays your own true

"MARGARET."

"DECEMBER 11, 1849.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND. . . . How rejoiced am I, to hear of your improved health; how kind is our heavenly Father thus to favor you. But I am not without many fears that your habit of close observation will retard your recovery. Now you know that your difficulty is such that this kind of effort must be injurious.

You certainly ought to be content with seeing less, until your head gains strength: suppose your physical health is greatly improved, and your head continues feeble, the disproportion will be most painful. Your past experience is not going to do for you what I fondly hoped it would, if you begin thus early to do the very thing you have been at before. Be admonished. Do not write any thing except your letters for some time. *Recreate* — be *lazy*; do not over-fatigue yourself with seeing. I shall feel that you are verily culpable, unless you curb yourself in the things I have mentioned. Promise me you will, for your own and our sakes. Do listen to my admonitions. Think of the weakness of last summer, and dread its return; very little would bring it back; let not present vigor deceive and mislead you. Pray about this, and beg restraining and directing grace. I have been somewhat troubled with the old complaint of the teeth and face. . . . The Sewing Society met here last week, and although the meeting was not large, it was pleasant. To-morrow we meet at Mrs. Terry's. Thursday evening, Mr. N. called, and took us to hear Mr. Gough, the temperance lecturer. It was deeply interesting: he is a remarkably natural orator, and one calculated to do much good in this cause. I wish you could hear him. To-night has been lecture evening; quite a number got around me to learn what I had heard about you. You will write occasionally to the church, will you not? . . . Nothing of special interest remains for me to tell about

our church. Oh, that God would pour out his Spirit and convert souls. Is Dr. D. much encouraged. I am very glad that you have met with him; it must seem like old times for you to see his face. Give my warm regards to himself and wife. I hope you will find a pleasant traveling companion going south. But it is getting late, and I must stop writing. We all, children and servants, talk much about you, and I did intend letting them make their mark, at least, in a letter to you; but as they are all nicely asleep, it can not be. We are still in comfortable health. The Lord be praised. Darling husband, good-night; remember my admonitions and heed my warnings. May the Lord bless you a thousand-fold. I hope to get all your letters ere long. Good-bye, good-bye. Accept the love of all the family, and the undying attachment of your own

“MARGARET.”

“JANUARY 5, 1850.

“DEAREST AND BEST BELOVED,—Your most welcome letter of the 12th reached me on the 31st, and I should have replied before this time had not the opportunities for writing been abridged. It seems a long time since I wrote, Christmas night being the last, and for want of holding communion with your dear self, my spirits have suffered. How glad I am that you are enjoying yourself, and have so much improved in health. The Lord be praised for his great goodness. You wish that I could enjoy sight-seeing

with you; to have done so would have afforded me the most unfeigned pleasure, had the thing been possible; but for us both to be away from our dear children and house would not be justifiable, perhaps, except in the extremest case. How glad shall I be to sit and listen to your accounts, and thus live over the scenes with you. I can see the propriety of what you say in relation to more minute descriptions, it might tax your head too much; forbear when there is any such danger; I had rather miss the enjoyments such accounts would give, than to have you suffer any injury in consequence. Remember that you have not written to the church; do, immediately. . . . I will now, as well as I am able, go back to the time where I left off my narrative. The day following Christmas, M., A., and myself attended Sewing Society at Mr. R.'s. On the way home, stopped at Mr. B.'s. . . . Thursday, it was announced that the Hungarian exiles (the Governor of Couoion, his wife, sons, daughter, and Mlle. Jargello, who has made herself so famous in battle) would be in the City Hall to receive visitors. Being much interested in their late ineffectual struggles for liberty, M. and I desired much to see them. Mr. J. accompanied us, and we had the pleasure of taking them by the hand. . . . Sunday, Mr. W. preached from the words: 'Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss.' An excellent practical sermon, and one calculated to do good. In the evening, our Sunday school held its anniversary. . . . Monday, we were getting ready for New

Year's; but made little preparation. Wednesday evening was church-meeting. M. and the children send love and kisses. Sarah wants you to be sure and visit her country, and her relations, also.

"Sabbath evening, January 6.—I have reserved a little space to let you know the decision of the church to-day, about a series of meetings. It was voted very generally to hold them. Tomorrow is to be religiously observed. This morning, the quarterly contribution was taken up, and Mr. W. remarked that a liberal collection was requested, inasmuch as the church was doing as every church should do for their pastor in poor health—taking care of him, and were also at some additional expense in supplying the pulpit. The congregation this morning was large. The greatest interest was manifested by many, to-day, who enquired after you. They love you much, I feel well persuaded. This morning, the text was: 'Christ died for our sins.' O, my dear husband, how great was that love! how dreadful the weight of sin that rested on his holy soul! I blush when I think how little appreciation I have of this work, and felt to-day a desire to consecrate myself afresh to him who causes me to hope. But such is the little confidence I have in myself, that I dared not promise, but prayed for quickening grace, and that I might be fastened so firmly to the throne of God as never again to conform so much to the world, and so little to Christ. I know you pray for your unworthy wife: pray on. I love to bear you

on my heart to the throne of grace ; there, by faith, we can meet and prefer our requests. The Lord grant us a precious revival — a great ingathering of souls. Oh, how I shall prize you, if you live to return. I will try to wait patiently. Give me some idea, when you write, at what time I may expect you home. And now, dearest one, adieu. Little Sis asked me if I was sending kisses to papa in my letter. She said : ‘I send a hundred and five.’ Bub has four teeth, and is getting several more, but is pretty well. Good-bye, darling ; may heaven’s choicest blessings descend and be with you.

“ Your devoted

“ WIFE.”

She completes the story of these anxious, busy months, and sketches her husband’s travels, in another letter :

“ APRIL 5, 1850.

“ MY DEAR E.,—Doubtless you have almost felt like reproaching me for my long silence, and I confess to considerable self-reproach when I think how many months have intervened since your departure. But really, my dear girl, the past winter has been one of such numerous and continual cares, as to furnish my only apology. We have seldom had so much sickness ; first one child, and then another — Sis two or three times, and Willie as often. R. Griffith came to spend the day before New Year’s with me, was

taken very sick that night, and obliged to remain several days; again she came, and stayed a few days, but was none of the time very well. Then I was sick a short time, myself; and last, but not least, Samuel has been confined to the house most of the time, for five weeks; is better, but not well. Mr. J. returned about the last of February, and has been quite an invalid ever since; probably will never be well. For a month, I had Mr. W. (the minister who preached some eight or nine weeks for us,) in our family; so you see my hands have been full. In addition to this, our evening meetings lasted about seven weeks, which left me no leisure for writing, except to my dear husband, and what, besides, was absolutely necessary. These meetings, dear E., I should have been glad to have you attend. The truth was solemnly, plainly, and affectionately told, and some thirty or more persons, we trust, have been savingly converted. What a mercy that even such a number have been induced to turn unto God, with purpose of heart. O! what is not religion worth! It is every thing; how valuable, eternity will only enable us to comprehend. In my own experience, I find much cause for unspeakable gratitude, that I have ever been permitted to embrace its blessed truths, and trust its consoling promises. Especially in the season of trial through which my Heavenly Father has seen fit to call me to pass, recently; prostrating the health of one who is the light of life to my heart, and associated with all my present and future enjoyment in this world, have I

felt the value of that faith which reposes itself on God. Yes, dear E., I have found it sweet to trust a covenant-keeping God, and in every hour of anguish and perplexity, to seek his presence and pour out my soul before him, and then the *peace*, nay, *joy*, which followed such exercises, it has seldom before been my lot to enjoy. Oh, that my friend could feel this confidence, and could cast her cares on that kind and faithful Friend. Can you not do it, E.? Do you still persist in declining offers of mercy and salvation which were never made to the angels who fell? Do you not see how dishonoring to God is unbelief, in the face of so many and abundant promises to those who will put their trust in his mercy and salvation? Come in the simplicity of a child, forgetting all the past, the remembrance of which seems to be such a hindrance to your progress; tell Him your sins, your fears, your difficulties; seek his Spirit to guide you into all truth, and with the docility of Mary of old, sit at His feet and never more depart from his presence. This is your privilege; doubt not, question not, but with the desperation of a drowning man, seize the only object which is extended to save you. . . . But I must hasten to tell you about Mr. Everts' journeyings. M. wrote about the time he was to leave Paris. This he did about the first of the year, having for his traveling companion, an Episcopal minister, by the name of Parkman, nephew of Dr. Parkman of Boston, whose name is so painfully associated in our minds. They passed through the extent of

France, stopping at its principal cities in their route, viewing with delight the magnificent scenery of its rivers, the fruitfulness of its vine-clad hills, and stood at last upon the shore washed by the waters of the Mediterranean. At *Marseilles* they took passage in a steamer for *Civita Vecchia*, the seaport of *Rome*, touching in their voyage at *Genoa*, and passing the islands of *Corfica* and *Elba*, the former the birth-place of *Napoleon*, and the latter his prison. From *Civita Vecchia* they proceeded to *Rome*, where they remained about twelve days, busily employed in making observations. The greatest objects of interest there, *Mr. Everts* says, are its churches, upon which much wealth and art have been lavished. These, and a few private galleries belonging to palaces, may be said to be its lions. Its classical associations, of course, to the scholar, make it a place intensely interesting; its connection with the apostolic church and many of the early Christians invests it with increased interest. Now, however, it is the seat of the Papacy, and darkness, to a fearful extent, in this age of light, covers the people. Most of the churches have been built to commemorate some traditional fact, such as to preserve the identical staircase which the Saviour ascended in *Pilate's* palace, and which is now ascended only by the faithful on their knees. Another preserves the footprints of the Saviour on a marble slab. One, the curb of the well upon which *Jesus* sat when he talked with the Samaritan woman. Another preserves the heads of two of

the apostles in urns. One has in it a piece of the Saviour's cross; another, the altar upon which Peter performed High Mass. But I must forbear, as time would fail to enter into details; suffice it to say, these churches are most elaborately decorated, both here and in other Italian cities, such as Naples, Florence, etc. Some have altars of porphyry and alabaster, and are set with all manner of precious stones. Leaving Rome, they turned their faces south, and entered the Kingdom of Naples; visited Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Vesuvius—saw an eruption of this mountain, which, occurring, as it did, on a dark evening, about half-past nine o'clock, presented a scene of awful sublimity, the heavens appearing to be on fire, and the mountain red, and sending forth its fiery flood. He had the good fortune to see the Pope and hear him perform Mass; speaks of him as looking very much as we have been accustomed to see him in pictures. Leaving Naples, they proceeded to Leghorn, Florence, Pisa, Bologna, and a number of other places of great interest; stopped at Venice, laid at anchor in its beautiful bay one delightful evening, and thence proceeded to Vienna, where Mr. Everts was when he last wrote. He expected to go to London by the way of the German States, and anticipated being in England about the first of April. Until the time of the anniversaries in May, he intends visiting Scotland, Ireland, and England, and as soon as the meetings close, purposes taking passage for America. His health is much improved, and he

writes in good spirits, for which I trust I feel truly thankful.

“ Your sincere friend,

“ MARGARET.”

X.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

“ PATIENCE and Sorrow strove

Which should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once — those happiest smiles,
Seemed not to know what guests were in her eyes.”



HE return, so anxiously awaited, occurred in the following June. Mr. Everts was certainly better; and his wife, relieved of much of her long-borne burden, felt the tense life deserting her, and began to droop in utter bodily weakness. Yielding to the solicitations of her friend E., combined with her husband's urgent demands, she left home for a brief respite from care, and went to Hartford, Connecticut. From

there she writes to her husband, betraying the anxieties of the fond wife and mother:

“JULY 22, 1850.

“MY DEAR HUSBAND,—Your expected and welcome letter I found at the post office, on Saturday, which, you may imagine, I read and re-read with lively interest. Thanks to our Heavenly Friend and Protector, that you all have been preserved. I was so delighted to hear you say you had “risen after having a refreshing night’s sleep.” This, I hope, has been the kind of rest you have had each night since I have been away. But how does dear little Willie fare, in this particular? Has he become accustomed to the change? Dear child; I should much regret his spending such uneasy nights during my absence. Does little darling Margaret seem to be enjoying herself? or does she miss her mother? Give them kisses without number, and tell them mother thanks them for the dear kisses they sent her. Have you heard any thing from Fair Haven? Has that letter been finished and sent? The children will be anxious to hear from home, I know. Do write to them and relieve their suspense; my anxieties are great that their visit should be pleasant and profitable, to mind and body; their age, dearest, is an important and critical one; their characters are fast moulding and receiving the impression which is to characterize them through life. Do we sufficiently realize it? I trust when they

return, wisdom and grace will be given us to discharge well our duty.

Now for a few words about myself. I am very well; quite recovered from the difficulty under which I was laboring, and have been enjoying myself very much. . . . Hartford is a lovely place—more so than I thought when I was here before. There is much wealth, and a large share of talent, in the Pulpit, at the Bar, and in Medicine, as I have been told. . . . Yesterday morning we went to hear Mr. Murdock. His house is a very neat and pleasant one, in good taste and repair, has an organ and good choir, and is located in a very pleasant part of the city. . . . Mr. Bushnell being absent, we went in the afternoon to hear the venerable Dr. Beecher, who preached for Dr. Haws. His text was, "The fool hath said in his heart," etc. This he tried to prove from the practice and conduct of mankind, since the deluge to this time, and then showed the folly of it by its destroying, at the same time, all evidence that man was any more than animal, subject to material laws, without being an accountable being, because not a free agent; blotting out heaven; making death an eternal sleep, and making all things around us, bearing such wonderful marks of design, to be without a designer, the result of nature's operations. The sermon displayed a vigor of mind quite remarkable for one of his years, although some of his friends say he is but a shadow of his former self. This week is quite an interesting one here; the exercises connected

with the commencement of Trinity College, take place. Are you coming on? I think you would be much pleased to spend a few days here. Write immediately and tell me to look for you."

About this time she speaks of personal and family sickness:

"I was taken sick in the night on Sabbath last with something like cholera morbus, and have been confined to my bed, and feeble, since that time, until to-day is the first that I have felt able to resume my pen. . . . While I was absent, darling Willie was taken sick with summer complaint, caused by teething, and when I arrived, I found him quite sick; he got worse and worse, until we feared we should lose him. Oh, M., what a struggle was that to bow in submission to the Divine will, and say: 'Thy will be done.' But I trust that, notwithstanding his critical situation revealed the depth of my love for him, I could commit him, and every other dear object, into my heavenly Father's hands, and felt a quiet comfort that all would be well. But our dear boy still lives, and blessed be His adorable name for such goodness; and although not well yet, was able, we thought, to come here. The journey was very fatiguing, and none of us have been very well since; but he is better, I hope, to-day, and will now got along, if nothing pulls him back."

Under date January 19, 1849, again she writes :

“ DEAR M.,—I have feared, a number of times, that you would think I had little regard for my word, as the last thing, almost, at parting, was the promise that I would write you as soon as I could after reaching home. Now, before going farther, let me beg you to excuse me, and believe me that my time for correspondence is exceedingly limited. Half of my time, nearly, while mother was absent, was spent in writing for your brother, since which time we have had an unusual amount of sickness ; first, myself, then your brother, then each of the children in turn, and, last of all, mother has had a very severe cold, from which, however, she is now recovering. . . . You have not heard, I think, of Miss S.’s recent generous donation, intended as New Year’s present to the Swiss Mission, namely, one hundred dollars, in addition to what mother mentioned she had done, while here some weeks ago. I have not yet received it, but am daily expecting the amount from Philadelphia. This intelligence will be particularly gratifying to sister J. and Mr. A. How wonderfully the Lord can raise up friends for his cause ! Madame Feller and Dr. Cote spent an evening with us while Elizabeth was here, which augmented her interest very much. She, with many others, venerates the character of her who has been styled by Mrs. Hale ‘the heroine of the nineteenth century.’

But, as the summer and fall wore away, the conviction that Mr. Everts needed a permanent change from the intense life of New York City grew to be certainty; not only in the minds of himself and wife, as they were assured by their medical adviser, but the church recognized the fact, as they saw the immediate freshness travel and rest had lent giving way to something of the former languor and weariness. It was soon decided that a removal must be made from city activity to country quiet; and although some proposed an entire cessation of ministerial duties, after due deliberation, a call was accepted to the pastorate of the Wheatland Church, in Monroe County, of the same State.

So, with tearful farewells, the New York home was broken up, many tender ties separated that bound the hearts of the church to these two, who had proved their love by years of faithful devotion. But warm friendships then cemented, time has only strengthened; and the virtues of that pastor's wife still live in the hearts of many to whom her beautiful life endeared her.

The following testimony to Mrs. E.'s character is the more interesting, as Dr. Wyckoff, the writer, was for years an inmate of their home :

" MY DEAR BROTHER,—With sorrowing hearts we have just learned of your deep affliction. My grief could scarcely be deeper if an own sister had suddenly deceased. Your dear wife was greatly beloved and admired by all our family. . . . Mrs. Everts was distinguished for a keen sense of the proprieties of life. She was a model daughter, sister, wife, and mother. Gifted in music, her soul was attuned to harmony. Sanctified by grace, her spirit breathed love.

" In the church, and in the world, she was always doing good. Humble, devout, and benevolent, she sought not her own, but the things that are Christ's. For these she labored with a zeal unaffected, and a success almost unexampled.

" In her home she was the presiding angel. With warm affections and quick sensibilities she united a patience and cheerfulness, which rendered her the light of the house. Firm in principle and kind in manner, she maintained order as much by love as by authority. Always obliging and seeking the welfare of others, she made every one happy around her. It was a great privilege to enjoy her presence in the social circle. It was one far greater to share the comforts of her happy home.

The following lines, addressed to her, we doubt not, expressed the feeling of many other friends she left behind :

TO MARGARET.

I'd strew thy path with flowers fair,
That breathe sweet odors round;
And not one thorny shrub should e'er
Upon thy path be found.

I'd circle thee with joys as bright
As summer's golden day,
While hope, on glittering wings of light,
Should hover o'er thy way.

Truth should her radiant halo fling
About thy placid brow,
While peace should pearly treasures bring,
And love before thee bow.

Thus life should be one sunny day
That knows not of decline;
The hopes, the joys, the vision gay,
Should be forever thine.

Alas, dear friend, 'tis all a dream,
Though witching fair it be,
These treasures are not what they seem,
Nor fitting gifts for thee.

I'll cast the magic wand away,
Fling off the siren's guise,
And bid the pen of truth portray
The things I'd have thee prize.

And what I trace, I pray may be
Forever, ever thine:
A pure, a blest eternity,
And joy that's all divine.

CORNELIA.

JULY 19, 1848.

XI.

THE COUNTRY HOME,

"AND the land was wide and quiet."



HEATLAND, as its name indicates, is a rural centre of prosperous fertility. The township proper is distant from Rochester some fifteen miles, and is but a succession of large and finely cultivated farming estates, whose beauty of situation, as well as richness of soil, combine to give it a notoriety even in New York State, justly distinguished for her beautiful rural districts. The Baptist Church here, long established, comprised much of the wealth

and social position of the surrounding country, and enough of shining evangelical piety to give it a well-known name in the denomination. Mr. Everts' connection with this church is sufficiently note-worthy in itself, as a remarkable chapter in religious progress, also, is so intimately involved with Mrs. E.'s life, that we must pause to give some side details.

To a stranger, the location of the church seemed singularly inappropriate. The tide of subsequent settlement had drifted off to either side, where growing villages had sprung up, unprovided with places of worship, while the meeting-house stood apparent guardian of the city of the dead that lay under its shadow, the few adjacent houses hardly relieving the spot from its solitary character.

A few months after Mr. E.'s coming, he spent part of a week, including the Sabbath, with some friends in Churchville, the largest of the neighboring villages. Here he found a handful, principally holding membership with the Wheatland Church, who were waiting some outside impulse.

A few vigorous measures of meeting, solicitation and subscription so won on the sympathies of the community, that it was but a few months before Mr. Everts was sent for to assist, with others, in the dedication of a chapel, complete in its appointments of taste and convenience.

The success of this enterprise served as inspiration to other of the distant members. In Clifton, where for years they had held occasional meetings in the school-house, with the advice and coöperation of their pastor, they increased their appointments, and maintained them regularly. Later, they opened a subscription-list, for the erection of a Baptist church, which was quickly filled, their house built; and before Mr. E. left Wheatland, they organized a church body, whose regular congregations, Sunday school and prayer-meeting attendance soon arose to an average equaling the old church.

Meanwhile, the village of Mumförd, but three miles on the other side of the Wheatland Church, and within sight of the residences of some of its principal members,

numbering some four hundred in population, remained a missionary field, destitute of a church. During the second summer of Mr. E.'s pastorate in that region, after numerous occasional appointments, he commenced a regular Sunday afternoon service in Mumford. These meetings grew in numbers and interest, and in the autumn they held protracted meetings, which resulted in the conversion and baptism of forty persons. Church organization followed, and then the building of a chapel equal in beauty and fitness to its neighboring predecessors, which Mr. E. was called upon, as its spiritual father, to dedicate, even after he had left the State for another field of labor.

So note-worthy was Mr. E.'s work whilst in New York, and now in Wheatland, that a correspondent of the "New York Recorder" (now "Examiner and Chronicle") on Church Extension writes: "Some of your readers will remember the indefatigable efforts, in years gone by, of our old friend, Rev. W. W. Everts, late of New York, now of Wheatland, when in

the meetings of the Hudson River Association, he stood up, year after year, to urge upon his brethren the necessity of cultivating the destitute fields in our immediate vicinity. And now that he is removed to another association, it must be gratifying for him to know that the work for which he had so long toiled has been at length commenced in a manner that warrants us in looking forward to great and glorious results. . . . I was gratified to learn that the same spirit of domestic missionary enterprise which animated him while in the bounds of our Association, has been actively developed in the Monroe Association, with which he is now connected."

Also, the Committee of the Monroe Baptist Association, within whose bounds this work had been inaugurated, at their regular meeting with the Sweden Church, "*Resolved*, That, in the opinion of this Committee, the measures recently adopted by Rev. W. W. Everts, upon the field of his own pastoral labor, are highly important in their bearing upon the general

objects proposed in our present organization. That we pledge Brother Everts our cordial fellowship in this work, and assure him of our confidence in the wisdom of the steps so far taken."

This work was not accomplished without much exertion on the part of Mr. E., in encountering the opposition of the jealous, the fears of the timid, in urging those unaccustomed to give, to a generous support of these young interests, and in assuming responsibilities that none other could take. But with these cares he enjoyed the freedom of his new life, riding and driving through the lovely country, the cultivation of a garden, and the care of domestic animals; these wholesome recreations so mitigated the pressure of brain-work, that, though life was never busier, yet healthful rest and appetite came back, and much of youthful vigor. But with Mrs. E., the change of home and life was but a change for more wearing cares; and she who needed so much of relaxation and recuperation was called upon to pass through

some of the most trying experiences of her life.

They came to their new home in early winter, riding the six miles from the nearest railroad station in a chill December rain, over a country robbed of its verdure, yet wearing no brilliant wintry charms, and without a prospect of *home* at the end of the journey. The parsonage was only in process of building, and for the winter, the family were divided among the people, as they could be best accommodated.

Although never betraying morbid sensitiveness, Mrs. Everts possessed the keenest sensibilities, and the necessary division of her family, the enforced acceptance of a temporary home among strangers, however kindly proffered, was a severe trial. Even the minor changes of her lot would have proved intolerable burdens to most women. The breakfast hour in a farmer's household, occurring long before city people of moderate habits rise, necessitated very early rising for the mother, now having the sole charge of her little children; and with the severe winter, the un-

accustomed seclusion from out-door life — all told seriously upon the health and spirits which more than ever needed every thing propitious. But the secret hours of despondency and solitary tears were never known until afterward. She was the angel of hope to her family; and the elder children well remember, in visiting their mother, how she cheered their home-sickness, repressed their murmurs, and made the future so bright with the prospect of home, that the present caught some glow from her hopeful spirit. In a short note to a friend in New York, and a longer epistle to Miss S., she gives her impressions of the place and people, mingled with expressions of regret for the friends left behind, and pleasant plans for the future.

“DEAR MRS. P., — As Mr. Everts has left a page, I thought I must add a few lines to yourself. How have you all been since we left? With us the winter has been unusually stormy, and we see by the papers that you have not escaped. For the first part of the time we were here, we visited about some; but as the weather became very cold, we gladly settled down at one of the deacons of the church, where we find our-

selves very comfortable; they are exceedingly kind, and do all in their power to make us happy. I am much pleased with the people here, so far as I have become acquainted. There are many sterling female as well as male members of the church. The process of getting acquainted is rather slow, on account of the distance at which the people live apart. The good sleighing has given us a fine opportunity to get around, and we have improved it considerably. The change from city to country is a very great one; but I resolved to be contented when I came, because the path of duty seemed very plain, and thus far I have been so, although my heart often travels back to the dearly loved friends we have left behind. As you see those we call our friends, please remember us affectionately to them. Give the children's love to your little girls, and say that we shall expect to see them when we go to housekeeping. But my paper admonishes me to close. May the Lord bless you, dear friend, reward you for all your goodness to us, and give you a good hope through grace of eternal life.

"Yours, most sincerely,

"M. K. EVERTS."

"MARCH 17, 1851.

"MY DEAR E., — After leaving my beloved parent and friends in Philadelphia, we bent our faces again towards New York, which had been so long to us a pleasant home, but which we were destined so soon to leave. Homeless, but not

friendless, we took up our abode, for a few days, at a good friend's house, who had arranged with us so to do before leaving, and from there made our visits, and arranged our affairs so as to leave at the close of November. You may depend that it was no small trial to give the parting hand to so many, who had, by long intercourse, so much endeared themselves to us. Through such scenes it is not often desirable to pass. Our nerves were sorely tried, and we found it an actual relief to be on board of a steamer, having no more adieus to pronounce, and no more call for tears, except as remembrance would bedew our eyes, as, with the vividness of reality, it would recall scenes and friends, which were fast fading from our vision. We received many valuable testimonials of affection before leaving, which were prized, not more for their intrinsic merit, than for the kind feeling which induced the gifts. Our situation at present is widely different from the one we occupied in New York. Instead of the bustling and excited multitude, the din of business, the long lines of stores, and the innumerable vehicles that roll along the streets, we now look out upon a beautiful undulating country, with highly cultivated farms stretching away in every direction, the husbandman quietly giving directions about his flocks and herds, and seeing that all things are properly attended to in barn and field. Calmness and deliberation are written upon every brow, and as perfect freedom from all that is exciting as you can imagine. 'Tis true all have enough to do, and more than enough ;

but you do not see the hurry that all are accustomed to in New York.

“ We have been obliged to board this winter, and are still doing so, as the parsonage is not finished, and will not be, probably, for some weeks, and perhaps months, to come. Unfortunately, the trustees contracted with a man who has proved to be void of honor, and who has given them much trouble, besides delaying the finishing of the house. It is the more unpleasant, inasmuch as there is no boarding-house here, and we are obliged to board in private families and those who do not desire to take boarders, but merely do so to accommodate us. Our garden, house, etc., will, I fear, not be fixed, in all respects, as we wish to have it, for some time yet. I had intended writing for you and Anna to come early and spend the summer with us; but my plans are, thus far, frustrated. We are much pleased with the church here. The people are of a high order in morals, intelligence, benevolence, and refinement, for an agricultural community. We have visited a large number of families this winter. Have had sleighing for many weeks, and I never rode so much in my life. I think you will enjoy visiting me here. Mr. E. has purchased a fine horse, and we expect, as soon as navigation opens, to have a comfortable carriage sent from New York. . . . Before closing, I would ask, is it well with thee spiritually, dear E.? Leave the solution of all difficult doctrinal questions; forget the things that are behind, which have caused you so much trouble, and bring

yourself to the simple terms of the Gospel, and with an humble, penitent, and trustful heart cast yourself upon the grace and mercy of God, that are treasured up in Christ Jesus. May the Lord guide you and give you a good hope in him.

“Your ever faithful

“FRIEND.”

XII.

BUSY AND ANXIOUS DAYS.

“THE hours are flying ;
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks ;
The hours fly fast ;
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies.”



IN the spring, the parsonage was finished, but before the workmen had left, in their longing for a home, the family came together in the new house. It was sunset before the kind-hearted people left, who, with baskets of eggs, pans of milk, custard pies, huge

loaves of bread and rolls of butter, had loaded the pantry shelves; and the family well remember the blissful sense of *union*, while the tearful, happy mother moved around, giving the home-look to every thing she touched, expressing such absolute content and gratitude in look and speech, as to impress the time upon the children, as one of the fairest of life-long memories.

She was severely taxed, during this summer, by the want of efficient help in her family, but entertained much company, and never gave up to the rest so necessary. Late in the summer, her youngest child was born, and now nature refused to rise; from weakness, she sank into serious illness, until the doctors gave her up to die, when, as a last alternative, the family physician was summoned from New York. A few days of terrible suspense ensued, but the crisis past, and she was given back to life, as it seemed, only snatched from death by loving care. The long convalescence over, and she restored to almost her usual health, some signs of a most malignant disease

made their appearance, and her alarmed friends advised that she be put under medical treatment at once. For this purpose she spent some time in New York, during the fall, and the danger was averted, as the physician maintained, only as a result of her temperate habit of life, and her equable disposition.

Of her life here, we can give little adequate idea by detailing any specific work. We can only tell of her surroundings; her part was the indirect agency, potent, but often unrecognized. During her husband's enlargement of church duties, she was at once his unerring counsellor and faithful friend. She entered into all his plans with enthusiasm, supplementing his labors by her social tact. Notwithstanding her unfavorable circumstances for making or perfecting acquaintance, her unaffected loveliness won the sincere esteem of the people, as was proved by many testimonials of affection, from young and old. She made the parsonage attractive by her ever ready, welcome, and unusual powers of entertainment. Her piano was more of a novelty

than in her city home, and with it she was always ready to entertain, either the children who came home from school with her own, the young ladies who dropped in for an afternoon call, or the deacon and his wife who stopped on the way to prayer-meeting. It is a family memory that their mother's music was never denied, even to the youngest, under any plea of fatigue or stress of occupation. A letter written to Chicago, in detailing the work among the churches, betrays Mrs. Everts' co-operative interest :

“MARCH 2, 1852.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—When you wrote us from Rochester, I meant to reply as soon as my head would permit, to vent my disappointed feelings, if no more ; but Mr. Everts has been preparing another volume for the press, which has taken all my time, which could have been spared for writing. My long sickness left my head so extremely weak as to make it unpleasant and painful for me to confine my attention long enough to write a letter. Since then, I have had two attacks during the winter, which, although of short continuance, increased the difficulty I have named, and it has been as much as I could do to assist Mr. E. as seemed necessary.

. I must give a little account of what Mr. Everts has been doing these months past. The Wheatland church meeting-house is situated in the country, and the church is scattered over a territory of twelve miles extent. North and south of us, about two and a half miles each way, are two villages, neither of which has had any more than an occasional sermon, one of them destitute of any place to hold a meeting, the other only a very inferior sort of a building. Ever since we came, Mr. E. has felt much for these places, and determined that something should be done. He first proposed to the church to have one of the Sabbath services at these villages, but as they did not wish to give up one of the meetings at the centre, they concluded to engage a student from Rochester to assist Mr. E. in supplying the destitution, so that they have had regular preaching every Sabbath. The interest increased so much at these points, that the want of meeting-houses began to be felt, and Mr. E. has been engaged in raising funds for both these places, which now amount in one, to some \$2,500, and in the other to some \$1,800 and a lot. In addition to these, we had members living at a village some six miles off, who, with other Baptists in the neighborhood, have been encouraged to form a new church, and they have now some \$2,200 subscribed; so that now proposals are out for three Baptist meeting-houses. This has involved much labor and some opposition. In one of these places, other denominations have become,

of late, very jealous, and endeavored to thwart us in every way ; had Mr. Everts not done the thing up so quickly, they might have circumvented us. But we think it is too late for their opposition to amount to much. Notwithstanding all this extra labor, my dear husband's health is better than it has been for years. He has been instrumental in arousing the Baptists of the county to the work of home missions in our own field, and feels that his coming has been productive of some good. Whether he will continue here long, is uncertain ; some of his friends think he should not, if his health is entirely confirmed. But this he leaves to an overruling Providence. We have been comfortable here, and it is a very desirable place, for the country."

But while the prosperity of the new interests was matter of rejoicing with the pastor and some of his members, among others more conservative or timid, and others, perhaps, less spiritually minded, it only served to feed a growing jealousy of the young churches, whom they deemed rivals, and murmurs became louder and more frequent, as they prophesied the inevitable loss of influence and position to the Wheatland church. Notwithstanding these signs of discontent, Mr. Everts bore with the unpleasantness of his situation for

the sake of Clifton and Mumford; nor would he peril their future by leaving, until the way was clear before them. In the summer of 1852, invited to visit another new church, with view to settlement, he refused, and Mrs. E., in a private letter, explains their reasons for remaining:

“ WHEATLAND, JULY 27, 1852.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter, as well as Mr. Watkinson's, and that of the church, has been received. Mr. Everts was much gratified with the confidence and interest in him, breathed in them all, and delayed answering, in order to ascertain, if possible, the mind of the Great Head of the church, in reference to the matter. He first thought favorably of visiting Chicago, especially as he could, at the same time, see you and our cousins, whose presence, by the by, would be a great inducement to go there. But upon reflection, he felt that it would not be well to pay a visit unless there was pretty good reason to think he would go. Now, upon looking over his present field, he feels that he could not leave for, perhaps, months to come, and how many, Providence only can determine, without jeopardizing the cause in two neighboring villages, where he has been laboring most assiduously to get meeting-houses built, and which are at present in process of erection. No one could take his place, as no one would know just how

matters stood. This would prevent his changing to go any where for the present, however desirable the place might be. He has written to the church, of which you have doubtless heard. This matter of changing church relations, dear brother, is a serious thing—how important the pillar of cloud should go before. Chicago must be a very thriving and enterprising city—a most important point of influence to the whole West. The churches should make an impression corresponding with their position, and thus, in its early history, throw salt into the fountain that will exert a purifying and saving influence through the whole course of its progress. Shall it ever be our privilege to inhabit the same spot of earth again? Would it not seem like home days? In fancy, I can imagine just how you are situated in your abode. Do you play on the melodeon? When did you learn? Your room must be quite attractive; how I should love to peep in and see you. It delights me very much to know that you are so highly regarded by * * * * Oh, my dear brother; to act in the world, and among worldly men, as Christians, to carry our religion with us in all our transactions, so as to compel the respect of the ungodly, is a great matter. Thus may you ever walk and be regarded." . . .

A letter of later date upon the same subject, proves Mrs. E.'s identity with her husband's spirit and interests, and reiterates her deprecation of changes:

“WHEATLAND, AUGUST 3, 1852.

“MY DEAR BROTHER, — Your letter, and also one from Mr. V., have just been received this evening. I am extremely sorry that Mr. Everts' absence will render a reply impossible on his part. He has gone with a company from New York city, on a trip to the White Mountains, N. H., and will not, probably, be home until Thursday week. I think the church misunderstood a clause in his letter, where he speaks of objecting to take any public step where there was not some anterior probability of consummating the relation of pastor and people. He did not mean where there was not a probability or a certainty of the church extending a call, but of *his accepting the invitation*. He could not, upon such an invitation as has been extended to him from the Chicago church, consent to visit them, unless his mind was pretty well made up to accept the call, if given. He does not consider it fair dealing to act otherwise. As I told you in a letter which you probably have received before this, Mr. Everts has many things in train here, very important, which might be sacrificed by his leaving too soon. We would greatly enjoy being in the same church with you and our cousins, and, should duly point that way, would cheerfully go; but it is so serious a matter to ascertain what duty is in every case; poor human nature is affected and biased by so many considerations, that I deprecate changes very much.”

But within the next two months, affairs which had been slowly working into shape, assumed proportion, and with a rapidity that could not have been expected. The people at Clifton effected church organization, from it gaining prestige that gave them strength and courage. The Mumford church received large subscriptions for their intended chapel, and the work was well commenced, while the large fruits of their revival gave them numerical power. Now, Mr. E. felt that his work was done; that some stranger, untrammelled by prejudice, could better go on with a future of assured prosperity, and as interpretation of the thought, came a call from the Walnut St. church in Louisville, Ky. Both the new churches sought by every inducement of affection and interest to detain Mr. E., but he could not doubt, by the singular conjunction of circumstances, that his call was a signal answer to prayer for direction; and after the deliberation and counsel of a few weeks, even warmly attached friends acquiesced in his decision, that his Master had called him away for

other service. Near the time of leaving, Mrs. E. writes to New York, giving many family details of the removal :

“JANUARY 12, 1853.

“MY DEAR BROTHER P., — As we are all broken up and about to leave, the first of the coming week, for our Western home, Mr. Everts has desired me to address you a hasty line, fearing that you might possibly come, as you intimated, and find us gone. Until within a few weeks, we did not know but that we should remain here till the last of February ; but things connected with the Mumford church, for which we are now staying here, matured so fast that Mr. E. has concluded the sooner they have a Pastor the better. The church has been constituted, deacons chosen, trustees elected, and all matters finally under way. We had a very pleasant donation visit, a few weeks since, which cheered us exceedingly, as all appeared so warm-hearted and cordial. The result, pecuniarily, was about one hundred and fifty dollars, one hundred of which was in money. In order to help the young interest along, Mr. E. has appropriated the hundred toward building a lecture-room. . . . We are leaving not quite so well off, as far as this world is concerned, as when we came here ; but my dear husband's recruited health, I consider a full equivalent for the balance. Let your prayers follow my husband in his new field of labor and responsibility. Give our love to

your dear wife and children. The Lord bless you abundantly in temporal and spiritual things, prays yours,

“ With sincere esteem,

“ M. K. EVERTS.”

An incident occurred in connection with their leave-taking, whose remembrance was particularly cherished by Mrs. E. For years, a noble christian man, belonging to the Episcopal Church, was in the habit of coming several miles to hold a Sunday School in the village of Mumford, bringing, in his own carriage, several of the teachers. When Mr. E. commenced preaching there, he encouraged it by his frequent presence, and heartily expressed approval. Even when a clergyman of his own church, with ill-advised zeal, sought to create partizan feeling, no mean sectarianism could paralyze the honest religion of this brother, and he upheld the continued service with all the power of his influential position. On the eve of their departure, after the farewell services with the Mumford Church, this Episcopal brother arose to formally make over the school

he had so long maintained, to the new church, as their rightful charge; and after expressing personal esteem and regret for the friend leaving them, handed him a purse of \$100, that he had collected among his own friends, to make up for Mr. E.'s parting donation to the church. This fraternization, on the broad ground of christian sympathy, was eminently delightful to both husband and wife, and thrilled the religious community with a glimpse of something wider than creeds, stronger than church government, lovelier than the bond of a common membership—even that blest tie that binds our hearts in christian love.

XIII.

THE SOUTHERN HOME.

“AND in the place where the cloud abode, there the Children of Israel pitched their tents.”



THE change from Wheatland to Louisville was, in every way, marked. From the parsonage on the hill-slope, among thrifty, hard-working farmers, an atmosphere, social and physical, closely resembling New England, to the broad, shaded streets of an old and wealthy place, where the roomy houses and large garden space told of the milder climate and more luxurious life in this semi-Southern city. The call to Louisville not only seemed imperative, but occurred in connection with other circumstances that cut off any alternative. After Mr. E. had left, to make arrangements for removal to L., another call came which,

earlier, would have claimed favorable attention. While his best friends in Wheatland finally agreed with his decision, yet, the morning they left, one of the deacons came two miles, before daylight, to ask a reconsideration of the matter, with such urgency that might have detained them, if pressed before. Mrs. E. expresses, in a letter to a brother, their conviction of a compelling and guiding Providence :

“ FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER. . . . In reference to our coming here you express your surprise. But all I can say is, that Providence drove us here, or else we can not read its workings. At the time the Chicago church wrote to Mr. Everts, so many things were pending and immature at Wheatland, that it would have been disastrous to two new churches since organized had Mr. E. left. He was not allowed to choose—the question was not open. A few weeks later so changed matters, as you know we said they might do, that when the Louisville letter arrived, Providence seemed to indicate that Mr. E. had better agree to visit the church. Had he not consented to do so, two weeks later would have determined him to yield to the entreaties of the infant churches of Mumford and Clifton to remain with them. Having visited this place, he was

astonished at the size, destitution, and importance of the field. Notwithstanding that his predilections were all North (and another letter, which he found on his return, from B., would have probably been favorably noticed had it come sooner), and his aversion to slavery, as I said, his conscience was so pressed as to leave him happy in no decision but to come here. The church has received him with great affection and confidence, and their hopes rally; they believe that now the set time has come for God to favor Zion here, at least our particular part of the great sacramental host. The history of the Baptist cause here has been most humiliating and painful. From having the first and most commanding position, they have misimproved their privileges, and now they have only two white churches, and only one pastor. The pillars of the other denominations are from Baptists. They have still many commanding and influential families, whose hearts are, I trust, set aright now, who intend to do what they can to atone for the past. But the story is too long to tell all over now; when we meet, it may afford an interesting topic of conversation."

The extreme cordiality and demonstrative kindness of waiting friends very soon made them *at home* in their new field. The church affairs were in such condition as to enlist their sympathy and labors to the full. The body was composed of two small

churches, who, upon union, had commenced a fine building in a prominent location, and, under the pastorate of the Rev. Thomas Smith, a young man of remarkable piety and talent, they looked forward to a prosperous future. But he died after a short term of service, and for nearly two years they were without a pastor. During this time the finances became somewhat embarrassed, and the work paused, so that they were still worshipping in the lecture-room when Mr. E. came. The members at once rallied round him, while the fact of a settled pastorate brought in a congregation that continued to increase. The completion of their building was undertaken, with additions of size and elegance to the original plan. When finished, it was pronounced by architects and men of taste to be the most chastely-beautiful edifice in the South-west. Very large subscriptions were made at the dedication, and within the following two weeks, the whole indebtedness, amounting to twenty thousand dollars, was subscribed. They

were not only thus successful in temporal plans, but all the meetings of the church took a higher tone of spirituality, while frequent additions were made to the membership. But such prosperity did not beget selfish ease. Before their house was finished, while encumbered with their own liabilities, a church building was offered for sale in a part of the city remote from Baptist influence, and highly advantageous. A deacon of Walnut Street, large-hearted and sagacious, bought this as a mission station, and the nucleus of a future church. In due time, some fifty members went as a colony. The new interest became an organized body, and in steady growth went on, now, for many years, recognized as a strong church. In two extreme limits of the city, at different times, missions were established, one of which afterward became the Portland Church. At the time Mr. Oncken came to America he visited Louisville, and his presence and words of cheer gave such an inspiration to the German Baptists, that, aided by the Walnut-street

Church, they organized a church, bought a lot, eventually put up a good brick house and parsonage—the chapel being dedicated before Mr. E. left Louisville.

XIV.

PLEASANT YEARS.

“ O, precious hours ! O, golden prime,
And affluence of love and time ! ”

AMONG such church cares, the first years in Louisville were happily passed. It was peculiarly delightful to Mrs. E. to become an active participant in these labors, after her comparative seclusion ; and as her health improved in the milder climate, with more assistance in the family, she took up the maternal and female prayer-meetings, a Bible class for young ladies, and the tract-work, appointments which are impracticable in a country church. While

engaged in tract distribution, Mrs. E. became involved in a history which affords us an interesting remembrance of her life. It was during a time of revival, and while they were holding special meetings, that, in company with another lady of the church, she called, when a gentleman met them who, though accepting the proffered tract, in reply to the inquiries concerning church relationship, courteously, but with the intention of precluding further conversation, informed his visitors that he was an actor of many years standing, at present engaged in the Louisville theatre. The ladies, however, gave him an earnest invitation to attend the meetings then in progress, and with a few words of friendliness, inquired of the other occupants of the house. He told them of a young friend, also an actor, whom the ladies included in their invitation. The young men both came, and yet again, until in answer to the prayers they asked of the church, these two, once apparently far removed from religious influence, were baptized into the communion of the church. While many showed kindly

interest, they both felt a peculiar claim on Mrs. Everts' friendship ; and it was in consultation with her and Mr. E. that they both determined to turn their attention to the ministry. The elder, in a few months, entered the public ministry, while the youth commenced a course of preparation for his work. During his permanent residence, and frequent visits to the city, the latter maintained an intimate acquaintance with Mrs. E., who cheered and advised him, taking a mother's part to his inexperience. In the wonderful working of Providence, this young man was called, within the next five years, from a prosperous field, to fill the pulpit Mr. E. left, for his Chicago home, and during his successful pastorate, he has never forgotten the friend who, in wisdom and tenderness, counseled his youth, as he testifies in the following lines :

“ In regard to her character, it hardly becomes me to speak, as my judgment was far from mature when I was most intimate with her ; yet I can speak of the impressions made upon me, for it was upon the heart, and the heart treasures

up what the mind can not appreciate until after years have elapsed, when it collects and moulds them into breathing forms. So I can gather from the impressions of my heart, a conception of Sister Everts, which if not altogether faithful to the original, is, at least, a correct copy of the photograph which the light of her words and actions has rendered unfading in my soul. That which attracted my admiration most, was the wonderful balance and symmetry of her character. She was certainly intellectual, capable of enjoying works of art, earnest and pious, susceptible to the softest emotions, yet possessed of uncommon energy and marked decision of character. But she never made me feel that she was distinctively marked by any one of these features. It was not intellect, emotion or will, which distinguished her from others: it was completeness. In her presence, you were led to realize that there is such a thing as development which comprehends the whole mind and heart; that to be intellectual, man need not be irreligious; and being religious, does not necessitate the many eccentricities which too many commit to the disgrace of their profession. . . . I never heard her speak lightly or slanderously of any. Never did I know her to be at fault in her decisions, or rash in her counsels. At home, she was the wife, the mother, keeping her own house well; in the church, she was the example unto believers, and a helpmate to her husband; and at home and abroad, in church and out of church, with the rich and the poor, under

all circumstances, she was always the same — the Christian. I can not express myself more clearly or more fully ; for no other word denotes more than this one — Christian. This she was, and the most perfect I have ever met. I feel it a sacred duty to her memory, publicly, to acknowledge my indebtedness to her. If I have advanced in the divine life, if I have been useful to the church, if I have been able to overcome spiritual enemies, I confess, freely and candidly, that, under God, I owe much of my success to her. She advised me, when I needed counsel ; she encouraged me amid my early perplexities and despondency ; and she prayed for me when only the strength of God could support me. She was to me a mother in Christ, and I shall always reverence her memory as a son. Her influence has exerted an almost angelic power over me, and I hope for good to others, as well as to myself. Shall I not, therefore, arise and call her blessed ?”

This was but one among many instances of her wonderful influence over young men. Her cheerful, cordial manner, her loving, tender heart insensibly won the confidence ; and it was often a matter of playful comment that mother’s charms had lost none of their potency with her increasing age and matronly dignities. The most dissimilar characters unbent to her, and

made her the safe confidant of business plans or literary aspirations; and as often in affairs of the heart she was called upon to decide, implored to intercede, or at least to hear and sympathize. It is hardly necessary to say, her delicacy never abused the trust. Whispers, or a second confidence, carried many a tale, until, perhaps, the happy removal of secrecy filled out blank conjecture. Three ministers in Kentucky; another, gone from earthly service to heavenly reward; one, an orphaned wanderer; another, in enforced exile from home;—these were foremost in claiming her as *foster-mother*, and but speak the experience of many who can tell of a signal kindness, or of a brief, bright acquaintance, that they treasure as a sacred memory.

While the change of climate benefited Mrs. Everts' health, she also enjoyed more recreation. A number of the members lived out of town, and after the wearisome Sabbath duties, it was, for a long time, customary to spend "Blue Monday" among these country friends, where pastor and wife gained weekly refreshment. Mrs.

E. accompanied her husband occasionally to fulfill appointments in different parts of the State, once going as far as New Orleans with him, as he was called to a Southern Convention. Her native sprightliness asserted itself on these excursions, and without abandoning her dignity, she enjoyed the novelties and incidents of travel with almost youthful zest. She considered it a duty to make a periodical visit to her father, during his lifetime; there were also visits to St. Louis and Chicago; and the family always felt repaid for her absence by the joyful return, when, in bettered health, her abounding love and gracious presence seemed to revitalize the home atmosphere. Thus sped the happy years.

Mrs. Everts' eldest brother, a man of lovely character, died, after a long and painful sickness. Her affectionate heart keenly felt the loss of one endeared by long years of the tenderest intimacy; but she that lived in constant communion with another world, could not sorrow "as those without hope." Concerning this sad event she writes thus:

“ NOVEMBER 24, 1853.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have had a great desire to write you, particularly since our beloved brother's death, but have been compelled to deny myself the pleasure. Lately, I have had pressing duties enough for two women. Thank you for your kindness in writing; it is extremely gratifying to me. Last week, after waiting some time to hear from Philadelphia, I received a letter, stating that J.'s symptoms were worse, which prepared me to believe that his course was nearly run. I was not, however, prepared for the intelligence, which reached me the next day, that he was numbered with the dead. His disease seems to have terminated in general consumption, and his decline must have been rapid. Papa wrote only two or three lines, saying that his spirit had fled, and that he died triumphantly. I am awaiting anxiously further particulars, such as whether he could speak at all, and whether he was conscious until the last, etc. I felt last week as if I must go to him, and was only prevented by my little children, whom I could not take, and dared not leave. It is no small part of my own trial to be separated from our dear father, sister, and brother. No doubt you feel the same. In affliction we have always been together; could it be so now, the gratification would be great. I often think of our dear departed as I saw him for the last time, with emaciated frame, and disease rapidly spreading, wending his way to his paternal home. His last

look was full of affection and interest, an expression as if he had said, 'I shall never behold you more.' Sometimes I think of him as lying in the cold grave; but the feeling that his sainted spirit is enjoying the realization of its hopes, makes me rejoice to think of him as freed from sorrow and pain, and as making one of the great company that no man can number, around the throne of our great Immanuel. I feel that in his death we have every alleviation; his piety was well tested, and he left the most cheering evidence of being a devoted child of God; and then in his unblemished character I feel that we have real cause for gratitude. The lip of scorn or slander can never wound his fair fame. From my knowledge of human nature, I believe him to have been as pure a character as lives. Mr. F. has noticed his death in the 'Western Recorder,' with some remarks; and last Sabbath, Mr. Everts, in recommending the importance and desirableness of a christian character, spoke of J. as one illustrating the just and upright christian man. But his goodness is known to us, written in lively and imperishable memorials on our hearts. We learn that Uncle C. and L. are very serious. I hope it may appear that our dear brother's example has done much to convince them of the power of religion. Let us pray that his death may be sanctified to all our dear family; that C. may lay it to heart, and seek the pardon of his sins; that our dear father may be induced to make a christian profession. . . . May the Lord bless you, my dear brother,

and make you a great blessing ; prepare you in life for death, in time, for eternity.

“ Your affectionate sister,

“ MARGARET.”

Further glimpses of their life we may glean from letters :

“ JANUARY 12, 1857.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER C., — My first letter written this New Year, is to you. I am ashamed that yours has been so long unanswered, but upon coming home from Chicago, after a month's absence, I found my sewing had so accumulated that I have been very busy getting the children ready for winter. You said in your letter Papa would soon write ; if he has done so, I have never received the letter. I judged from the fact of his going to Jersey, that he had quite recovered from his injury. What a merciful deliverance. Nothing but the hand of God saved his life. Surely this is another reason why we should serve Him more devotedly. Dear brother, let us begin this new year with the resolution of Joshua, “ As for me, I will serve the Lord.” It may be, that, in the counsels of heaven, this year may close our mortal history. O, let us be ready, by a hearty repentance and true faith, to meet our Lord at his coming. We all continue in good health and greatly blessed. The goodness of our heavenly Father to us, fills me with amazement. Surely he has dealt kind-

ly with us. You are not given to fault-finding, but how many are ; is it not a sin ? To me it looks very black when we deserve so little at our Father's hands. New Year's day passed pleasantly by with us. The ladies inquired if it would be agreeable for us to receive calls from the church and congregation, and allow them to provide the entertainment. They did so, and we had a very fine time ; a great abundance of every thing was sent in." . . .

"LOUISVILLE, January, 1858.

"MY DEAR BROTHER, — It has been my wish to write for some time, but we have been wholly occupied, having been holding meetings nearly every night for several weeks. God is visiting us in mercy, and is granting us, we believe, a genuine revival of religion. The church, with others, had been suffering declension, and the members covenanted to meet together for prayer and conference ; this we did for a week, after which Mr. E. commenced preaching every night, a short sermon, and then the members would take up the time in confession, exhortation, and prayer. We have had two days of fasting and prayer. God has been propitious, and we are now rejoicing in his presence. We met all through the holidays, and the feeling among the unconverted is, we trust, deepening and spreading. Twelve have been baptized, and six are to be, to-night. Rejoice with us, and give God the glory. How are matters progressing with you ? Is your church also enjoy-

ing like blessings? Now is the time for Christians to follow the Providence of God, that has been teaching men of the world so serious a lesson concerning the instability of all human affairs. Write and let us know all about you. How we are separated from those we love, are we not? "Absence makes the heart grow fonder;" is it not so? Mother C. is spending the winter with us; she has lost her husband, and we wrote for her to come at once. She expects to go east in the spring. Also Mrs. M. is with us. I believe you saw her when you were here. She could not get suited in a boarding place and requested us to take her; it seemed to be duty, and we did so. Thus you see our family changes. . . . But I must stop, although I should love to chat longer, as several letters have to be sent off this morning. Hoping soon to hear from you, and wishing you a happy New Year, and many of them,

"I am, your affectionate sister,

"M. K. EVERTS."

XV.

TIME AND CHANGE.

“ WE see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion.”



IN April of 1858, she was called to Philadelphia by the sudden illness of her father. The summons came for haste, but it was then too late on Saturday to commence her journey, without traveling on the Sabbath, and that was not even mentioned as possible. A late Sunday night train was proposed by a friend; but, true to her principles, she would not infringe upon sacred time; and, after a day of painful but prayerful anxiety, she left early on Monday. She writes immediately upon reaching there, to an absent brother :

“ APRIL 15, 1858.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER, — I arrived here last night at midnight, and reached Papa's this morning. The doctor has just left, and says our dear father is dangerously sick. He can not tell how the disease may terminate, but does not give much hope — dares not encourage. We asked him if we had better telegraph or write for you to come on. He thought we had better do so. I am very glad I have come, and much fear the worst. He is very weak, has no appetite, sleeps little. His disease is of the lungs and heart. The lung, the doctor thinks is better, but the heart no better. Now, dear brother, I have told you just how things are, so as to clear ourselves of reproach, in case he should pass away without your seeing him. We would have telegraphed, but the doctor does not seem to anticipate sudden death. May God, in his mercy, prepare us for whatever of sorrow he may be preparing for us. My heart sinks within me at the thought of seeing one we have so long revered and loved, close his eyes upon us and all things earthly.

“ Your loving sister,

“ MARGARET.”

The letters which follow, tell the story of her father's death :

“PHILADELPHIA, May 1, 1858.

“MY DEAR BROTHER, — I hope by this time, that you have reached home in safety. How kindly does our Heavenly Father care for us amid dangers, seen and unseen. Let us always have a lively sense of his goodness, and in every thing give thanks. . . . His fever has raged very high the last eighteen hours, until it appears to be consuming him. The next letter will probably announce his death, for I see not how he can survive much longer. Pray that God may, in mercy, hand him gently down to the grave. He looked upon us this morning, and said, as nearly as I could distinguish the words, “God bless you all; I feel that my sins are all forgiven.” I much regret to lose one word, but his poor, parched lips forbid distinct utterance. Let us, dear brother, moderate our pursuit of every thing earthly, and as we resign our loved parent to the care of our covenant-keeping God, prepare for the change which may soon come — how soon none but He can tell. We will write in a day or two. When you left, the nature of the bereavement which awaits us flashed across my mind with fresh force. That you had taken your last meal under the hospitable roof of our dear father, had left the paternal mansion, perhaps never more to return, that we, as a family, had met in it for the last time, all these thoughts filled me with sadness. “But it is the Lord; let him do as seemeth him good.”

“Your loving sister,

“M. K. EVERTS.”

“PHILADELPHIA, May 7, 1858.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,— You have, before this, received intelligence of your beloved father's death. The same afternoon that you left, he became worse, and continued to fail. That night was one of great suffering, and I was glad you were spared the trial of witnessing it. He was sensible, we think, until the last hour, which made it more trying to see him suffer. But he sleeps in Jesus, and is blest. He is done with pain. May the Lord cause us to profit by this affliction, is my prayer. He died on Sunday afternoon at six o'clock. We followed his remains to their last resting place, yesterday. . . . We arrived at Allentown by 10 o'clock, where were a large number of relatives assembled at church. Mr. Perkins preached a short discourse from the words, “Go quickly, tell his disciples that he has risen from the dead.” The coffin was then opened, and the relatives and friends permitted to look at the loved face for the last time. We proceeded to the burial ground, (which is a beautiful spot), to the lot cousin A. had purchased in the most desirable part of the ground. There was a grave dug wide enough to hold two abreast, and our dear mother's remains (which we had removed on Monday, and sent in a new coffin in advance of the funeral), lay beside our beloved father. Now all is done as our dear father requested. We spared nothing that would testify our respect and affection.”

In the summer of 1858, Mr. Everts received a call from the North Church, of Chicago, which he thought it best to refuse. Mrs. E. gives their reasons in full in a letter to her brother, and from this time, with her own pen, gives the concluding chapter of their Louisville life :

“ SUMMER OF 1858.

“ VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I have been trying to get an opportunity to write for several days, but have been obliged to postpone it. Mr. E. has been, for the two past Mondays, expecting to leave for Chicago, but has finally given it up for the present. Things are in such a state here that Mr. E. feels that he would be recreant to duty to quit the field. We have been going through sore trials, brought on by an individual of whom I believe I have spoken to you before, and who we think a very bad man. His desire and plans, for two or three years, have been to get Mr. E. out of the State ; for this he has been resorting to all sorts of manœuvres and misrepresentations, endeavoring, by innumerable falsehoods, to injure Mr. E.'s reputation in the State. He was jealous of his influence, so he has acknowledged, and has been determined to remove him. Our church is perfectly united, with the exception of some five or six brethren, and last year has been one of great spiritual prosperity among us. The Baptist cause was

never as strong here as in the past five or six years, and Satan himself seems to want to create division. The church, through the whole, have shown extraordinary devotion to their pastor and to right principles, and Mr. E. feels that to leave them, without strong indications of Providence as to his duty in this respect, would be wrong. Some feel that if he were to go, the church would be divided, and great trouble would ensue. Under these circumstances he has written to the brethren in Chicago, that, at present, he does not see that he can possibly leave this field without doing damage to himself and the cause. You know how I wrote previously to you — did Providence so lead, how cheerfully I, for one, would change my residence; but, upon looking and praying over the matter, we have both come to the same conclusion: that it would be wrong. Mr. E. fully intended to go last Monday, and had his arrangements made, but was hindered. We hope the brethren who so kindly expressed their confidence and interest in him will appreciate the reasons of his declining to visit them. To do so, with the conviction that he ought not to leave here, would be treating them unkindly."

In the spring of 1859, the call was renewed. Concerning this, Mrs. Everts writes :

"LOUISVILLE, May 15, 1859.

"MY DEAR BROTHER, — Yours of last week, and Mr. B.'s official letter of to-day, have been received. My spirit is oppressed with the responsibility of deciding in this matter. I confess to you, privately, that my heart says go, but I dare not trust its decision for fear it may be selfish. It would be so pleasant for us all to be together, as you say ; but perhaps our heavenly Father does not see best to gratify us in this particular. No place in the Union presents such attractions to me, now that our dear father has gone, as where my brothers live.

"Some weeks ago, when the * * * church were so desirous of having Mr. E., I felt no drawing that way, although it is one of the most important churches in the West. While at R. last week, or week before, he was visited by a committee from the Baptist Church of A., Georgia, inquiring if he would take Dr. B.'s place, as their pastor, at a salary of * * * ; but I have no desire to go farther South, although, perhaps, the trials a Northern man experiences in a slave State are more in these States on the line than the more Southern. Pray for us, that the Great Head of the Church may lead us in that way which will be for his glory and the good of his cause. Would not living be more expensive in Chicago than here ? The matter of house-rent certainly would, would it not ? You know Mr. E. now receives * * * and his life insurance ; and there has lately been a movement made among some to increase his salary.

Mr. E.'s habits of giving are such that he needs a good salary to carry them out. This is, of course for your ear."

"LOUISVILLE, June 2, 1859.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I sit down to write a hasty line. Some days ago, Mr. E. wrote a private letter to Mr. B., in reference to the proposed change of his pastoral relations. If Mr. B. has gone East before getting it, will you open it and speak of its contents to some of your judicious brethren. Mr. E. spoke at some length in reference to the salary. This is never a first consideration with him, but, of course, one which he feels he must have some regard to. The position as pastor of the church we now serve, and your church also, is one attended with large expenses. Our family is so public, that, to fulfil the apostolic injunction—to be given to hospitality—requires a very different outlay from one of the same size in the more private walks of life. I see not how we could keep up our life insurance at all; and then to sacrifice the beautiful horse given by our dear friends here because we could not afford to keep him, although the exercise is needed for Mr. E.'s health, is very mortifying. It would seem like going down, instead of going up. You know how we live; we do not wish to live any more extravagantly, all we wish is a comfortable home. But enough of this. I think Mr. E.'s mind is made up to go. I am satisfied that a Northern man labors at fearful odds at the South—prejudice, deep and ready to be roused

on all occasions, makes a stay here uncomfortable. If we go to Chicago, Mr. E. feels that a union so solemnly formed should not be rudely broken, and hence proposes to remain some weeks, more or less, as may seem advisable. What think you? When would it be best to come. I feel most happy at the prospect of being near my dear family once again; it is something I have hardly dared to hope for. We shall never, probably, find a church who will love Mr. E. any better than this, but there are some spirits who make a Northern pastor's place very uncomfortable.'

"LOUISVILLE, June 10, 1859.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your last letter has just come to hand, and I hasten to send a short reply. On Sabbath last, at the Communion, Mr. Everts presented his resignation to the church, to take effect not later than the last of July. On Tuesday night, some forty of our young business men (members of the church) met, and unanimously resolved that all hindrances to Mr. Everts staying should be removed, even if it resulted in division, or excluding the few men who have given the church and Mr. Everts so much trouble. The church meeting, to consider Mr. E.'s resignation, comes off to-night—a very exciting one is anticipated. Great opposition is felt to our leaving; but such is the prejudice a Northern man of any notoriety has to encounter, that we both feel that life is too short to waste in antagonisms. If Mr. E. was a

young man, he would not leave; but as he has made a reputation, he does not choose longer to embarrass his usefulness. We have dear friends, a devoted church — except a few — and the trial will be great to part with them. . . . I almost fear to have as much enjoyment in this world as a residence near you will afford. God bless and guide us in this and every other matter, prays

“ Your fond sister,

“ MARGARET.”

“ LOUISVILLE, June 13, 1859.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,— You and Mr. B. are, probably, both awaiting a letter from my dear husband, and I hoped he would be able to write you ere this. Last Sabbath, as I wrote you, he resigned the charge of the church, and last Friday was appointed for the church meeting. At that meeting resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted, which I will copy, that you may appreciate the state of things :

“ ‘ WHEREAS, our pastor has tendered his resignation of the pastorate of this church, therefore,

“ ‘ *Resolved*, That we have an abiding confidence in the purity and integrity of the personal and ministerial character of our pastor ; and that the trials through which we have passed have doubly endeared him to us, and strengthened the ties which before existed.

“ ‘ *Resolved*, That, in view of his faithful labors, and the success that has attended his ministry, we earnestly request him to reconsider his determin-

ation, and, if it accords with his views of duty, to withdraw his resignation.'

"We had notified our landlord that we would probably leave the last of July, and felt that we were almost on the wing; but until after the special church meeting this week, shall be unable to say positively. We feel like Israel, when Moses said to them: 'Stand still, and see the salvation of God.' We are unable to move a step until we study the will of the Lord as it may be made known to us by the meeting of Wednesday. Dear brother, if you ever prayed in earnest, pray the earnest prayer for us now. Mr. E. desires me to say that his convictions as to leaving remain the same as when he wrote; but the relation between pastor and people is so sacred, that it can not be too readily severed. He also feels that if another such union is formed, it will be without the necessity of breaking it up again."

"LOUISVILLE, June 18, 1859.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I write a few lines to let you know how matters stand here. Mr. Everts informed the church last night that he saw no reason for reconsidering his resignation, and that henceforth he should move among them as a member. They have not yet acted upon it, but his determination is fixed, so you may, if God permit, expect us. We feel very sad at leaving so many dear friends, who have shown us so much kindness. I hope God will reward them for all their acts of love. We can not say de-

cidedly when you may expect us, but we will probably leave some time in July. Mr. Everts wrote Mr. B. some days ago; will write him again soon. May our coming be a blessing, and cause of everlasting thanksgiving that we were permitted to labor with your church. Accept much love from Mr. Everts and the children.

“Your fond sister,

“MARGARET.”

The spring following their departure from Louisville, Mr. and Mrs. E., in going to Cincinnati to attend the meeting of the Missionary Union, answered the many urgent invitations from L. by a short visit. The familiar letters describing this visit, afford us a glimpse of the warm attachments formed here—love which would hold them, as the inscription upon their elegant gift declared, “*in memoria eterna.*”

“LOUISVILLE, May 18, 1860.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN, BROTHERS AND SISTER, — You see this is indeed a family letter, which I have seized the first interval of leisure to write. I arrived at this place, after a safe and pleasant journey, about one o'clock yesterday. . . . Our friends were not expecting me until four o'clock; but Mrs. T.'s carriage was all ready to take her and Mr. P. to meet me, when

she heard of my arrival. Such overwhelming attention I certainly never received. There was a regular debate as to who should entertain us. After long consultation, it was decided that we should go to Mr. T.'s and stay two nights, and spend the last two at Mr. P.'s. Before I could arrange my dress, friends began to call, and the news of my arrival spread so rapidly that there was a steady stream of callers until after ten o'clock. To-night we are invited to tea at Mr. P.'s, to-morrow night at Mr. D.'s; Sunday night Mrs. S. insists on our taking tea with her. Up to ten o'clock last night I had twenty-eight calls, and thirteen already this morning. . . . I hope you will all get along nicely while we are away, will all keep well, and that when we meet again we shall have cause to thank our heavenly Father for his sparing and protecting mercy.

"Your loving mother and sister,

"MARGARET."

"CINCINNATI, May 22, 1860.

"DEAR E.,—It was my intention to write before leaving Louisville, but it was quite out of my power, owing to the company that was about us from early in the morning until late bed-time. We have not heard from home, but shall inquire at the office to-day. I am not taking anxious thought about you all, but have committed you to an ever-watchful heavenly Father. We trust you are all well and happy. . . . I shall have to wait until I get home to give you a full description of our visit. It has been one

of rare enjoyment, pleasure, amounting to pain. We were followed up with attentions from the time we set our feet in L., until we left. Friday evening, after meeting, we called at Mr. D.'s, as we often used to do, and found their large parlor full of friends to meet us. About time to leave, we bade them good evening, and went to Mr. T.'s, where we found their parlors filling up, but still we did not suspect any thing. After a while, we had a delightful serenade, and at ten o'clock, an elegant supper, of which some hundred partook. The next day we went to Mr. P.'s to stay the rest of the time, and received calls until a late tea, which we were to take at Mr. D.'s. We expected to have a quiet evening, but, as before, the friends came flocking in. About ten o'clock, Mr. T. drew my hand in his arm, and led me to one end of the parlor, when a napkin was removed, and to our utter astonishment, a *silver service*, consisting of pitcher, goblets, and salver, were presented to us through Mr. D. After a brief response by your father, and prayer, we separated. I never felt so overwhelmed by demonstrations of affection in my life. Sunday, your father preached to large congregations, and in the intervals our dear friends kept about us. Some followed us to Mrs. S.'s to tea, and after service, to Mr. P.'s. I was very much urged to remain, and almost concluded to do so, but finally accompanied your father, arriving at this place about noon. . . . But I close in haste, with untold love for *all*.

“Your devoted

15*

“MOTHER.”

XVI.

THE LAST HOME.

“YET nightly pitch my wandering tent,
A day's march nearer home.”



CHICAGO, in 1856, was, as some timid conservatives feared, a bubble at the highest inflation, as sagacious men every where said, at a giddy height of prosperity. And while men rioted in the abundant evidences of material growth, practical Christianity partook of the exhilarating atmosphere, and in a noble spirit of progress and emulation, the churches enlarged their borders, erected elegant and spacious buildings, suited to the probable future of this wonderful young city, took possession of new ground for mission chapels, and originated new schemes of benevolence.

Our own denomination somewhat sadly stood in the back-ground. The mother church, burdened by heavy and growing debt, stood as a cripple in this great race of improvement, and the weaker bodies suffered in consequence, from apathy and disaffection. The First Church suffered in the accumulation of individual wealth, and the lack of commensurate enterprise and extension. Laxity of practice crept in, and then succeeded a perilous time of crimination and discipline. The world was in the ascendant, and the church felt the consequence of recreancy to her trust.

A christian lady from another city, stopping in C. for a while, speaks thus of that period of the church's history: "I came here quite a stranger, and looked around with some curiosity, to determine the state of this religious community. I saw many things that surprised and pained me; a conformity to the world; in many, concessions to custom, and in some, alliance with fashionable frivolity, that seemed to lower the standard of the cross, and lose

from sight those eminently christian traits of self-denial, humility, and zeal. Especially among my own sex, I felt the need of a renewed consecration."

The inevitable crisis in Chicago affairs came at length, and brought down business to a safer basis, though at the cost of much disaster. And now church matters looked more gloomy. The debt which in prosperous times had weighed upon them, now seemed to threaten extinction of all vitality. Many of the members had suffered great losses; there was a strong feeling that help *must* come soon. A widespread revival in 1858, that brought in valuable accessions to the membership, did much to restore confidence and a measure of prosperity.

The church, for the second time, gave a call to Dr. Everts, then in Louisville. The call was accepted in August of 1850, and Mrs. Everts now came upon a field of labor broad enough to fully occupy that large heart and brain, the willing hands and tireless feet. A church depressed and burdened, denominational needs urgent,

an infant University struggling for existence, and the numberless wants and woes of this city of great promise, all appealed strongly to her ardent consecration. We select from her correspondence, letters written to Louisville, in the first few months after leaving that place, comprising recollections of the old home, and impressions of the new :

AUGUST 15, 1859—*Remembrances of L. ; impressions of new home immediately after arrival in C. :*

“DEAR SISTER C.,—Truly, as you say, our hearts turn to correspondence as the only resort, in the absence of personal communication. The stereotyped question is asked my husband or brothers each day : ‘Have you any letters?’ showing how much pleasure is received from this source. I should have answered yours sooner, but, as you may suppose, getting to housekeeping, unpacking, arranging, etc., has been very fatiguing, and has taken much time. In consequence of over-fatigue and change of climate, I have several times been quite unwell ; but have now got quite settled, all ready to entertain you and your dear husband and other of the precious friends we have left in Louisville. Mr. Everts’ health has suffered considerably before coming here, and so

much was his energy impaired, that had you heard him preach for a Sabbath or two after coming, you would not have thought it the same person, unless your eyes made it evident. He is much better in health, and I hope, with the aid of the lake trip he proposes to take, will be quite well again.

"You wish to know, doubtless, what are our impressions of Chicago. It is truly all that others say of it, a wonderful city — in location, enterprise, achievement, and wickedness. Progress is stamped on every thing. I hope we are not deceived in our impression that this enterprise extends itself in the church. There are many active Christians here, and surely they are needed, for wickedness comes in like a flood. The Sabbath question has been agitated much, lately, in consequence of a line of horse cars having been started. Last night Mr. Everts preached on the Sabbath as a religious day, and Sabbath or two ago, on its benefits to the race. I hope the efforts of the pastors here will be blessed to arousing the public conscience to the importance of redeeming the day from secular purposes. But time and paper admonish me to close this hasty scrawl. Be assured how much pleasure it gives us to hear from you."

SEPTEMBER 30, 1859 — *Further tribute of remembrances and experiences in new home :*

“DEAR SISTER C.,—How do you do, after so long a time? Luxuriating in fruit, if we may judge from the fine specimens sent us; the box laden with grapes and peaches came to hand, and was as acceptable as if filled with gold, for it told of precious remembrance, and who does not wish to be remembered?

“‘Not golden apples from the trees of bright Hesperides
Could to our sight more precious be
Than these choice *peaches* are from thee;
For ’tis the love we bear our friends
That to each gift its value lends.’

For a time we did not know who had thus favored us, the name being so modestly traced upon the cover. In looking over the premiums given at the late fair in L., we were much gratified to see your name and Brother P.’s among the favored ones; could wishes bring prosperity, it would always be yours, for from our hearts we would have you favorites of Providence. And yet how ignorant we are of what is best for those we love; what we intend for blessing may be far otherwise, and what we regard as affliction, in the hand of the Lord becomes blessing. Is it not, then, safe and happy to trust our heavenly Father? Shall we not say with Job, though he slay me, yet will I trust in him? I am quite anxious to hear again from yourselves and Brother P.’s family. I know you have much to occupy you, in which I can heartily sympathize, having a standing family of twelve. But the stray moments may come when you can ‘turn

aside and rest awhile,' and then pen a few lines to your loving friend."

OCTOBER 17th, 1859.— *Acknowledgment of testimonials, and health of family:*

"DEAR SISTER P., — Just to see the traces of your pen is most grateful, even if the letter is short. I was quite surprised and much obliged for the plate you sent me. Please present to my dear sisters, the donors, my appreciation of their affectionate regard—first, in having my face engraved, and then in presenting the plate. It is only another of a series of most delicate attentions paid to me and mine, which have made an indelible impression upon our hearts. Brother S. leaves us in the morning; and although I have been confined to my bed all day, I rise this evening, determined to send you a line, if possible. Mr. Everts has been quite unwell for several weeks, and really sick for ten days. He came here very much worn, and should have taken some weeks to recruit; but instead of that he found his post one of so great responsibility, that he has exerted himself beyond his strength. After raising the church debt, which is considered so wonderful an event in these times, the church had a sort of jubilee meeting, entertained by speeches, singing, refreshments, etc., and afterwards he was sick for a day or two, then went out too soon, was taken with some pain in his side, which resulted in slight congestion of the right lung, from which he is only now recover-

ing—still coughs considerably. I wish he could rest for a few months, but I suppose that he can not do.

“Tell Brother P. his last letter has been received, and read with eagerness. Tell him not to be discouraged on account of the trials of the way. His Captain always insures a victory.”

JANUARY 17th, 1860.—*Remembrance of friends and church in Louisville, with notice of progress in C.*

“DEAR SISTER P.,—We had just returned from a visit, when my brother hailed me, and said he had a letter for me. I was not long in discovering that it was from our long-trying and precious friend, V. C. P. My heart warms at the mention of your name; yes, and it will always do so. Friendship is not to be lightly appreciated; and when cemented by trial, as ours has been, it should be lasting as life itself. God grant that it may flourish in greenness and beauty, until the pulsations of our hearts shall cease in death, and then be revived to be consummated in eternity. You speak of a company of our dear friends met at Brother D.’s the other night. Oh, if body could travel like spirit, how gladly would we have joined you! What can we say for all the kind words and affectionate remembrance you say they expressed! Some feelings can not be spoken; this is one of them. God knows how ardently we return every such ex-

pression. Tell them all so, when you have an opportunity.

"We see that Brother A. comes to you under very inauspicious circumstances. Mr. E. and myself have felt much confidence in him, and hope he may be made a blessing to the church.

"We rejoice to know that you stand by the church, and mourn for the afflictions of Joseph. May the Lord point out a right way before his people, and may they be enabled to walk in it. We feel sad to hear how the congregations have run down. Do Brother T.'s family attend? Have they moved into town? Have many dropped their pews?

"Thank you very much for your cordial invitation to your house and to L. Mr. E. expects to attend the Union at Cincinnati, and he may, and probably will, go to L. He is also specially invited, in a most fraternal letter from Brother Foster Ray, to attend the dedication of their new meeting-house in Lebanon. He acknowledges Mr. E.'s services in aiding them in the accomplishment of that work, and says they desire him to preach at its opening, in July. He will probably go. We are very glad to learn that Brother Medeulet has been sustained. May God reward you all for your care of the little German flock.

"Has any thing been heard especially about Brother T.'s health? God grant him many years yet to His cause on earth. When any of you write, fail not to give our best love to them. A flying visit from you!! Why may it not be?

If not sooner, why not return with Mr. E., in May? Now make your calculations, take Time by the forelock, and let nothing prevent; heart and home will open to receive you. I have not made definite calculations about going with Mr. E., although the thing is possible, and would afford me a melancholy pleasure. It is not too late to wish your household, one and all, a prosperous, happy and useful New Year. Tell the children that their little faces and forms are imprinted on our memories, and from time to time we shall hope to hear of their welfare. We prize their love very much, and shall cherish it. Tell them their little friends, M., W. and N., are all well, and love to talk of L. They are not by any means weaned from their dear friends there. Mr. E. is much occupied, has many appointments out of town, to lecture. Thursday next he goes to a town on the railroad, about one hundred and twenty miles, to return the next day. Last week he went in another direction. There is much religious enterprise here. The Baptists have just revived a Union among themselves, to look after mission work in the city and neighborhoods around C., and to look after the interests of the denomination generally." . . .

We are accustomed to accept generalities concerning the adaptations of Providence; but sometimes a particular case enforces our passive creed with startling distinctness. To those who understood Mrs. E.'s charac-

ter, and knew the discipline that had matured her, it seemed that she had been fitted for this particular place, and brought here in due time. Let us pause and note the woman who comes to the work.

XVII.

MISTRESS, WIFE, MOTHER.

"FOR she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair."



RS. EVERTS' health was never better than when she came to Chicago, and during the rest of her life she was unusually exempt from debility or illness. Her appearance did not indicate her age; for simple diet, regular habits, and cheerful temper, preserved for her much of the freshness of earlier life. Her step was elastic, her brow unwrinkled; her native buoyancy stood her in good stead as mental support; her

powers were fully matured; she was trained by a long course of years to the fullest appreciation of a position which she had first assumed with singular fitness; her active mind keenly alive to the demands of her age, she yet appreciated the proper relative position of the church and the world.

As the mistress of a household, domestic cares, though lightly borne, were never neglected. Every part of the house was subject to her supervision: the provision for a large family, and the constant entertainment of company, were accomplished with marvelous ease. Nor did she omit the work of her hands. Labor, the necessity of so many, the ungracious burden of some, the duty of all, in her took such a form of graceful dignity, that one could not choose but admire. Since her death, a friendly neighbor speaks of watching from her window the daily walk to market, noting her elastic tread, her serene face, the faultlessly neat toilet, "seeming ready," as she phrased it, "to step into a courtly drawing-room," and added, that she wished no other pic-

ture than the characteristic one her memory had preserved.

Her remarkable skill with her needle was constantly called in requisition, not only by her family, but used even in the short visits she sometimes made, where her ingenuity could double one's resources, and make even seeming worthlessness available to taste. These multiform cares were all assumed with such dignified ease, such apparent facility, that no one felt the burden or saw the strain; the family accepted her as the type of woman; the servants, without the premium of lightened labors and higher pay, chose to remain long, grudged no service to her mild demands, yielding in some cases an enthusiastic devotion to her character.

In the higher aspects of family order, her faithfulness was preëminent. Highest of domestic privileges she ranked family worship. Her ardent spirit and loving care guarded it as faithfully from all desecration as ever vestal a sacred flame, and with her spirit of lofty devotion, and ever

ready and appropriate song, kept it above the dead level of a form.

Few women so entirely identify themselves with their husband's life and pursuits as Mrs. Everts did. She watched his health, not only for his comfort, but as it fitted him for work. She supplemented his pastoral labor in making calls and receiving applications. Possessed of a remarkably facile pen, for the last fifteen years she carried on most of her husband's correspondence, which, with the certainty of an every-day mail of from one to five letters, was, of itself, no inconsiderable labor; but in addition to this, she copied thousands of pages for publication. Every sermon preached was prayerfully listened to, and afterward discussed with reference to its suitability, its faithfulness, its probable success in winning some, in warning others, in up-building all. None of the little cords of sympathy and confidence that bind pastor and people were by her unnoticed or uncared for, but held with a careful hand, and strengthened by every act.

To her children Mrs. Everts was at once

mother and companion. She never exerted her powers of entertainment more than in her own home circle, and hours were very precious that she spent quietly there; long rainy days that she was busied with her sewing, or rare evenings when neither public appointment nor stranger's call broke the privacy. Conversation never lagged, was neither dragged over the trivialities of gossip, nor tainted with unkindly venom, but, instructive and sprightly, challenged thought and comment. She encouraged and planned innocent amusements for her children, but believed those safest that could be enjoyed at home, or within the chosen circle of friendship. She inculcated especially a personal responsibility in maintaining untarnished christian profession in the choice of pleasures, deprecating the attempts of society to reconcile church and world, elements a Higher Wisdom has declared essentially discordant, and advising a deference to the general voice of the church, the utterance of centuries of experience.

She felt the liveliest interest in their

mental improvement, never too busy to aid the daily task, patiently going through the intricate puzzles of "geography, grammar and arithmetic," until her clear statement or suggestive question dispelled the cloud, and smiles chased tears.

One feature of her domestic government deserves particular notice, as embodying a rare wisdom. The children were never reproved or criticised before others, even in the smallest particular of custom or courtesy. We have never seen her gentleness so fired into indignation as by some liberty of criticism claimed in the freedom of family intercourse. If there was need of amendment, opportunity was sought for a private interview, and as the children grew older, the necessary reproof was oftener given by note. She maintained that this delicacy, while it guarded the children's self-respect, made the recurrence of the fault less probable, and invested with tenderness parental authority.

Never was mother more wise and careful in cultivating a sense of religious responsibility. She was rewarded by the conver-

sion of all her children before they reached the age of twelve years. Then, in the formation of a consistent christian character, she was untiring in her efforts. The duties of private devotion, the obligation of church appointments, a winning example, and active efforts to influence others, she constantly inculcated. One winter, when her son, then but a little boy, could not finish his work in time to join the family at breakfast, his mother always came with a little devotional book, and read to him while he ate, that in the pressure of study and other duties, he should not be hurried through the short days without any subject for religious thought. This little circumstance is one of many kindred that attested the mother's devotion.

Her reverential love for the Sabbath she carefully sought to cultivate in the family. For long years, until in turn outside duties called her away, it was her custom to gather the children in the afternoon for an exercise combining careful reading of the Bible, conversation, most frequently prayer, gleanings from the religious papers, or some

suitable book, and before weariness could make any impression, a hymn would open the way for many more; and thus to the children, even while young, this mother's wise and loving ministry made the Sabbath a delight, and also holy to the Lord.

Busy without bustle, frugal without parsimony, generous without extravagance, dignified without hauteur, affable without familiarity, social without obtrusion, gentle without inefficiency, refined without fastidiousness, cheerful without levity, devout without ostentation—thus she appeared to her partial family.

XVIII.

CHURCH LIFE.

"AND now she hovers like a star, between
Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross."



THE introduction of such a woman into a church or community could not fail of asserting itself by an immediate and growing influence.

There were many noble women in the church, who recognized Mrs. Everts' lofty christian character, and met her in glad coöperation, in maintaining church appointments and efforts for up-building the cause.

| She entered the Sabbath school again as a teacher, where her wonderful familiarity with the whole range of Scripture gave her peculiar facility, and, as ever before, her Bible-class room was a favored spot. Experienced Christians loved to hear her ripe

expositions of Scripture; the younger members were drawn by her earnestness, and many unconverted enjoyed listening to Scripture truth, so pleasantly varied, attractively and lovingly urged.

Naturally conservative, she never indulged in fanciful speculations on religion. It has been asserted that the highest type of mind begins by doubting every thing. Doubt seems indigenious to a certain order of mind. We have read of those who spent life in a vain contest with shadows—ever striving, yet never able to come to a knowledge of the truth, and yet at the last, retracing their steps, accepted the simple faith of a child, finding they had overlooked truth they had sought. But is this superior mentality? Is genius, then, a monstrosity? Does large brain blind the eyes and warp the judgment? Daniel Webster, it is said, although not professing Christianity, never questioned the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion—never tampered, in mazy speculation, with divine truth.

We think that Mrs. Everts' well-balanced mind and clear judgment, sanctified by her

experimental religion, kept her from rocks on which so many have wrecked their faith.

Mrs. Everts' place in the prayer meeting was always filled, and with unvarying punctuality. Her face seemed a reflex of the spirit of the meeting. She seemed to lose her individuality of thought in sympathetic communion, while at those rare intervals when she felt it her duty to speak in testimony of her faith, her dignified humility, her low tone charged with emotion, indicated at once the cross and the consistent cross-bearer. But in the music of the social meeting her rare musical gifts, her spirituality, a nice discrimination, and a wise familiarity with sacred song, enabled her to make this part of the service, so often neglected, a powerful aid in up-bearing the spirit of the meeting — in supplementing prayer, in encouragement to duty, in the expression of joyful consecration, of penitence or praise.

"The song, on its powerful pinions,
Took every soul, and lifted it gently to heaven."

Indeed, her songs, so well chosen, seemed

but the musical refrains of the services. As a sister, long known and honored in the church, who comes to sit where she may feel the sweet influences of the sanctuary, although she can rarely hear any thing that is said, expressing her particular sense of loss in Mrs. Everts' removal, remarked that her songs seemed to open to her the spirit of the meeting—she caught from them the thought of the speaker and the echo of the prayer.

Her attractive, genial piety gave her peculiar access to the unconverted—to the young, the gay. There were several cases where she seemed the only religious influence; yet these she held for years by her prayers—her loving zeal, to some recognition of the claims of a higher life. Religion seemed the natural emanation from her lips. Her familiarity with the Bible, and ever widening and deepening christian experience, gave her speech a rich fluency; then she broached the subject with such tact, that one could but listen, if they did not love the theme. She was frequently called upon in the more complicated cases of in-

quity and doubt. But a short while before her death, during her husband's absence, and to supply his place, she responded to a call for christian direction from a gentleman of position and influence, and there for hours she met his speculations, inquiries, and agonized doubts, with prayer and the Bible—the balm of Gilead and the name of the Great Physician. Among the many who sorrowed for her loss, this friend expressed his grief as for a dear relative.

Her christian solicitude frequently found relief in letters, where distance intervened or meeting seemed inconvenient. Indeed, her letters of this kind were sufficiently varied and numerous to constitute a large correspondence in themselves.

Her last and greatest work for the church deserves especial mention. For many years, she had shared with her husband much anxiety on the subject of a limited benevolence in the churches. The necessity of a church depending on the few rich to do her work of charity, and to wait on the call of public agents for motive, Mrs. E.'s ardent nature and cultivated con-

science rejected. Spasmodic efforts that would be repudiated as the only method of progress in the ordinary business of life, she considered unworthy of religious dependence. She regarded benevolence under the rule of *principle*, as much as Sabbath keeping, or the observance of church appointments, and the obligation resting on all Christians, to give, as they are prospered, as imperative as the provision for family comfort.

To make practical some scheme which would *educate* the people in benevolence, became a study with both. Finally a plan was put in operation, which seemed to promise well, but measurably failed for the want of energetic application. About a year before her death, while temporarily confined in her room by indisposition, her mind reverted to this subject with such pertinacity, and she saw the way to success so plainly that she announced her determination immediately to assume this responsibility. Although many wondered as to Mrs. E.'s *marvelous capacity* for work, and some expostulated, she took the books,

drew up appeals to the membership, contrived to make time for extra calling, and spent long evenings over the books of record, by her zeal and address advancing the system toward successful permanence. In no other work did she expend more effort or feeling; and but the Sunday before her fatal sickness, her last appeal was distributed in the pews, which, invested now with the solemnity of her last public utterance, we give for perusal :

“ To the First Baptist Church and Congregation :

“ DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS, — Now that we are all here present before God, let us inquire what are the claims of his precious cause upon us. This congregation may not generally know that in aiding Sabbath Schools, Missions, (home and foreign), Freedmen, Bible and Tract causes, this church has adopted a system of giving, which, it believes, will re-act most powerfully for good upon ourselves, and most efficiently aid the cause of Christ. It is to give regularly, weekly, to these objects — just as we provide for our daily necessities, or the wants of our families.

“ It may not, in all cases, be paid weekly, but each one takes the list and says : for this I will give so much a week, for that so much — going through the card the church has prepared —

paying weekly, monthly, or quarterly, as may be convenient. In this way a steady stream is kept flowing into the treasury of the Lord, of that which he has given us, but which his cause requires.

"The average of fifty cents a week, did the church and congregation coöperate, would supply a very large amount to be distributed to Sabbath Schools, Missions, etc. While some may not be able to give more than five cents, or a dime, others, to whom their Lord has committed much, can give dollars, per week, and be much richer at the end of every fiscal year; for, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

"Eight months of the year have passed, and but a small portion of the church and congregation has responded. The church, in good faith, has entered upon systematic giving, and has undertaken to do its own work without expending on agencies. If we fail to coöperate in this plan, the system becomes an excuse, and ministers to selfishness, while Christ is betrayed in the house of his friends. The Committee are assured that this people need only to know the method of the church, in regard to benevolence, to give their earnest coöperation.

"M. K. EVERTS."

"CHICAGO, Sept. 1, 1866."

XIX.

PUBLIC LIFE.

"If a single particle of matter affects the balance and state of the material world; much more a single mind, animated by noble intuitions, may attemper the thought and feeling of an age."



VERY marked characteristic of Mrs. Everts, was her warm and constant sympathy with the poor. Although always a resident of large cities, where frequent contact with misery serves to deaden the sensibilities of some; although connected with public schemes of benevolence, where many merge their keen interest in individual cases, in a wholesale charity, she never refused to listen to the tale of distress. She would pause in the midst of perplexing business to see some needy applicant, and was always ready with sympathy, ad-

vice, and material aid, and some few words of Christian solicitude. Through weeks of pressing cares, she would carry upon her mind a destitute case, until she could perfect some permanent plan of relief. There was one who, from her extreme poverty and accumulated troubles, was known in the family as "poor Mary." Devout in her faith, cheerful and thankful, she won Mrs. Everts' warm regard; and in her frequent visits, she rarely went away empty-handed. In her husband's severe illness, Mrs. E. gained for her the service of a kind and skillful physician. When, with some help, and by great exertion, she was able to put up a very small house, Mrs. E. used her influence with lumber men, to get donations. And when, through the zealous ill-will of neighbors, the poor woman was cited to appear in court to answer for an alleged offence, Mrs. E. went through a driving storm to save Mary's character and procure her acquittal. Standing, in tears, over her lifeless body, "Ah," said she, "I never went away from this house but

laughing, whatever my troubles, but now it's crying sorely."

The University, for a time, bore heavily upon the exhausted finances of the denomination, and a large number of ladies of the different churches engaged in the work of collection, furnishing and providing for such students as could ill meet their own expenses. This last phase of labor enlarged before them as they learned of many who sought an opportunity to fit themselves for the christian ministry, but were dependent on daily labor for support. To adequately provide for this class, a society was formed under the name of the Ladies' Baptist Educational Society, of which Mrs. E. was chosen president. A great deal of correspondence was necessary to induce other churches through the State, to coöperate as auxiliary societies, in arrangement with applicants, solicitation of funds; also the preparation of formal appeals and reports, in which labors she shared. There were also occasions when, with other ladies, she attended conventions in the State, to engage attention for this

society. She took earnest counsel with her husband, as he labored for the University, suggesting men and measures, with great wisdom. While he was engaged for an endowment, and in raising other large sums, she was staying his hands with prayer, and in his success no one rejoiced more truly.

Her first connection with the general benevolence of Chicago, was as a manager of the Orphan Asylum; but after a short service, she resigned her place to worthy hands, to satisfy the demands of urgent need in other directions. Very soon after Mrs. Everts' coming to the city, she was appointed one of the managers of the Home for the Friendless, which place she held some two years, as representative of the denomination, until other claims became more pressing, when she gave up her official connection with this popular established charity.

The want of a *Home* for infirm and homeless women, was noticeable to any one studying the benevolent institutions of Chicago, and to make the

way clear, such propositions were made by a lady of the city to Mrs. E., who, with her, opened the matter to others, that a number of ladies effected an organization for this purpose, with which Mrs. E. maintained connection only some eighteen months. Yet this institution was dear to her, as one of the most beautiful and sacred charities of the city, and it was with regret, often expressed, that, in obedience to duty, she withdrew from active participation in the board of managers, her name being retained as complimentary to her assistance in founding the institution.

Her willingness to assume neglected responsibilities, to supply deficiency by her efforts, was but another form of her self-abnegation. Now, a good measure of success was guaranteed to this work, and there was no lack of helpers, no want of public confidence. Her eyes, ever watchful, marked the missing link in the chain of charities; her ear caught the Macedonian cry of a class that had always appealed to her heart; those driven by misfortune, neglect or poverty, to the commis-

sion of society's unpardonable sin, then herded with vice and crime, rushing headlong to destruction. Mrs. Everts was a character not liable to be charged with visionary enthusiasm; and her inherent reserve, and even rare delicacy, would have served as material causes to keep her mutely sympathetic with those whom worldly maxims have put under a ban. But she had attained the "freedom with which Christ makes free" from prejudice, and sinful errors. She had thought on Peter's vision, and understood the voice. "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."

She had no sympathy with the cold public sentiment, and selfish policy of government, that would allow classes of the unfortunate and wretched to perish without attempted relief, as fallen leaves driven before the storms of passion, or as dust thrown off from the chariot-wheels of progress. She believed that justice is perfected in mercy; and that true mercy always ministers to holiness; that the distinctive and highest glory of Christianity,

is in seeking out and carrying balm of sympathy, relief, and hope, to humanity, left bleeding, comfortless and hopeless along the way-sides of life, by the world's philosophy, and the world's religion. She felt a tender grief and holy indignation at ministry or church, so wanting sympathy with Christ and the genius of the Gospel, as to speak indifferently of the woes of the fallen, or neglect provision for the "lost," Jesus Christ came to seek and save. But that it was no mild tolerance of vice that dictated her course and supplied her sympathy, we may judge from the following article provoked by a shameless apologist:

THAT "ERRING" CORRESPONDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHICAGO EVENING JOURNAL.

"We doubt the expediency of your publishing the letter from an 'Erring Sister.' Would we give a hearing to shop-lifters, forgers, incendiaries, highway robbers and murderers, pleading against the awards of the courts and public opinion, and seeking to win sympathy and tolerance of their vocation? Yet your 'Erring' correspondent belongs to a class more dangerous to society, than any of these classes. The previous article, written by a 'lady,' seemed to us

very timely, and thrilled us by its startling utterances, which were calculated to awaken the just apprehension and vigilance of society; while the rejoinder not only apologizes for the fearful crime, but pleads for it, as a necessity against which prayer and effort can not avail.

"Still your correspondent might have been borne with if she had professed penitence, or purpose of reformation. But she does neither. She appears only as an apologist for her class and her sin. She appeals for sympathy, not in the remorse of penitence and the struggle of reformation, but in allowed, purposed, and defended wickedness.

"We found in her apology, none of the pathos of penitence and virtuous resolve we had expected from the editorial introduction to the articles, but a superficial sentiment oftener found to co-exist with the most hardened and hopeless vice. Her moral judgments, also, seem strangely confused. She shrinks with pharisaical horror from the idea of punishing the betrayers of innocence and caterers to vice. She would "pluck her heart" from her immaculate bosom, if it harbored such a fiendish spirit of revenge. But she expresses no horror at the perjured man who violates his marriage oath, covers his family with shame, appears before the world a hypocrite, and before heaven a vile transgressor. She even accepts the price vile men pay for the indulgence of their passions, as an offering of charity, and ranks them, next to the Sisters of Mercy, the friends of fallen

women. Such a friend is the vulture to the dove, the wolf to the lamb. Yet, in the perverted moral sense of your 'Erring' correspondent, the quintessence of selfishness and baseness, is reckoned as charity, and, forsooth, entitling its dupe and slave to the consideration and rewards of virtue.

"She also misquotes the Scripture, in appeal for sympathy in continued sin. Our Lord's declaration that a *penitent* loved much because forgiven much, is turned into an apology for an *im-penitent*, that 'she sinned much because she loved much.'

"Also she pleads for the necessity of her vocation from its antiquity. The same plea is good for sin universally, as well as for specific forms of wickedness. Besides, your contributor seems to have an assured hope for her own and the salvation of all her class, without regard to reformation of life, or opportunity for repentance. The punishment for deeds done in the body, she does not seem to have much apprehension of. She forgets the Scriptures, that warn against delusive apologies for sin, and declare that 'for these things the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience;' and that exclude these classes of the vicious from the kingdom of heaven, and assign them their places in the 'utter darkness' of eternal perdition.

"M. K. E."

In coming to Chicago, Mrs. Everts' sympathy for this unfortunate class was in-

tensified by the more public life, which brought her in frequent contact with this phase of society. An asylum for Magdalenes she recognized as a great need, and though, as she mentally gauged public opinion, she felt it to be the most arduous work of her public life, yet came to it with heroic purpose ; for, with retrospective wisdom, her friends understand now that her strength was beginning to droop under these accumulating burdens. A few ladies inaugurated this movement, constituted themselves into a society, and took a small house as a refuge. This soon becoming crowded, they obtained a large house, which, in turn, was soon filled ; and in two years after the opening of a home, by the advice and generous coöperation of some prominent citizens, they were enabled to purchase a suitable house and property, removed from the busy centre of the city. During the first year of occupancy, from the increasing number of applications, a hospital department became necessary. But some urged the almost impossibility of raising the amount, at that time. Mrs.

E. seemed animated by a remarkable faith and trust. She answered these timid ones, "the means necessary for this work of Christ, are in the hands of his people;" "hearts will be touched by our claim." While her family all left the city in the summer, she remained and gave herself up entirely to this self-imposed task. Within a week, a dozen carefully prepared letters were sent off to men of wealth, calls were made and repeated, until the necessary interviews were obtained. In addition to some printed resolutions, which were addressed to the Common Council, Mrs. E. prepared a special petition, and finally the city was thoroughly canvassed to solicit building materials. To the measure of success, then attained, has been added since her death, a subscription of nearly \$1,000 by the First Baptist church, and a donation of \$1,000 by Miss S., her life-long friend.

XX.

SCATTERED LEAVES.

"SUCH letters as are written from wise men, are, of all their words, in my judgment, the best ; for they are more natural than orations and speeches, and more advised than conferences or private ones."



COUNSEL, rebuke, affection, are, perhaps, as impressive when committed to the pen, as when enforced by eye and lip ; the studied speech and permanent form invest letters with a dignity that the most careful utterance can not command, as it dies on the air, only to be recalled in memory. In practical efficiency, letters rise above the labored essay, because borrowing theme, language, and illustration from daily life. It is no mere abstract truth evolved by patient thought in the retirement of a study, but the elucidation of life

problems, coming with the intensity of need and experience, in the actual contact of mind and heart.

Although letters here offered, were written in the scant leisure of a busy life, often in time when body and brain needed rest, without elaboration or revision, under the stress of circumstance, we find them full of golden wisdom, in the courage of the heart.

Family Correspondence.

“LET me hereafter not miss at thy throne, one spirit of
all these,

Whom thou hast given me here ! I have loved them all
like a *mother*.

May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the
way of salvation,

Faithful, so far as I knew of thy word. * * * *

Before thy face may I place them,

Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaim-
ing with gladness,

Father, lo ! I am here, and the children whom thou hast
given me !”

To a little child, on self-control.

" FEBRUARY 26, 1865. — MY PRECIOUS LITTLE DAUGHTER M., — Your mother was much pleased to have you request her to write you concerning your faults, for such a request makes me feel that you really wish to correct them. Persons who think they have no faults will not, of course, watch themselves, and pray for help to overcome them. You have, my dear child, a warm, affectionate heart, for which I thank God. You have also a quick temper, inclined to be irritable and impatient, which will give you some trouble. Of this I will speak in this letter. Now it is no sin to have a temper, even a bad temper, because that is something we have had nothing to do with. The sin is in not controlling our temper. This, God will call us to account for. It is no credit to amiable people never to get angry, because they are not tempted. But it is great credit to persons who have a high temper to keep from showing an ugly spirit. Neither is there any temper so bad but that, with God's help, we can overcome it. But to do this requires daily effort and daily prayer. You know, when the Israelites went through the wilderness, God gave them manna enough to last one day, to make them feel their constant dependence upon him. So with us; we can not do up our praying for a month, or even a week; but day by day, and hour by hour, must obtain help from our dear heavenly Father. I trust your desire is to overcome every fault — you *can do it*, and, I hope, *will do it*. If you do, you will be a blessing to

your parents and family, who love you, and to all you have any thing to do with, and will be happy yourself; and above all, will have the smile of your heavenly Father. To begin right, my darling must pray that a new heart be given her, then with that new heart will come new desires. It is out of our wicked hearts that bad tempers, angry words, and conduct come. With the new heart come love, joy, peace, patience, meekness. If you succeed, by God's help, in getting the complete control of yourself, you will be a great blessing to your dear brother and sisters. If they see you trying, they will try; if you fail, they may be discouraged. God bless you, my dear daughter, and help you to do right, and make you his dear child, prays

“Your deeply attached

“MOTHER.”

The power of consistent christian character.

“LOUISVILLE, Nov. 9th, 1857. — MY DEAR DAUGHTER E.—I have found it difficult to restrain my desire, or rather my pen, so great has been my desire to answer your last. Your last letters have given us considerable anxiety. You are placed in a new position—one of responsibility; having to decide questions which, if at home, would be decided by your parents. Our anxious inquiry is, how are you going to act in this new position? Is feeling, caprice or principle to govern you in all things? Now we have great confidence in your conscientiousness, provided your conscience is kept in lively exercise by

God's Spirit. I do not think that naturally the devotional element is as strong in your character as in that of some whom you might be disposed to call "narrow-minded." With an independence, good in its place, there is danger of your becoming latitudinarian in your religious views and practices, (of which, alas! you see too much among those professing godliness,) unless you drink deeply at the Fountain of Truth. Now, if you read yourself as your Pa and myself see you, your judgment will confirm what I have said. Let the divine wisdom, promised to all sincere suppliants at all times, lead you to acknowledge the Lord in all your ways, and he will direct your steps. One word, my dear daughter, about your imagined isolation while in school: you think, if at home, the same conduct would be injurious, and have the appearance of evil, which in your present position would be harmless. I think you wrongly judge. The thing contemplated is right or it is wrong. If wrong, no circumstances can make it right or expedient. As to your influence, I think you are laboring under a misapprehension. You carry it every where; in proportion as your mind is a leading one, your responsibility is proportionably enhanced. How many of those professors who you say went to the opera, would have gone, if you, for conscience sake (fearing lest your influence on the side of truth and righteousness might be impaired), how many, I say, would have gone, if you, with all your love for music, had seen fit to decline? You were known to be the daughter of a Baptist clergyman, who

would be apt to take conscientious views of amusements, and also a professor of the religion of Christ. Rather would I have you feel that your influence, while among so many young ladies, is fearfully great, for good or ill.

"Try to do them good. Let your standard be high. Be not regarded as an accommodating, compromising Christian; but, while your piety is cheerful, let it always be consistent. Do good as you have opportunity. Govern yourself in speech and conduct by the divine law. One thing more, before I close, on the subjects touched in your letters. We think it altogether reasonable that you should go into the Sabbath school, as a teacher or pupil, once a day. If you have your afternoon until five o'clock, you can easily do it; and if you can decline, with good health, who would be found to honor that blessed institution."

The christian law of amusements:

"LOUISVILLE, February 4, 1859. — MY DEAR, DEAR DAUGHTER, — In reference to our opinion on the subject of dancing, and our permission for you to take lessons, I would say a few things. In the first place, we have to be governed in this and in many other things, by circumstances, and the public sentiment of those about us. In this part of the country, the voice of our churches is unanimous and loud against an amusement that they feel has been the means of spreading worldliness whenever indulged in by members, and has led to the exclusion of many. For so

slight a benefit as might accrue to yourself, is it best to shock such a christian sentiment and impair our influence as Christians, by endorsing so doubtful an accomplishment? Would it not come within the scope of the apostle's reasoning, when he says, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will not eat meat while the world standeth," although before this he said he had a perfect right to do it. Were your Pa to give his consent for you to take lessons of a professional dancing master, he would grieve a large number of brethren, and lend his influence to increase an evil which is growing among Christians. Now your Pa is not as *blue* as some on this subject, and we think the reasons you give for taking lessons, though magnified, are very plausible; yet, when we look at the train of evils which follow in the wake of this amusement: late hours, dangerous dressing, etc., we feel that it is quite safe to stand aloof from such indulgence. I will send you a tract on the subject, which your Pa says contains the argument, as he believes, against its use.

General and religious interest.

"DECEMBER 13, 1859. — MY DEAR DAUGHTER, I think you have complained with some reason of the fitful manner in which your letters have come. But, as usual, I am always full of business, and have been much hurried for some weeks in getting ready for winter. Have made almost every garment with my own fingers. . . . We

hail your letters with great pleasure ; write often and particularly. Are you improving in music ? Do you draw any ? What languages do you study ? I am glad you write to Lizzie D. We have left dear friends in L. Let us never forget them. But it is getting late, and I must close soon. Tell me, dear child, how you are prospering religiously ? Is it well with thee ? Is thy soul prospering, and in health ? Seek your Father's face, continually ; keep a tender conscience ; live daily in the fear of the Lord. Dream not of peace without your Saviour's smile. Crucify self with its affections and lusts, and live for him who bought you. Accept much love from your Pa and sisters. God bless you.

' Adieu, your loving

" MOTHER."

Mother's love and solicitude.

" FEBRUARY 14, 1860. — MY DEAR M. — I sit down in the heat of the day, because it is time for you to hear from home, and I am unwilling to disappoint you. We are in the midst of meetings — this the third week they have been held. Before they commenced, our dear little W. offered himself for prayer, and on Sabbath week, the 5th instant, was baptized. I sometimes think he was converted two years ago. Pray that he may adorn his profession ; that he may be faithful unto death. He and A. B. were baptized together. It was a solemn and beautiful scene. The candidates all appeared impressed with the

seriousness of the profession they were about to make. Last Sabbath night five more were baptized — two ladies and three youths from the Bible class and Sabbath school. The children sang as the candidates went in and came out of the water. Pray in earnest for the success of the truth and the humbling of the hearts of sinners.

"I wish to hear about your own religious experience, my dear child. Are you walking in the light of God's countenance? Have you a returning consciousness that you are a child of God? Now your pa and I have much solicitude on that point, and we long to hear from your own lips that, though unworthy, you believe you are a follower of the Lamb. Open your heart to us. If you were to be suddenly removed, how much our sorrow would be alleviated by knowing that your doubts had all passed away, and that you were rejoicing in your Saviour's smiles.

"I have lived many years — have had a large proportion of worldly blessings, and can testify that godliness sweetens every worldly cup of prosperity, extracts the bitter from the cup of adversity, and gives joy and peace in view of eternity. . . . We shall be so glad to see your face, and have our circle once more complete. God bless you, dear child, prays

"Your fond MOTHER."

Importance of symmetrical christian character.

"FEBRUARY 28, 1860. — MY DEAR DAUGHTER, I sit down in haste this morning, because anxious about you, on account of your long silence. . . . We have been much engaged here for some weeks, having had meetings every night, except Saturday, for four or five weeks. The time I usually take for writing has been thus occupied, so that I am indebted to quite a number.

"We believe you are a good scholar, and win the approbation of your teachers. I am very anxious that lovely traits of character shall keep pace with your scholarly acquirements.

"I was very much impressed on Sabbath, while reading 1 Cor. xv., where the apostle tells the Corinthians that their object should not be to please themselves, but others, for their edification, even as Christ pleased not himself. How disinterested will the gospel doctrines, received into our hearts, make us! Let us try, my dear child, to attain this most excellent virtue.

"On Thursday last, we, with other Christians, observed the day as one of special prayers for colleges and institutions of learning. I listened in the afternoon to a discourse from Dr. Rice, at the University, from these words: 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all for the glory of God.' He spoke of the importance, to every young person, of an aim in life—how little could be accomplished without it, etc.; then commended the text as the most lofty aim—the glory of God. He traced it in all things to be a talisman to keep us from sin, and to prompt us to all

obedience. I commend this aim to you ; let it guide you every day, and every hour of the day, and you will never go very far astray.

“ Your fond MOTHER.”

Woman's duty to herself.

“ MARCH 1, 1860. — VERY DEAR DAUGHTER, —
* * * I was reading an extract from the work of a distinguished English lady, who said that every young lady should be taught to excel in art-education, trade, or housekeeping, so as to place herself above want and dependence, in case of any reverse. Our land is full of such reverses, and I want my daughters to belong to a class that can help themselves. We still say, use your pleasure about studying another year at Albion. We wish much to have you with us, but will not interpose a single barrier to your progress, if you see fit to remain at school.

“ As to visiting, we think you have been so long from home, that we have the first claim upon you. It is our intention to give you an opportunity to improve your talent for drawing and painting. This will be expensive. You have had fine opportunity in traveling the last year, besides spending seven or eight months with L. It seems, therefore, scarcely proper that we should, under the circumstances, incur the additional expense ; and if you leave school, we want you with us, to add another charm to our family circle. I begin also to feel some desire to relieve myself from so large an amount

of care as I have had for much of my life, and allow you to share it with me — thus securing more leisure for self-improvement, and for doing good to others. . . .

“Your fond MOTHER.”

Three letters, giving to a child, the ideal of manhood.

“JULY 28, 1861.—MY DARLING SON, — Your letter reached me yesterday, and was a great relief, inasmuch as you informed me of your safe arrival, and seem to be enjoying yourself, and making yourself useful. We miss you very much, and I find myself thinking every little while: ‘Well, now it is time for Willie to be home,’ and then comes the thought that you are so far away. How do you like turning, stacking, and drawing hay? I always enjoyed the odor of new mown hay, it is so fragrant. I hope the rain has not spoiled it for your uncle. You have now a taste of the first employment assigned to man. Adam was put into the garden to dress and keep it. Cain also was a tiller of the ground. It is an employment calculated to promote health of body and tranquility of mind, hence you expect persons so employed to be well and contented. I am glad that the little girls enjoy your society so much; it is like Christ to make others happy, you will be sure to be so yourself. Give my love to them, and also their little cousins. . . . The boys are all well, I believe. When I see them sitting about, with nothing to

do, I feel sorry, and wish they had the opportunity to be usefully employed that you have. I trust you will grow in grace as well as in strength; that you daily draw your spiritual strength from the skies, in communion with God, prayer, and reading the Scriptures. Let your light shine every where; prove the excellency and beauty of religion in your own walk and conversation. Accept love from all the family. We will give you a hearty welcome when you return.

“ From your devoted

“ MOTHER.”

“ CHICAGO, August 14, 1861. — MY PRECIOUS SON, — Your letters are highly prized and very regular. Mine would have been equally regular had I not been quite unwell, and much engaged with company. We feel relieved to know that you are well, and learning so much. . . . We are glad that you are learning to milk. I want you to be ambitious to be able to do whatever you can in a practical way; should you be a scholar, all this kind of acquirement will be an accomplishment. Some scholars have much uncommon sense, and very little common sense; thus they are mere children in every thing of a practical character. We are also gratified to know that you are making such progress in reading. Pa is more and more anxious that you should be a historian.” . . .

"CHICAGO, August 19, 1861. — MY PRECIOUS BOY, — How precious you can not know, and, perhaps, never may. We are so glad to know that you are able to work longer, which indicates increasing power of endurance. You know the saying: 'A sound mind in a sound body,' that is necessary to complete manhood. He is only half a man who has the splendid intellect, but a body frail and feeble. God never meant it to be so; and if we follow out the laws of our physical being as he has laid them down, it will not be so. We are glad also that you have so pleasant a companion as your Uncle Charles to work with. An intelligent, genial gentleman to work with is a great advantage to a little boy." . . .

"Your fond

"MOTHER."

Solemn queries and warnings.

"SABBATH AFTERNOON, October 1, 1862. — MY DEAR DAUGHTER, — Ever since last Sabbath morning I have had a desire to address a line to you, but have delayed for want of an opportunity. Last Sabbath, I was greatly pained to see you decline taking the elements of our Lord's broken body, as it passed you in the pew. Why you did it, and how long you have been so doing, I know not. It may be that the Scripture: 'He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself,' may have deterred you, feeling that in many things, as a Christian, you came short. If, however, you rightly inter-

pret that passage, and you are an humble and sincere follower of the Saviour, you need never be kept from his table. Your worthiness is in him, and no number of good works, without his mediation and grace, can recommend you to God. But staying away from the Lord's table is no way to make yourself more worthy of his favor. I thought, what if my child should be suddenly called to die, what would she do if that precious Saviour, the emblems of whose death she had just allowed to pass her untouched, should refuse to befriend her and go with her through the dark valley? What if, in that dread trial-time, he should fail to appear as her advocate? Whatever is your state of mind, you are on dangerous ground, and should arouse as from a death-slumber. If you have lost a sense of acceptance with God, you should lose no time in humbling yourself, and getting low at the Master's feet, for neither safety nor happiness is in your present condition. If you do not think you have ever experienced the love of God, then surely you should hasten to him, and, with the publican, cry: 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' Be in earnest to be a *whole hearted Christian*. There is a fatal error of our times—the fancy that if people have once had an experience, and have joined the church, all is well. Will you not, for your own sake, for the good you may do in the family, for the honor you may do the cause of the blessed Redeemer, make a fresh start, and resolve, with Esther, 'I will go in unto the king, and if I perish, I perish.' Bring your whole heart, and

lay it on the altar, for he has said: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul.' If you do this, you will know what pure peace and happiness are; without it, you may drink at all the cisterns of earth, but will find them empty and unsatisfying. Let me know your feelings, either by note or conversation, for we are criminal in being ignorant of each other's state religiously. God bless and guide you into all truth and duty, prays

"Your affectionate

"MOTHER."

To a little daughter — of general interest, and particular solicitude :

"W., 1865. — MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER, — Your Pa and I think much of you during our absence, and would be so glad to have you with us if it were best. The country is exceedingly beautiful now. The trees have put on their beautiful spring dress, and many of them are covered with blossoms. The singing of the birds and the peeping of the little chickens fill the air with cheerful sounds. You would enjoy the stay at W. very much, I know. There is a large apple-tree in Uncle W.'s garden, it is a beautiful sight, you feel as though you would like to have it always to look at. Where I sit, I can see a lilac bush, just by the window, that has begun to bloom. How beautiful is the world in which God has placed us ! Surely, as all nature mutely praises Him, our hearts and lips should

not be silent. Maggie writes me that you are getting on pleasantly at home; it can not be otherwise, when each contributes his and her part towards the general store of happiness. Try to please; and always obey your Aunt M., and be careful, by kind attentions, to make your Uncle C. comfortable and happy. I believe you will vie with each other in trying to bless home, so doing, living for others, God will smile on you. I have thought of you as you were, probably, at school, or going; at home, taking your music lesson, sewing, reading, going to prayer-meeting, attending Sunday school and church, and prayed our Heavenly Father to be with and bless you at all these times. I want you to commit yourself to the guiding hand of that Father, not only in words, but in your heart, each day and hour. Do not do any thing which your conscience tells you He will disapprove; and try to do all that you know He would have you do. In school, use your advantages, that you may improve the mind He has given you, and which you are to use for His glory. At home, in your intercourse with the family, act, in all things, as God would have you act, having the high motive before you, always to please him; and when you have an opportunity to do good, do it. If you live, then your peace will be ever flowing like a river; you will feel the strength that proceeds from the strength of the strong One, which will more than make amends for all your weakness. God bless you, my dear child, pray your fond parents.

“Your loving MOTHER.”

Two letters of home items, and fond sympathy for the absent :

" AUGUST 28, 1866. — MY DEAR HUSBAND AND LOVE, — It is one of my greatest pleasures to sit down and write to you. I would really love to do it every day, were I not whirled along so irresistibly as not to leave time to do what I like, but what must be done. It makes me so happy to think that you are all enjoying yourselves, and drinking in health * * * * * The friends, generally, are well. M., the younger, is still here, and is gaining in health. We four, at present, compose the family, although we have been very seldom alone during the month. Yesterday was a charming Sabbath, and very delightful was it to sit in the sanctuary. Dr. G., who, by-the-by, inquires very affectionately for you, preached, though not very strong, from the words, 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.' It was a most interesting and profitable discussion of the divine origin of the Bible. He treated it very much as the writers treat the 'Evidences,' but there was great freshness, beauty, and power, in the discussion of it. In the evening he was on the evidence of the divine authority of the Scriptures, drawn from the effects it has produced, and is producing His views of the progress of the race in truth and light, are very hopeful. It seems to me the 'truth as it is in Jesus,' has winged itself with a new power, and, as Dr. G. says, Christ is the central figure in the world's history, challenging

all intellects, and all pens. God, in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, strikes me with unwonted force and power, and, I believe, is doing so, generally. It seems to me, that the idea of God as a living Father, never before took such possession of my soul — surely the cross is the world's great magnet — would that we were drawn by it so powerfully as to be raised above the common plane of human life. The brethren inquire, very affectionately, after you, and send their love.

“CHICAGO, AUGUST 20, 1866. — MY DEAREST HUSBAND, — How much joy the reception of your letter gave me last week. And the brethren are all so glad to hear from you — that you are doing well and improving. Yesterday, Mr. G. gave us an excellent sermon in the morning, and Mr. F. in the evening. At night, the house was literally full — all available seats being taken. The morning congregation was also very large. Our prayer-meetings are well attended, and very interesting; several rose for prayer last week. The young people show considerable earnestness, and I trust the Lord, in answer to many prayers, will descend, in mighty power, in our midst. * * * * *

“What would I not give to look in upon you all in your camp life! Tell me some particulars.

“To-day is N.'s birth day — let us pray that, with increasing years, she may grow in love and devotion to the blessed Saviour. * * * *

“But I must draw to a close. Ask dear W.

if he can not have a letter to meet M. at Fair Haven ; it will please her so much.

“ Dearest husband and son, how glad I shall be to see you ; get all the health you can ; come back strong and vigorous, and we shall praise the Lord, and rejoice in his never-failing goodness. I am so happy to know that your nervous system is gaining tone. Converse with nature in her solitude, and breathing her untainted air, could scarcely fail to produce such an effect. ,

“ God bless and keep you all.

“Your loving WIFE.”

The last letter to any member of her family — affectionate, interested, suggestive :

“ CHICAGO, AUGUST 28, 1866. — DEAR A. and Co., — You do not know how much happiness I feel in reading of your pleasure, as you pursue your delightful trip. It seems to me, that a Christian's joy should be far keener than a worldling's, who sees no God in any thing, but rests entirely in His works. The one looks out lovingly on every beautiful scene — on all that is grand and sublime in His works — and exclaims with ecstasy of adoration, ‘ My Father made them all ! ’ Beautiful world ! bounteous Benefactor !

. . . I looked over the map this morning, and have traced your wanderings ; it was certainly much wiser to take the course you decided upon. So far as I can discover, the railroad route is not very direct to Fair Haven from the White Mountains. Sometimes on the past glo-

rious Sabbath I imagined you at the mountains, sometimes at Fair Haven. Where were you? Dr. Gregory preached for us. His subject: "The inspiration of the Scriptures, and its wonderful power in regenerating the world—its literature—governments—society—to say nothing of its transforming power on individual hearts." I would like to tell you a good deal about it had I time. Pa, Willie writes, has made a sudden move to return with Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs. We shall look for them the last of this week. I do hope my dear husband will come home greatly improved in health. Pray that it may be so, for he comes into such great responsibilities. We have not been alone since you left until this week and a day of last. I am now giving most of my time to the Refuge. Yesterday went to see Capt. P., at the boat, to see if he could use influence to get in lumber from lumbermen. Not knowing any here in that line, he offered to give us five cords of wood. Was he not kind? In the morning another gentleman, whom we went to see about bricks, without asking gave us four tons of coal—\$10 per ton. I attended a most interesting meeting at the Refuge Sabbath afternoon. Mr. K. and S., Mrs. W. and myself were there. It was like a revival meeting. You can help by prayer, that God may open hearts to put up the building we so much need. Mr. R. spent last evening with us. He remained quite long and told me of his history, his trials, etc., which he thinks have drawn him nearer to God in a trust that he has never known

before. O! in how many ways do trials beset us! Every heart knows its own bitterness. It is a great privilege to speak words of sympathy and cheer to these young men away from all sweet and soothing home influences. But I may be wearying you. Saw M. yesterday. The dear baby is very thin and pale, but hopes he may survive as the season is so far advanced."

Christian Condolence.

What gem hath dropped and sparkles on his chain?
 The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
 That stands at once, bright, pure, from pity's mine,
 Already polished by the hand Divine.

To a sister on the death of her father.

"NOVEMBER 10, 1861.—VERY DEAR SISTER,—
 We were all thrown into surprise and sadness yesterday by the startling information from S. and M. that your dearly beloved father is no more. We had always felt that he was one who from his constitution and habits, might be spared many years. And now we wait with anxiety the particulars of his sudden death. I can sympathize most heartily with you, dear A. Three, nearly four years have elapsed since I too was called to lay in the tomb a father, than whom none could be more dear. who, in the absence of

a mother, for nearly twenty-five years had been both father and mother to his children. You have every thing to comfort you in your bereavement, while your heart bleeds at every pore. He died a Christian, and soon you will be forever reunited to him. You were always a dutiful and affectionate daughter, and therefore have only comforting thoughts of your intercourse with him.

"How kind was Providence in allowing you to spend in his society so many of the last months of his precious life. It is certainly remarkable, and will always be to you the source of the most profound satisfaction. Dear sister, I know that while you mourn you do not rebel; that in spirit you say, 'the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? Shall I receive good at the hands of the Lord, and shall I not receive evil?' Jesus will support you. He has been with you in every trial and will not desert you now. Cast your burden upon Him. His strong arm will bear you up. I wish I could pillow your head upon my heart while you weep out your sorrows. You seem like an own dear child to me. How glad I would be to see you and mourn with you."

*Sympathy of christian friends to a stranger
upon the death of her son:*

"FEBRUARY, 1866. — MY DEAR MRS. K. — I write at the request of a few of the members of the First Baptist Church, to accompany a suit of mourning which they beg you to accept as a

slight expression of their sympathy with you in your sore bereavement. The precious son you mourn, and who was your heart's treasure, was also most highly prized in the Church, and is mourned as a great loss to ourselves and the common unity. We pray that life may spring from his death in the conversion of many who admired his noble christian example, and that his dear parents and sisters may be comforted with the consolation that the Spirit alone can impart. God bless you my dear sister ; and when this checkered life is ended, may you, with the dear ones gone before, be welcomed to the regions of the blest, to be forever with the Lord, is our prayer.

*Consolation to an intimate friend upon the death
of her father :*

"SEPTEMBER 7, 1866.—VERY DEAR SISTER D.,—I have just learned through M*** of your deep and sudden affliction, and my mind is carried back to the time when I too stood beside the death-bed of a dear father. How great this sorrow is, only those know who have experienced it. I would sit down by your side as did the friends of the patriarch, and in silence blend my tears with yours in sympathetic grief. But I am rejoiced, my dearly loved friend, to know that the Great Comforter, the never-failing Consoler, is with you, whispering to your heart heavenly consolation ; that you have a long-tried Friend to whom you can go in your bitterest

grief. He will never fail you—will be with you in six troubles, and in the seventh will not forsake you. It is his loving hand that has prepared this cup, bitter though it be. Trust where you can not trace this hand, and say the ‘cup my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?’

“I rejoice that you have so much evidence of a gracious change in your departed parent. This consolation must be to you an unspeakable blessing—how much deeper would be your grief were this wanting. If he has been prepared by God’s Spirit, your separation is only for a few years at most, and a blissful re-union that knows no breaking up is the glorious prospect. Let the comfort of the Gospel abound to both yourself and dear R***, in whose affliction I deeply sympathize. Remember the High Priest who is touched with all the sorrows of His dear children, who counts your sighs and bottles up your tears. He calls Himself also the Father of the fatherless, bids you not be afraid, for He is with you and your God.

“When through the deep waters I cause thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
I will be with you, your trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

“When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie
My grace all sufficient shall be your supply ;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.”

“Dear sister, I commend you and the dear weeping circle to God; and the word of His

grace, which is able to sustain and comfort you. May it be a sanctified sorrow, and may the dear son who mourns, hear a voice in this affliction calling him to higher hopes and pursuits than he has ever before known.

"Accept Mr. E.'s tenderest sympathy for yourself, sister and brother."

Occasional Counsels.

"She to many spirits gave
A reverence for the true, the pure,
The perfect, that has power to save,
And make the doubting sure."

Written to a young man of great promise, at a crisis of temptation; of which he says: "This was written on my departure to College, and whatever of genuine piety I have enjoyed since then, I attribute to these words:"

"MY DEAR YOUNG BROTHER,—On the eve of your departure from us I feel impelled to chat with you a little while on paper, inasmuch as my heart yearns over you as a youthful disciple of our Lord and Savior. Having been from fourteen years of age an unworthy follower of my Re-

deemer, I know something by experience of the conflicts and triumphs of a child of God.

“Your experience will be varied, in consequence of having a heart depraved and not wholly subjugated to the will of God. Then you will be buffeted by the adversary of your soul, and will often be made to doubt your own piety and God’s faithfulness. If Satan can by any means cause you to fall or stumble in your course, he will surely do it. He will find out your most vulnerable point, and make his attacks where you are weakest. You will, therefore, need to be watchful and prayerful, for if you neglect either, your defection from duty and consequent loss of religious enjoyment will certainly follow. When you read the narrations of the Bible, remember they were written for our warning, that we might see as in a glass the image of what we might become if we yield to temptation and are left of God to ourselves. Encourage a feeling of constant dependence upon your Heavenly Father, dread to take a step without His guidance and spirit; so shalt thou have a pillar of cloud and fire to light, guide and cheer thee in thy journey through this wilderness world. It is your privilege to enjoy much, yea, to be exceeding joyful as a Christian; but this must result from communion with Heaven. The joy of the Lord is designed to be the strength of His people. Therefore rejoice; give thanks in every thing; even if trials come, try to see a Father’s hand in every event of your life; believe that He will cause *all things* to work to-

gether for good to those who love Him. 'In all your ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct your steps.'

"May you be blest in all your undertakings; be cheered in all your difficulties; be guided in all your perplexities; be strengthened in all your weakness; be enlightened where you are ignorant, and come off more than conqueror through Him that loved us.

"Will you not write, as often as once a month, detailing your religious experience, joys, trials, temptations and victories? 'T will afford us much pleasure to reply, and aid you if we may be able, by counsel and encouragement. In concluding this note I would assure you of an interest in our prayers. May you always honor that precious cause you have espoused, and feel that rather than dishonor it, you would prefer to have your life cut off from among the living.

"May Heaven's richest blessings distil upon your head. Your true Christian FRIEND."

The following letter was addressed to the daughter of an esteemed friend, member of the Church, on the eve of her departure to Europe, for perfecting her education:

"MY DEAR L.,—I can not forbear writing a few parting words expressive of my affection for you, and my deep interest in your present plans and future welfare, both temporal and spiritual. I know your desire to make the most of yourself,

to cultivate the talents God has committed to your keeping. The sermon last night seemed to be very suitable as a farewell, holding up a great purpose and aim in life, without which any life is a failure. What the cause of Christ needs in the world is consecrated talents, energies, wills. Having these, the Church would appear bright as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible (to the enemies of righteousness) as an army with banners. Shall we have it? Are we praying for it? In what a remarkable age are we living. As Longfellow says :

“To be living is sublime.”

“Are God’s people awake to the idea? There seems to be something in the way of the onward progress of the Church to perfect victory. Wide doors are open asking for advance. Will she heed the openings of Providence, or will she be recreant to her high mission? My dear young friend, are you conscious of a lofty purpose to improve your powers and qualify yourself with the Divine blessing for greater usefulness? Is it for Christ’s sake? Are all to be laid on His altar, of attainments, energies and influence? If so, every study you take up will be dignified and elevated; your own soul will be drawn Godward, and your whole being sublimated.

“Do you think, dear L., that we half appreciate the Scripture, which says that if we are Christ’s disciples ‘we are no longer our own; but have been bought with the price, and that we are to glorify Him in our bodies and spirits,

which are his ?" Do not receive this as a religious homily ; an exhortation rather suitable for the occasion. It is merely the expression of a heart which receives for itself the suggestions made to you. In the passing of time, my dear girl, long before you return, my lips may be silent, my pen fall powerless from my hand. If, then, these are the last words I may be permitted to utter to you, I would say let your motto be "*Consecration.*" Christ in every thing : in study, in recreation, in the family, the social circle, the Church and the world. Be a positive Christian. There are too many negatives, if such a condition is possible. Make your mark for Christ. Have a holy ambition to let your influence as a Christian tell every where, and in all the varying circumstances in which Providence may place you. To do this, in this thoughtless, sinful, tempting world, will need constant supplies of grace, all of which is promised. Receive and trust it. May your communion with Christ be so intimate that you may feel his hand holding, leading and guiding you. Dear L., I commend you to him and the word of his grace, which is able to keep you. May you have a pleasant and safe voyage, be prospered and returned safely, is my prayer."

Mrs. E. often employed her pen in appeals for private and public charities. Almost a score of such letters were known to have been written during the last few months of her life ; but as copies were not

kept, and parties addressed have not furnished the originals, only a specimen is given.

“ Good is no good, but if it be spend,
God giveth good for none other end.”

*To a long esteemed friend, absent at a crisis
in the building enterprise of the First Baptist Church.*

“ CHICAGO, January 30, 1865.—DEAR BROTHER T.,—You will wonder at receiving this line from me; but when I tell you of our great anxieties and fears in connection with our church enterprise, and the need we feel of the counsel and sympathy of our tried friends, no apology will be needed, I know, for taxing your time. We have come to the Red Sea, and our wisest members, indeed the members generally, think they hear the voice, ‘Go forward.’ But how? is the question which at present troubles us. To go on and incur a heavy church debt would be greatly dishonorable to us as a church, besides impairing most seriously our usefulness and endangering our peace. Mr. E. has been pressed in spirit, seeing but one way to meet our responsibilities, and not knowing whether there will be enough of self-sacrifice and devotion on the part of the members to carry it out. He has tried to impress upon the church our entire dependence upon God, who can dispose hearts so that the house we are rearing for His glory may be dedicated free of debt. This week two prayer

meetings have been appointed with this object specially in view.

" You see why we wish you were here to share these burdens, and strengthen us with your wisest counsels. Mr. E. S. S. proposed a plan to meet the emergency, the other day, which many regard with great favor. It is to get an accurate estimate of the whole cost of completing the church, sidewalks, fences, etc., allowing a margin, and then get subscriptions to cover the whole, half to be paid in six months and half in two years, in notes without interest; then raise money on the last half, so as to have funds in hand to purchase to greater advantage, which would suffice until the first part of the subscription became due. He agrees to give \$1,000, payable in four quarterly payments, and is so certain that the work should go immediately forward as to signify his willingness to borrow the money to pay his, should it be necessary to complete the work. A few brethren whom the Lord has abundantly favored will turn the scale, probably, so to their decision many are looking with prayerful interest. Need I say, dear brother T., *you are one of those brethren.* Mr. E. feels that it is probably the last great enterprise he will be connected with—it may be so in your case. Would it not be pleasant in this great city of the North-west, to have a monument of the wisdom, self-denial and devotion of our church, which may be an example worthy of those who come after us? Can you not be back this week, to be present next Sabbath morning? or if that is impossible,

will you signify the largest amount you will be willing to do in case the whole sum (say \$34,000) shall be secured?

"We await you reply with hope. God bless you, dear brother, is our prayer."

Religious Solicitude and Counsel.

"Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father ;

Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear but affection."

To her husband's brother, long an inmate of the family.

"APRIL 7, 1850.—DEAR BROTHER S.,—Your religious welfare has been to me a subject of much interest, particularly for the few past months. I hoped much from the means of grace made use of among us this winter ; but these you did not avail yourself of. The Lord prospered you remarkably this fall, and then it would have seemed that His goodness should have led you to retrace your steps, and to have called with the affection of a child upon His name. Mercies have failed in your case to do what God had intended them to accomplish, and when His chastening hand was laid upon you I seemed to see in it a Father's desire to bring back a wandering

child. Has it thus appeared to you, dear brother? or do you think afflictions are the result of a blind chance? No, you answer, afflictions spring not from the dust. How long, then, will it be necessary for God to visit you with judgment? I have sometimes feared that His hand would not be taken from you in chastisement until you acknowledged your delinquencies and turned again unto Him. In your external deportment I know you are as consistent as a large proportion of church members; but, dear brother, how is the heart? Do you feel a love for Him who made and redeemed you? Is His will the law of your life? Do you desire to hate sin because it is a transgression of His holy will? And when He says 'my son give me thy heart,' do your affections burst forth as did the Psalmist's? 'Whom have I in Heaven but Thee, and there is nothing upon earth I desire besides Thee!' 'O, how I love Thy law!' etc. My object in these lines is to turn your mind to a contemplation of past mercies; to entreat you to think of your obligations to your Heavenly Father, and to beg you, without waiting another hour, to confess your sins before Him, humble yourself in His presence, and by repentance and faith to seek an interest in His favor. If you refuse, chastisement may or may not be removed, but you may be left by God's Spirit, and then nothing will remain for you but a fearful looking for God's judgment. I will say nothing to enlighten you in regard to your duty. This you know: ignorance can be no plea, because the truth is plain before your

eyes. Dear brother, life is fast passing. Is it not wise for us to live in view of that Eternity upon which we *must* sooner or later enter? God grant us a preparation for it, that our exit may be joyful, and that to depart will be but going to dwell with Jesus. May God bless you and lead you to Himself, prays

“Your affectionate

“SISTER.”

As an instance of her persuasive religious influence with the young, we speak of an acquaintance formed in Louisville, with a gay young girl in the height of her career of fashionable pleasure, to which she devoted herself with no common enthusiasm, yet displaying marked abilities and unusual force of character. Mrs. Everts' interest was awakened in her as a neighbor, and as the acquaintance progressed, it was with prayer and religious conversation on the one side, received with surprise at first, which grew to affectionate regard. For years this acquaintance was kept up; Mrs. Everts' prayers, conversations and correspondence being perhaps the strongest christian influence of her life. A letter ad-

dressed to her in '55 we can fortunately command:

“LOUISVILLE, November 26, 1855.—DEAR BETTY,—Almost at the risk of giving offence (but no, I will not admit such a thing, inasmuch as you are too sensible, and your own conscience will uphold me), I have followed my feelings and taken my pen to speak with you a little while. You have been on my heart and your immortal interests have been pressing my spirit. Will you believe me your friend when I tell you the truth, although that truth may be distasteful? Or will you fancy those your best friends who bask in your smiles while in prosperity; but if adversity came, believe me, dear girl, many of them would drift away like autumn leaves. I must contend that those are your friends who study your best interests. And what are those best interests? Do they pertain to this world, with its brief existence, or to the one which takes hold of eternity? I am pained, dear Betty, to believe that in all your calculations and arrangements you are attending only to this world, and making no provision for another. You are acting as though you were sure of life, and had been informed that sufficient notice would be given you for the next world. Dear girl, does not wisdom dictate in all things to attend to the most important things and let trifles go? But are you not reversing the order? Oh! for once be faithful with yourself. Let conscience speak—Heaven's viceroy in your breast. When

I see you thinking and caring only for this short and uncertain life, allured by its tempting baits, fascinated by its calls of pleasure, and regardless of the Spirit's whispers, I have often said, 'How is Betty to be saved?' This is no idle exclamation; but my fears are aroused in your behalf. Unless, my dear young friend, you implore with all the earnestness of which you are capable, that God by His Holy Spirit will turn your heart from these 'lying vanities,' I see not how you will escape. Do you not wish to taste unalloyed happiness—happiness that will fill your soul to overflowing? Then be a Christian—not a fashionable Christian, nor a professor, as too many are—but come and lay your whole heart and life on the altar of the Saviour *who died to save you* (Do you believe it?) and you will taste true bliss, to be crowned with immortal blessedness when you lay down this mortal coil. Think me not fanatical. Would to God I had a tithe of the zeal the Gospel warrants, and you would have been warned and entreated times without number since I have spoken to you. Believe me, the hour is coming when you will justify all the anxiety of the most faithful Christian; but then you may have sinned away your day of grace. And on your dying bed—for *die you must*—you will wonder at the wickedness of professors who never warn the unconverted, although professing to know their dangerous situation. Let me ask one question: Do you think that the object which made it necessary for God's only Son to quit his glorious throne to dwell on

earth, and die the death of the cross, is of sufficient importance to claim your attention? That object was the human soul—*your soul*. I beg you to *think* as you will wish you had when earth and all its scenes are passing from your view. *Act* as you shall wish you had acted when the Judge shall be seated on his great white throne, and then all will be well.

“Adieu dear B. We shall be glad to see you this week at the meetings we are holding nightly. Come with us and we will do thee good, for God has spoken good concerning Israel.

“Yours sincerely,

“M. K. EVERTS.”

To the daughter of a long-cherished friend.

“DEAR A.,—I was much pleased to receive your letter the other day, would have been better pleased had you expressed yourself more decidedly intent on the one great subject claiming your consideration. My dear girl, I want you to experience that love that can raise you above the besetments of life, nerve you with the power to do the will of God, comfort you in sorrow, guide you in perplexity, cheer you in death's dark hour, and give you an entrance to the gates of Paradise.

“Are you going to yield to Satan, who you say influences you to give up your efforts to come to Christ. Is it so that his influence is to paralyze you? The very idea should arouse you to the most determined effort to *reach* the cross

or *perish* in the attempt. Shall such a Saviour plead with you in vain? Will you deliberately cast away the cup of blessing which he has filled, from your lips? Will you run the risk of losing Heaven? And then think of the ingratitude of such a state! How can God have such forbearance with us sinners? I marvel when I think of it. A., you have no time to spare. Lay down this sheet, go to the Saviour you have slighted, offer yourself to him to be wholly his forever, without any reserve; keep nothing back; confess your sins; ask forgiveness; believe; and you will find him who is the only satisfying portion of the soul. Answer me and tell me you have done this, and that Jesus is your Saviour. He waits to be gracious, but he must be enthroned to the chief place in your heart; you must take him to rule over you; you must be willing to be his; to be directed by him; your will must give place to his. But how delightful is his service. 'His yoke is easy and his burden is light.'

"You are young. What may you not do for Christ in this world if you only have his spirit? Aim not to be a fashionably conforming Christian, seeing how far you can follow the maxims, customs and fashions of the world, and yet belong to Christ. Let your aims be lofty, and you will have joys a worldly Christian knows nothing of. My heart is drawn towards you very much, and I long to see you a child of God. It is not my custom to take the Sabbath hours to write, except religious letters, so I hope you will under-

stand why I have done it. Delay not, or you may grieve the Spirit, the tender, loving, wooing Spirit, who is waiting to change your heart and implant holy affections there.

"God bless you, dear girl. Shall we meet in Heaven, if not on earth? Shall we there celebrate the praises of our dear Saviour? May it be so is my prayer.

"I am your very sincere

"FRIEND."

To the same.

"CHICAGO, September 22, 1865. — MY DEAR A.,—I had hoped to have answered your welcome letter before this, but have been prevented by various hindrances. Instinctively my heart said, 'A. is being taught by the Spirit, or she would not have the feelings her letter indicates. To-day Mr. E. writes me that you and dear S. have given your hearts to the Saviour. Oh, how rejoiced I am to hear such precious news! More than this: angels have struck anew their harps of gold, as the intelligence has been communicated! And your dear parents, how unspeakably happy they must be to have their children given in answer to their prayers. Does it not now seem passing strange that you could so long have withheld your heart from that dear Saviour who has done so much for you? How wonderful is his forbearance, how deep his compassion to sinners like ourselves! Surely, eternity will not be too long to sing his praises.

The longer I live, dear A., the more wonderful does this love of Jesus appear, the more precious His atonement. It seems to me, as often as this truth is presented in its simplicity and power, that there must be on the part of the hearers a pressing into the kingdom of God's dear Son. That men do not is a sad commentary on the blinding and hardening nature of sin. In meditating lately on the last words of Jesus to his disciples, viz. : 'All power is given to me in Heaven and in earth,' I have had new views of the comfort that announcement should give Christians. To think we have a Saviour so powerful as to control every thing in nature and Providence for the good of his people. Nothing can harm them—no temptation can overcome them if they lean upon his strength. Prosperity will bless them, adversity will purify them. All things work together for good to them who love God. I trust you and I will not be contented, like too many, to receive the grace of God, profess His name, and then feel that the work is done. This life is the only time we shall have to show our love by working for our Lord and Master. Heaven is a place of holy enjoyment. Christ has left a cause pending in the world, and we are witnesses ; if we fail to give our testimony we betray this cause and dishonor him. My prayer is that you both may enjoy much of Christ's presence in your souls, and be instrumental in leading many by your example and by your efforts to love and serve Him. God bless you both, is my sincere prayer."

The following letter was addressed to a young man of the most respectable connections, and heir to a large fortune. He was squandering it in dissipation. He was an occasional attendant at the First Baptist Church, through intimate relations with one of its families. Mrs. E., with another lady, had sought the mediation of Mr. Gough in his behalf, on one of his visits to Chicago :

“MR. G. S.,—Some apology may be necessary for intruding these lines upon your notice. The only one I shall offer is a deep interest in your welfare. Ever since your return, after your brother's death, my husband and myself have felt a strong desire to see you a converted man. Nothing short of this will restore you to health, and ability to act well your part in life, and nothing else can prepare you for a long and blessed eternity. Doubtless your judgment endorses what I say. You know all this, and more ; but the thing is to act. The prodigal son's knowledge of the fact that in his father's house there was bread enough and to spare, would not have saved him from starvation had he not arisen and gone to his father. The provision made for your salvation is ample, but you must seek if you would find ; you must ask if you would receive. Heaven has been emptied of its richest treasure ; the Son of God has left his

lofty home and taken upon himself our nature ; suffered and died, the just for the unjust, the holy for the sinful, that we might be saved. Will you accept of his mediation and salvation ? Will you take him for your Lord and Master, your prophet, priest and king ? Will you say ‘ I will yield allegiance to his authority, will have him for my advocate before the throne ? ’ In a word, be his child by yielding your affections and life to his control.

“ Your destiny will turn upon an affirmative or negative answer to these questions. O ! my young friend, as you value peace, and pardon, and salvation, fall upon your knees before God, ask him to incline you heartily to accede to the terms of salvation. Be not discouraged ; but press your suit, although Satan will throw all manner of barriers in your way. Break off from sin and honestly seek the Divine favor. If you do this, the voice of praise will soon be on your lips ; joy will flow into your soul, and you will be a new creature in Christ Jesus. Lose no time ; to-day only is yours. Feel the greatest freedom in counseling with Mr. Everts or myself. Come to us or we will go to you. Anything we can do to help you in the cause I have mentioned, we will most heartily do. May God save you. He is waiting to be gracious.”

“ LOUISVILLE, February 17, 1859,—MY DEAR COUSIN MARY,—It has been with pain and surprise that we have learned of cousin A.’s prostration by disease, and a form of it which we

should scarcely imagine that he would be exposed to. But how little do we know how or when our Heavenly Father will commission one of his messengers, in the form of sudden or protracted disease or casualty, to strike us down. We are very glad to learn that your dear husband is recovering, and our hope is, that a naturally good constitution, aided by good habits, will overcome the attack which has seized him. May his useful life be spared to be a blessing to the world. It would seem to us that good men and active Christians, good stewards of the grace of God, are needed, and should be spared to a sinning world. Hence the inscrutability of the Providence that removes so many from us. 'God's ways are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts.' How humbling to us to know that he can do without us all, and that his great purposes and plans may and will be carried out, even when those we deem important, nay, almost essential instruments, are removed.

"How often have I thought of your attention and kindness to my precious parent when in nature's extremity. May the Lord reward you all, and more than make up to you all that you have done and suffered for others. How often are my thoughts in that sick chamber. How often does a recollection of that laboring breath haunt me, and the thought that I did not administer all the words of comfort I should have done, trouble me. Oh, how dear to my heart was that parent! and what a strong tie to earth has been severed! I

seem to be nearer the outer verge of time, and the Spirit world appears less distant.

"Oh, that uncle would leave his testimony for Christ and his cause! Tell him that Jesus was his dear brother's only hope; may he be his. I want my dear father's family all to know that he died, feeling himself a sinner, saved by the sufferings, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. God bless you all. Accept Mr. E.'s love, in which joins

"Your loving

"COUSIN."

"TO THE HON. COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO,—Your petitioners come before you to plead for a fearfully large class for whose reformation, by the city, no provision has been made. While thousands and tens of thousands are spent in making healthful our streets and alleys, as a sanitary measure, the terrible moral pollution whose pestilent influence is threatening to destroy far more of our men and women—
young men and maidens—than the much dreaded cholera, is entirely overlooked, and no eye but Heaven's knows how fearfully the morals of our city are threatened.

"A few, whose hearts have been stirred by a knowledge of facts, heart-rending to any lover of our race, opened an Institution, three years since, as a Refuge to which any wanderer from the path of virtue might flee for safety and recovery. Citizens very generously responded, and a large house was purchased, and has since been

sustained by their liberality. But so many have accepted the invitation that the house is overflowing, and a large additional building is needed to accommodate at least seventy-five inmates, to include a Hospital. For this class in sickness and desolation *no Hospital* in this city opens its doors. Other cities make ample provision. New York, for instance, has its Blackwell's Island, sustained at public expense.

If the Charter of Chicago makes no provisions for benevolent institutions, it does for the necessities of the city, and this your petitioners plead as a crying necessity, as your honorable body well know, to its healthful condition. If the necessities of the city required the tunneling of our mighty lake, involving the expenditure of hundreds of thousands, may not the decision of the all-seeing and all-knowing One be, that this saving of human beings in our midst, and saving of human souls, is a far greater necessity?

"Your petitioners would inquire, if it is a legitimate expenditure of public funds to provide houses of reform for boys and girls, why it may not be equally so to make some provision for the reform of five or six thousand of our population, a very large number of whom are young persons from fifteen to eighteen years of age, urged into a life of vice by orphanage, poverty, and deception, at a period when the young heart is confident and unsuspecting? While the friendless and orphans have hearts and homes opened to them, and are being adopted into families all over the land, no door is opened to one of the class for

whom we plead; not even if in her heart of hearts there is a purpose of reformation. But in the bitterness of her spirit she is compelled to sigh out, 'no man cares for my soul.'

"And further: As fines exacted from the houses in which this class congregates, go into the city treasury, we would suggest if it be not proper for them to be expended upon the diseases which the vicious habits of their inmates engender. The Board of the the Refuge therefore most earnestly ask an appropriation for the building of which they have spoken; which, together with improvements on the present one and removing a debt, will cost twelve thousand dollars,—that every individual desiring to return to the paths of virtue may have an asylum to which she may flee. And thus the dreadful guilt of neglect may be somewhat atoned for.

"Not wishing to tax your valuable time, but praying most earnestly for a favorable response, we are, yours most respectfully, on behalf of the Board of Erring Woman's Refuge,

"MRS. M. K. EVERTS, }
"MRS. HAMMOND, } *Com.*"
"MRS. O. B. WILSON, }

Miscellaneous Correspondence.

“And as she trod her path aright,
Power from her very garments stole ;
For such is the mysterious might
God grants the upright soul.”

*Adding congratulations and religious intelligence
to a business note.*

“FEBRUARY 15, 1860.—DEAR SISTER P.,—A letter has just reached us from Mrs. St. C., giving an account of brother L.'s preaching at Walnut street. Have we not all been amply repaid for all the anxiety and pains we took and felt for that dear young brother. God be praised for his goodness to him. We rejoice also to hear of the blessing that has descended upon Jefferson street Church. Brother Q. may be rejoicing over the vine that ran over the wall, may he not? We wish we could hear equally good tidings from Walnut street. May the Lord lead his people forth into a large place, and bless them abundantly.

“We are in the midst of a revival. Five were baptized last Sabbath, and several more are awaiting baptism. We meet every night, and conduct our meetings as we did two years ago at

Walnut street, when God so graciously revived his work. The community seems ready for a great work. All that is wanting is a more fervent spirit of prayer. Mr. E. will require help if they continue much longer, as he begins to feel already the prostrating effects of so much preaching and special work. Last Sabbath Mr. E. baptized three, one our dear little W. Rejoice with us, and pray that his young feet may be kept in the paths of righteousness. I have wanted to write to your children, but as yet have had no opportunity. We are holding meetings every night, and are encouraged to pray for the outpouring of the Spirit. Tell R. and the little boys that Mr. E. and myself have no higher wish for them than that they early love and serve the dear Saviour. God bless them. We are glad to hear of so much religious interest at Jefferson street, and also at Portland. We have reason to rejoice at what the Lord has done, and by brother L., when we know how Satan tried him in every way to cause him to swerve."

Announcing visit to L.

"MAY 14, 1860.—Writing has been almost out of the question lately on account of engrossing cares. For a similar reason I had about given up my Southern trip, but my husband and family insist strongly that I must not lose such a pleasure—so strongly that they have made me believe the thing among the possibles.

"We propose leaving here on Wednesday

night. Mr. E. is obliged to stop at Indianapolis to deliver an address on Thursday night; but as we shall have so little time in L., he proposes that I go down in the first Thursday morning train, which will bring me there at what hour I know not. He will follow on Friday. We shall only be able to remain until the following Monday morning, when we leave for C., where my husband is engaged to speak on Monday night."

To another friend, alluding to the visit to L.

"JUNE 25, 1860. — DEAR SISTER L., — The memory of our late visit is like a most pleasant dream — like the sweetest music at eventide, stealing over our spirits with its softening and subduing influence. It will thus follow us to our graves, never to be forgotten. The tangible part is ever before us, assuring us that it was not a dream, but a joyful reality. I am not at all satisfied when I think of the little intercourse we enjoyed with yourself and dear husband. A little time the evening I arrived, a chat before retiring, and over the dish of strawberries, sums up all the time we had alone.

"Mr. E. left this morning for Burlington, Iowa, to speak at the college commencement there, or he would have a love message to send you and yours."

Letter of friendship, with notice of health and public duties.

"DEAR SISTER P.,—How long it has been since I have seen your well-known and welcome handwriting. But it is my fault, I believe, for you wrote last. The past months have furnished little time for writing, as our house has been full to overflowing. Part of the time my help has been inefficient, so that much devolved on me to accomplish. I saw comparatively little of Mrs. T. while here. Part of the time I was confined to the house—except in very pleasant weather—with a violent cough which still hangs about me, to the alarm of my dear husband and friends. I keep hoping, however, that it will soon be better. Are you all enjoying good health? Is your mother usually well? Do your children sing a hymn with the chorus—

"We'll camp a while in the wilderness,
And then we're going home?"

I think of it in connection with your dear mother, as an aged pilgrim whose home is on the other side of Jordan, and to whom this world is as a wilderness compared to the city 'eternal and in the heavens.' Oh, for a loving faith to grasp these heavenly realities! Do we live and act as heirs in expectation of a crown of glory? I have been much interested to-day in going over a part of David's history, in connection with removing the 'Ark' from Kirgath Jearim, and also with his preparations for the house of the Lord.

The enthusiasm he shows in his service, the love and thanksgiving which find expression in a most exalted song, filled me with admiration. I am persuaded there is not enough praise and thanksgiving in our religion. 'Oh, let us give thanks unto the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever.'

"Mr. E. is well and quite busy. There seems every thing to do here ; no one need stagnate for want of employment and opportunity to do good. Miss S. has purchased a lot for a mission school, costing \$1,400."

Feelings in respect to the Rebellion, and the duty of pulpit and church in regard to it, to a Southern friend :

"MAY 20, 1861. — DEAR SISTER P.,— Do not think we love you the less because you do not often hear from us. The love we bear you and your dear husband and family is among the fixed things which neither time nor change can affect, no, nor death itself, because it will bloom on the other side of the flood. That cold river will not quench what is so spiritual and godlike as the love of christian hearts. Brother G. writes us that certain who watch for evil have industriously reported that my husband is preaching war sermons, in which he fulminates his thunders against the South, and even wishes slaveholders might be exterminated. Brother G. heard the sermon Mr. E. preached the day hundreds of our citizens were leaving, and excitement was at its

utmost pitch. He felt burdened as an emboassador of Christ only feels burdened when he is called to give the trumpet a certain sound, and trembles lest that sound should be false to his Master and mislead the people. His hope is, that he uttered the truth, for one or two, holding secession sentiments, left the house ; and, after the service, a gentleman from the East, an ultra abolitionist, found fault that he said so much about the good people of the South. We believe the key to our troubles may be found in abuse of liberty turned into licentiousness — evils which naturally spring from free institutions. Also the custom, which has obtained in many places, of taking law into our own hands, and thus dishonoring the law of the land ; and also from party spirit, which has been rampant over our country, ridiculing administrations and cabinets, and threatening insubordination. Were the apostle in our midst, he would utter with emphasis : ‘ *The powers that be are ordained of God ;* whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God.’ And if he uttered this of ancient corrupt government, what would he say of subjection to ours, the most wise and beneficent government the world has ever known. Would to God our Southern brethren would hear this voice of the Almighty rising over the clamor of their rebellion. Would to God that the Spirit of the Lord, as a convincing Spirit, might be sent among them to bring them back to their allegiance. . . . Do not think that I have turned politician. It seems to me

that every American has too much at stake to sit idly by without feeling most deeply for our country. And besides, the experiment we are making on this side of the Atlantic is an experiment of freedom for the world ; bad indeed would it be, were this to prove a failure."

Religious view of the state of the country, to the same friend :

" APRIL 9, 1862. — DEAR SISTER P., — Your letter of March and April came duly to hand to-day, and I hasten to answer it. It carried me vividly back to the scenes of other days, in which your dear husband and yourself figured largely. I am glad you and yours are happy. But oh ! how many are not. News has just reached here of the terrible battle of Pittsburg. How many desolate homes are there throughout our distracted country ! For what is all this frightful loss of life, this flowing of human blood ? . . . There was no sufficient reason for this rebellion. The masses North and South, were satisfied, and I will not judge those responsible for the present war ; God holds them to strict account. My prayer is, that now we may learn the lessons our Father intends to teach, lest judgment, in some other fearful form, may overtake us. And, my dear sister, should not the professed children of God be the first at his feet, asking, " Wherefore, O Lord, dost thou contend with us ? " And might we not hear, if our ear was attentive, the answer, ' Ye have robbed me — even this whole

nation — in tithes and in offerings.' Have we not done this? Where are the consecration, the self-denial, the holy devotion of Christians? . . . When I speak of sacrificing for Christ, I blush with shame, that experimentally I am so ignorant of its meaning. Dear sister, must we live and die thus, while the world is perishing for lack of vision? . . . This morning I go to the Sanitary Commission rooms, being one of a committee to secure women nurses, a large number being sent for. The Catholics have been managing, Jesuitically, to get all the nursing into their own hands, to the exclusion of Protestant nurses, but our movement is to forestall this. For my part I think it is cruel to deny to our sons and brothers the ministrations of christian women, and besides, while Protestants do all the providing for the comfort of the sick, the Catholics would get an immense power for time to come, over those who may recover, for rendering this service."

God's hand upon the nation, to the same friend:

"SEPTEMBER 16, 1862. — DEAR SISTER P., — You have had much cause for anxiety since we met, in regard to your city and State. That the Lord has a controversy with us, is certain; and sometimes the feeling is forced upon me as I remember the history of the Israelites in Egypt, that sore judgments will visit us as a nation, until we proclaim liberty to the colored race. If

this is the Lord's purpose, and we fail to coöperate, it is certain his hand will be upon us to plague and chasten. May wisdom and light be poured upon us all, that God's will may be discovered and performed by us."

Explanation to Southern friends, divine judgment, and overthrow of Slavery:

"NOV. 11, 1862. — DEAR SISTER P., — Your most interesting letter has just been read by Mr. Everts and myself; and although addressed to sister T., I feel it must be noticed by ourselves. We feel and sympathize most deeply with you, in the sad turbulent experience through which you are now passing. The times are calculated to stir any soul of sensibility, to say nothing of patriotism, to its very depths. I have felt like a troubled sea — restless, agitated, uncertain. As I told you, I believe, in my last letter, my mind has been forced to a contemplation of the dealings of God with his ancient people, and with the judgments that followed their persecutors and oppressors. If we regard the slaves of this country as occupying an analogous position to Israel, in Egypt, or our nation as a people favored of God, peculiarly, and answering to the ancient people of God, in either case their history is most instructive. In the first application, the command comes, "Let my people go." In the other view, that an ungrateful, disobedient christian nation will be visited with judgment, and if not reclaimed to God, be set aside by him,

and its place given to one more worthy. In regard to the subject of slavery, Mr. E. and myself have ranked with the conservative class, although strongly anti-slavery in our feelings. For some weeks I have been travailing in spirit, on the subject of proclaiming liberty to the enslaved millions in our country, and whether by the aid of God's Spirit or not, have *found rest* in the belief that the Most High demands this act of justice at the hands of our nation, and that unless we do his will in this particular, his frown will continue to rest upon us, and that ruin will overtake us. As to your allusion to Mr. E., could he in any thing show himself more recreant to his friends, than in disloyalty to his most religious convictions? In those convictions he is happy in supposing that he agrees with Jefferson, Clay, the most distinguished men of former ages, and the leading minds of the christian world. He has believed from the first opening of the rebellion, that the overthrow of slavery was inevitable. The only question seemed to him, whether it would gradually decline or come to a sudden end; whether the Republic was to survive or go down with it. He believes that before the energies and wealth of the Republic are further wasted, she is better able to endure the shock and provide compensation to loyal owners, than she would be a year later. After so long forbearance, he does not think any punishment is too severe, to those who, after full warning, deliberately persist in rebellion. As to the sufferings that may come upon the loyal,

he would have them shared, as far as possible, by the loyal North. Mr. E. believes that the progress of government must be received as the Providence of God. Even though its administrators are unworthy, they are but the rod, the hand is God's. Mr. E., therefore, is looking with the most prayerful solicitude, to see how Christians adjust their conduct and expectations to the progress of events. Apart from inconvenience of changing social order, he believes that even without compensation, Kentucky would be richer and more prosperous in ten years if slavery was removed. With these feelings and convictions, Mr. E. feels no abatement of esteem and love for those endeared to him by such tender and happy associations, and hopes the reports of envious or officious meddlers, or misapprehension may never weaken the confidence of those whose affection and friendship he much prizes." . . .

"CHICAGO, October, 1863.—MY DEAR FRIEND,
—How welcome have been your last letters! The more so because so long a time had elapsed since receiving any from you. I was rejoiced to hear you speak of your christian hope and joy during your last sickness.

"Have you met" with a little piece of poetry lately called the 'Starless Crown'? It represents one ushered into the presence of the Saviour; and as he welcomes her to Paradise, he sees no star in her crown, but, pointing to others whose crowns glitter with stars, he asks her why

she has none, telling her that he intends those who are saved not to go alone to Heaven, but to take others with them. She awakes; finds it a dream; but is stimulated to pray and labor for the conversion of others. Shall we not thus labor and pray, and rejoice at the last that we have been instrumental in leading some to the Lamb of God? We are in the midst of the great North-western Fair for the Sanitary Commission. It is a wonderful demonstration.

"When are you coming to Chicago again? You will be surprised at the march of events here. We are about completing the University; attempting to raise one hundred thousand dollars! We are to have, in connection with the main building, an observatory containing the finest telescope in the world. Seventy-three thousand dollars have already been subscribed for that object-alone."

Denominational progress in C.

"APRIL 11, 1864.—DEAR SISTER P.,—I have waited for weeks, supposing Mrs. T. could be the bearer of messages to you; for I have been sick and without a girl in our large family; and, therefore, as you may suppose, with no opportunity very favorable for writing. Mr. E. was scarcely ever so busy in his life; so engrossed with great and grave matters. He is from home much of the time from morning until evening. Mrs. T. will tell you that we are on the eve of great movements here, such as never has been

our privilege to see before connected with our own denomination. We have sold our church property, and are worshiping in Bryan Hall. Before beginning our own legitimate work, the church has voted \$25,000 to the other Baptist churches of the city, which will cause a simultaneous advance in all directions. We have \$72,000 towards our new house already secured, but have to bring the amount up to \$80,000 before any thing can be done towards the building. So the church has ordered.

"We rejoice to hear of returning prosperity to the dear church in L. Never shall we cease to love and long for its welfare."

Mr. E.'s failing health — Visit to the sea-board:

"JUNE 12, 1865. — DEAR SISTER P., — Be assured of our appreciation of dear Brother P.'s cordial invitation to mingle again in your loved family. A conviction that another direction would be better for health, induced us to turn our eyes to the sea-board. After stopping a few weeks in central New York, in an up-town, quiet residence of a friend, we came last Saturday, to this place. When I tell you we are in Babylon, do not instinctively cross two seas and imagine us in Eastern Asia, in Babylon the great (that was), but in a small, quiet place near the sea, hard by "*Jerusalem*" and "*Jericho*," but on Long Island, only thirty-six miles from New York. The contrast is as great as if we were

thirty-six hundred miles. No sound disturbs us but an occasional footfall of the passing traveler, the incessant rustling of the leaves, moved by the breeze, and the distant roar of the ocean. The stillness and repose is delightful to me beyond expression ; we live in such a whirl, in the busy city of Chicago, that a respite, such as we are having, seems necessary to life. . . . My husband is but slowly improving. Our old friend and physician in New York, says he should stay until fall. The brethren at home concur, and I think he will be absent until September 1st. I expect to return the last of this month, and Willie will remain with his Pa."

"CHICAGO, MARCH 19, 1866.—DEAR BROTHER P.,—We so regret that you could not have been with us yesterday, at the opening of our new Church. The occasion was memorable, and we trust will react upon our denomination, East and West. The weather was very propitious, the sun shining beautifully and tempting the otherwise sluggish from their homes. At an early hour the people began to come, until the whole house, aisles, and available part of the lecture room was filled. The singing was very fine, by a large choir. Mr. E. took for his text: 'Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion.' After the discourse, Mr. E. laid before the people the financial condition of the enterprise, and stated that fifty thousand dollars were needed to free the Church from debt, pay for the organ, finishing, etc. In about thirty or

forty minutes forty-eight thousand dollars were subscribed! the highest sum being three thousand dollars. In the evening between five and six thousand more were raised. When the pews are rented, it is intended to apply the bonus to the towers, which are not yet built; so that we hope to have our extensive Church edifice, costing \$75,000 (since increased to \$125,000), all paid for! Is this not very wonderful success? The Lord has been with us, giving the Church the greatest unanimity of feeling and largeness of heart. Special prayer has been going up from many hearts, that we might be able to lay the offering unincumbered on the Altar of the Lord, and he has heard prayer. In addition to this we are rejoicing over converts. For three successive Sabbath nights we have had baptisms, and we trust that God is about pouring out His Spirit upon our congregation. Pray for us, that in this rapidly growing and wicked city our Church may be a mighty power.

"Mr. E., as you may suppose, is conscious of great relief. The anxiety before opening nearly prostrated him; but I hope now he will rally, and have no other extra care."

XXI.

THE LAST OF EARTH.

"THOU art not dead! our sorrow does thee wrong,
Oh, crowned and sceptered spirit, mid the throng
Whose golden harps are vocal with the hymn,
Chanted by ranks of burning seraphim ;
Henceforth shalt thou be found to walk with them
The bright streets of the New Jerusalem!"

DURING the last two or three years, although Mrs. Everts' general health seemed remarkably good, yet she betrayed somewhat her overtaxed state. Though always active, she dreaded the exertion of a long walk. She frequently spoke of it as an effort to entertain company. She once said to a daughter: "I am alarmed at my state of mind; I feel such a burden of care that sometimes I *can not* smile." In times of slight indisposition she would admit a great

mental pressure, and extreme bodily fatigue; but with a day or two of rest, she would again resume her place, with such an air of gentle authority, and the serene front she always bore, until anxiety died away in admiration and wonder, and the conviction of her remarkable endurance only strengthened.

As the family were scattering in the summer, some for health, some for pleasure, they individually urged upon her different plans of relaxation. But to all of these she answered that her duty held her home for the present; and when they pressed her further, she gave as sufficient reason the claims of the Refuge. She said she felt what was done must be done immediately. We would call this prescience in some, but she was always in haste to do good. It was a life-long habit to sacrifice personal ease for a worthy cause.

After in turn fitting out and sending off husband and children, she gave herself unreservedly to the plan of Church benevolence, and her work for the Refuge; and in the necessary writing, her pen never

moved so rapidly, nor thought seemed so free. As a niece remarked: "I would sit and watch aunty as she wrote letter after letter, never pausing even for a word, until she had finished twelve in a single evening." She stood among her duties like the harvester binding his sheaves in haste as he watches the reddening evening sky. And as she wrought, the summons came: "It is enough, come up hither."

The little neighborhood prayer meeting, organized this last Summer of her life, was attended but the Sunday before her sickness; her female prayer meeting at the usual time. Friday, the last day she was out soliciting for the Refuge, she came home just at nightfall, as she admitted, "so tired she could hardly command her feet;" but her face beaming with success, and notwithstanding her fatigue, she would not forego the evening meeting.

After the meeting she convened the ladies for their decision on some purpose of Church expenditure. The next day, too wearied to go out, she busied herself with the needle in some little repairs that a

mother finds constantly needful. Yet she spent the night at a neighbor's that, if necessary, she might be called upon to care for the sick. Sunday morning found her fever-flushed and ill. To this succeeded a long two weeks, first of unrest and fever; then, as the fever raged higher, delirium set in. The doctors hinted of a terrible mental strain. Opiates could not give her sleep. Then there was another two weeks. At first no change for the worse; then hope gave it a name: "a favorable change," they said; and the doctor, more gravely: "*If* her brain can hold out a little longer."

"Pale and wan she grew, and weakly—
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trial hour drew nearer."

But no human care or skill could hold her; no earthly love could fetter longer this spirit that heard the Father's call, and on the 11th day of October, 1866, surrounded by her family and some of her dearest friends, she breathed her last, unconscious of pain, and so softly, one could hardly tell when the last had come.

“Her suffering ended with the day ;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

“But when the sun in all his state,
Illumined the Eastern skies,
She passed through Glory morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise.”

The intelligence of her death occasioned a wide-spread sorrow throughout the city. There were moist eyes seen “on ’Change,” and men on the street shed tears as they spoke of the loss to the community. While living she “hath borne her faculties so meek, hath been so clear in her great office, that her virtues will plead like angels” for recognition and observance in her death. All sought to do her honor. A public convention paused in the midst of their deliberations, to weep and pray, and pass resolutions of compliment and condolence. The board meeting of the University interrupted their business to make mention of her death, while one, a member of another denomination of Christians, rendered a beautiful tribute to her memory. The

news being carried to a convention held in a neighboring State, they too made honorable mention of her name, while public prayer was requested that the memory of her life might be sanctified to the good of the churches. One, a well known public servant, constantly traveling, said that he never had known such wide-spread and general grief occasioned by any woman's death.

The Louisville Church, among whom she walked for seven years, sent resolutions expressive of sorrow and grief.

The meetings of her own Church, for several succeeding weeks, took their tone from her death, were almost given up to recollections of her life, and the lessons to be taken therefrom; and in order to commemorate the rich legacy of her example, commemorative resolutions were ordered to be inscribed upon the Church Record. The last sad funeral rites were conducted as nearly as possible in accordance with the often expressed feelings of Mrs. E. The Church was, in her mind, the soul's earthly homestead, the fittest place in

which to celebrate our crowning joy, our most profound sorrow: where the one shall be consoled, the other hallowed. Fittingly robed in stainless white, emblematical of the life clothed in Christ's righteousness she had so long borne on earth, and her hands resting upon the unstrung lyre—for the silver cord was broken—and this one, so peculiarly a daughter of music, had ceased upon earth her song. So she was borne to the Church of her love, whose solid walls had risen assisted doubtless by her prayers and efforts.

The day, for its rare loveliness, answered the poet's description—

“Sweet day ! so still, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky.”

And with its suggestions of the beautiful ended here, only to begin above, seemed to act nature's part as consoler, and

“Glide into our darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere one is aware.”

The services were conducted by clergymen of her own and other denominations:

Revs. Osgood and Clarke, Drs. Smith and Burroughs; Dr. Humphrey, of the Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Eddy, of the Methodist.

The thronged Church swayed to the speaker's words, and by tears attested their grief and loss. Yet it was not altogether a sad place. Many felt that they stood as the disciples after the Saviour's ascension, gazing up into Heaven.

The remarks of Dr. Eddy being more personal and tributary, we transcribe in part :

Coming to address you in the presence of the remains of this devoted Christian woman, I bring you some of the lessons the occasion has brought me.

1. *How beautiful a thing is a consecrated Christian Life.*—I mean that real consecration which recognizes the divine claim, and surrenders *all* to Christ: life, friends, goods, powers, ALL! Surrenders these to His *service*. Not the dreamy, indefinable consecration of the mystic, but the real consecration to Christian doing, so that duty becomes privilege! I only repeat, in view of the luster of her life, how beautiful! She did comprehend what is meant by "Ye are not your own; ye were bought with a price," and knew

it was divinely logical to add, "Wherefore glorify God in your body and spirit, which are His?"

2. *In her were harmonized the claims of domestic and public duties.*—Mary sitting at the Saviour's feet, and Martha serving with conscientious painstaking in the round of hospitable duty and home care, are types of character which demand to be blended in the perfect christian matron. Home has its cares—husband, children, guests—these require attention. Home is her empire, and will be happy or miserable as she directs, and most unfaithful is she who fails to appreciate or perform its duties. But there are outside duties. Woman is appealed to incessantly to conduct the various organizations for benevolent effort. Refuges, Homes, Asylums, Hospitals, plead for her presence and supervision. Many a christian matron has stood tearfully between these two and cried "Lord help me."

Mrs. Everts' organizing mind, clear-sightedness, commanding will and intelligent conscientiousness enabled her to harmonize these demands. At home she was the angel of the household. Careful, economical, thrifty and industrious, she ruled well and wisely in the empire of home. There it might well have been said of her, "She openeth her mouth in wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the way of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Yet who was more efficient in outside duties? In those of the Church, the Sabbath school, the

prayer circles, the relief of the poor, in benevolent organizations, in efforts to rescue erring girls and women? Ye who toiled in these vineyards know well how clear was her comprehension, how practical her plans, how tireless her zeal, how potent her pen, how abundant her labors. The painful problem of how to adjust home and exterior duties found its solution in her life.

3. *Her life was a specimen of blended denominational integrity and Catholic activity and sympathy.*— I shall speak more freely because I am of another denomination. God has suffered, in His Providence, the existence of denominations, branches, in his one Holy Church. Each represents some distinctive idea, and each has its mission. While these continue, each Christian will find his strength in conscientious devotion at his own altar. It is vain, it is foolish, to ignore denominational preference. *Our own* stands to us as symbol of what is Christly and Churchly, and we can not look elsewhere with the same deep, tender outgoing of love.

But there are common grounds of defence, common lines of attack, great schemes of religious philanthropy, summoning united heart, hand, mind, prayer and faith.

Mrs. Everts loved her own Church. To her, its doctrinal standards symbolized the faith delivered to the saints, and its ordinances, apostolic usage. Hence she sought its prosperity, and sought to build it up in strength. She was right. Yet she found time amid her many duties, and a

warm place in her heart for many charities and enterprises not denominational. And here again she was right.

4. *I find in this completed life a commentary upon the words: "BEHOLD, WE COUNT THEM HAPPY THAT ENDURE."*—There is the endurance of resistance. The pillar stands against the beating of the storm; the anchor holds against the tugging of the ship, as if it knew all it had to do was to hold; that hundreds of lives hung upon the event of its "enduring" the plunging strain upon it. This is manifested in the christian life by resistance of evil; by endurance of trial; by bearing up under great sorrow. It is being "rooted and grounded;" it is being "steadfast and unmoved;" it is being "established in grace." There is the *endurance of activity*—to continue faithful in duty; to bear the march and brow the assault.

How these met in her life. She maintained her integrity; she met what of trials came; met it submissively, and accepted gently the cup she was called to drink. She continued in the work of the Lord. One by one her lines of activity were spun out, and it seemed as if her death came when, more than at any other time, for years, they were about completed. She accepted duty when devolved upon her.

"I would have no broken column to mark the resting place of the ripened Christian."—*Remarks by Dr. Eddy, at the burial service of the wife of the Rev. Dr. Everts, of Chicago.*

The smile of thy heart went not with thy death,
Too changeless and pure to fade with thy breath ;
But glowing forever in fullness of love
Thou walkest in beauty with seraphs above ;
And the sweep of thy finger is felt o'er the lyre
Whose notes join the strains of the Heavenly choir.

Thine infinite gain in the *Presence* divine,—
Whose glory all glories of earth doth outshine,
Shall be as a balm, from our Father's loved hand,
To cheer the torn heart in this dark, desert land,—
Shall brighten the pathway of tears and of strife,
Till our spirits join thine in the Heavenly life.

No stranger wert thou 'mid the glorified throng,
For angels and seraphs did welcome thee home;
Home to thy Saviour, where, tearless and pure,
Thy spirit in rapture shall dwell evermore ;
There, waiting our coming from earth's dreary night,
Thy welcome shall greet us at the *Gateway of Light*.

It is with a strange awe that we handle
work fallen from hands now folded in
death. One unconsciously ponders the
“last times” of life. Did any fleeting
thought suggest it? Was there a shadowy
glimpse of the “never more?” Who can
tell the mysteries of the “Silent Land?”

After her death, was found a detached
sheet bearing the record of her last birth-
day, the only private reflections of which

we find any trace since her marriage. The years were too full of toil and care for even this self-indulgence, and she only finds time for these last words, in the comparative quiet of her family's absence:

“CHICAGO, August 30, 1866.—I have reached my forty-ninth birth-day! How is life speeding its course! Another year, and half a century will have rolled over my head! Had these all been years carefully and faithfully consecrated to God, how differently would I feel in the retrospect. Truly, for nearly thirty-five years has my name been enrolled in the Christian Church; but how cold have been my affections; how fitful my service. I can give my testimony to the faithfulness of my Heavenly Father, for his goodness has followed me and mine. We have gone through a variety of experiences, but he has never allowed his faithfulness to fail. My husband and my children all live, and are blessings for which I cannot be sufficiently thankful. All are in the Church of Christ, and, I trust, members of the Church invisible. All most dear and precious—blessings of which I feel myself unworthy. Then we are largely blessed with dear, kind, christian friends, with whom we take sweet counsel. God has placed us in a highly responsible position, which I humbly pray we may be increasingly qualified to fill.

“In view of all these things I feel deeply humbled, and have endeavored to consecrate my-

self and all I have anew to my loving Father and precious Saviour. God's love impresses me with new force; I seem to have glimpses of late which have filled me with ecstasy of joy. He seems so near, and it is so sweet to trust him. Jesus is so precious and his cause so dear. I long for his reign over my heart, and over all hearts. Yes, dearest Lord, I love thee; use me entirely for thy glory; make me a better wife, mother, sister, friend; a better member of thy Church. Thy goodness oppresses me; sometimes makes me tremble; but I will rejoice in thy gifts, dear Father. Draw me and mine, by them, nearer to thee.

“M. K. EVERTS.”

In opening her private papers, we find that she held all the lines of her business life until the last. In one parcel, a long series of accounts with brothers, extending over years, and embracing the most perplexing minutiae; in another, a full detail of building accounts, in the interest of several members of the family, distinct, although together. Still another holds the records of the building of the South Mission Chapel. Much of the business detail devolving upon her husband, she kept the full sub-lists, and an account of all outlays

and contracts. Here was preserved the by-laws, and some notice of the Home of the Aged and Indigent Females. And here too the business papers connected with her last and perhaps dearest work: everything pertaining to the Refuge—the subscription papers, building estimates, complete lists of business firms in the city who supplied building materials of any kind, etc., the appeals to the Common Council, etc.; also, some of the books of the Church Benevolent Fund. Among these a large parcel comprised “A Wife’s Record of her Husband’s Life and Labors,” kept since June, 1849, and dedicated to her children. All these in the clear hand and unblotted page peculiar to her papers.

“ THEN be it ours, although we weep to miss
Thy voice of music from a world like this ;
Through all life’s change of joy and sorrow, deep
Within our hearts thy memory to keep ;
Like thee, to brighten all our path below,
By pouring blessings round us as we go ;
Kindle new hopes in breasts that long have been
Darkened by sorrow and oppressed by sin ;
And bid Heaven’s light with meekest lustre shine,
Till our own souls become as white as thine,
And the whole earth is filled with radiance divine !”

XXII.

FUNERAL WREATH.

"DEAD ! art thou dead ? Alas ! dear friend, I hear
The solemn tidings with reluctant ear ;
And my stunned sense no ready credence gives
To the sad tale, ' Thy friend no longer lives !'
For Oh ! if love can hold the fleeting breath,
If virtue can turn back the shafts of death,
If purest thoughts that never knew a stain,
If heavenly graces, cherished not in vain,
If these, and more than these, have power to save,
Oh ! friend beloved, thou art not in the grave."

HE compass of the present volume necessitates the selection of a few from the many spontaneous expressions of sympathy and grief that were offered the family — memory's wreath, culled of her virtues and graces.

The following is from one who, a frequent exile from home, through business

claims, yet was welcomed to the intimacy of Mrs. Evert's home-circle :

“ ROCHESTER, N. Y., December 5, 1866. —
DEAR MISS E., — The first news of your dear mother's death was given me by a friend on an eastern train, while I was watching in the depot for one going west. It brought to me the keenest sense of desolation and personal bereavement. Had I not been able by that merciful arrangement by which the stress of grief is mitigated by tears, to weep, the announcement would have unmanned me. Aside from my own mother, none stood higher in my veneration and affection than yours. She was to me a mother indeed, when, far from home, I needed all the aids which christian counsel and the quiet inspiration of her tranquil, courageous trust in God could give me. In the sportive freedom of our intercourse, I called myself her eldest son, and now that she is gone, it seems as if the tears that blind my eyes are warm with the tenderness of a relationship closer than that which actually bound me to her. Your dear mother was a woman, in my estimation, of an extraordinary nature. There was a combination of character such as made her life round, beautiful, and complete. There was nothing in excess. She was very gentle, yet unusually efficient and executive. She had a multitude of duties, social, public, pastoral, benevolent, yet I never saw her in haste, perplexed or overcome. There was such a sanctified equipoise of mind and heart, that she seemed never

to labor even when most ardently occupied, and never to be overcome by her emotions, even when these were most stirred and tried. Her nature always seemed to me a mingling of summer and autumn, full of blossom as of fruit, very cheerful, yet of natural delicacy and beauty, ready for every office of charity, for every call of christian duty, for every engagement of social life, for every claim of love made by her husband, her children, or any one of her numerous friends. As a missionary, she was the most unobtrusive, yet most effective, of any into whose acquaintance christian fellowship ever introduced me." . . .

"Yours, very sincerely,

"JAMES D. REID."

"KALAMAZOO, October 15, 1866. — MY DEAR BROTHER E., — Having been privileged to meet your now sainted wife, so often this past summer, in the midst of the home through which her many virtues diffused their pure and softened splendors, I am the better prepared to know the greatness of your loss, and if your grief is commensurate with that loss, the good God pity you. My pen pauses in any attempt to offer you comfort. My soul sits down in silence with you, and mingles its tears with yours. Heaven has gained a brighter spirit than often visits it from this earth. Oh! how joyous, after a few years more of toil for her and your Saviour, must be your reunion. Accept the prayers and sympathy of your brother in Christ.

"J. M. GREGORY."

“LOUISVILLE, October 25, 1866. — DEAR E., — It is unnecessary for me to recapitulate your mother’s radiant virtues. I have never known a woman so fully clothed in those graces which not only adorn the Christian, but so potently influence all who come within the circle of their refining and ennobling influence. Her praise is not only in all the churches, but the community at large remember her unremitted zeal, her lofty, unselfish devotion to a broad benevolence, unlimited by creed or section. I can not think of one upon whom all parties could so readily bestow unqualified and unbounded laudations. She was so unpretentious that her loveliness appeared always an immediate reflex of the Shekinah that dwelt ever in the sacred precincts of her soul, and thus she rendered unto God all the glory. . . .

“As ever affectionately,

“MARY HEGAN.”

“NEW YORK, October 19, 1866. — DEAR BROTHER E., — It was with feeling of heartfelt sorrow that we yesterday read the news of the death of your beloved wife. All our family were most sincerely and devotedly attached to her. There are very few, if any, that they all held in so tender regard. We can only offer you our most sincere sympathy in this hour of your severest trials and bereavement. May the Lord sustain you. . . . The whole pathway of her life is strewn with flowers; not a thorn do I believe she has left. She has filled up the

measure of her days with usefulness. I think I have never known any person so perfectly consecrated to Christ.

“Yours very truly,

“WILLIAM PHELPS.”

“LOUISVILLE, October 12, 1866. — MY DEAR MRS. T., — Our hearts were deeply saddened this morning by the dispatch announcing the death of that great and good woman, our much-loved Mrs. E. We had heard of her serious illness, but the last report was, ‘she is a little better.’ She has been almost constantly on my mind since I first heard of her danger. And this morning, while dressing for breakfast, I felt, if God should mercifully spare her life, friends and the church ought to appoint a day of thanksgiving. Imagine the shock to my feelings when I saw, almost the first thing on opening the paper, the unexpected notice of her death. My heart sank within me, and I could but exclaim, alas, alas, there is nothing left to be done for her now. We can only wrap around ourselves the mantle of faith, and in mournful submission, say, ‘Thy will be done.’ Thus, I fully believe, she would have us do. But what a loss. Oh, what a loss to her friends, to the church, to her family, and to the world. . . . I know how hard it is, in the hour of such bitter agony, to look through the deep darkness, and see behind the cloud a smiling face. It will be hard even for him, who has so often tried to lift the veil for others. ’Tis even hard for me who am so remotely iden-

tified with her ; for as I write, the cloud and mystery seem to thicken ; and I am almost lost in the darkness and gloom which surround this mysterious Providence."

" V. C. PETER."

Among many anxiously seeking the sick and wounded after the war, the Rev. Mr. C., in his quest, came to Chicago, and there made Mrs. E.'s acquaintance, under circumstances which the following letter commemorates :

" DECEMBER 26, 1866. — . . . It was a sultry evening in July when I called at her house, a perfect stranger, and related, in reply to her inquiries, the story of my son's long sickness in the hospital at Columbus, Ky., and my own repeated attacks of illness while on my way to visit him. She at once extended to me a most cordial invitation to make her house my home as long as I remained in the city, an invitation which I instinctively felt was not mere civility, but the spontaneous outburst of christian kindness. Respectfully declining to accept such generous hospitality, I returned to my lodgings at the hotel, where I was again prostrated by a severe attack of illness, which, I have no doubt, would have terminated my life had I not in the early morning called a carriage and driven to your house. Shall I ever forget the constant and kind attentions of your mother, through that

week of sickness? So sympathetic, tender, thoughtful, unselfish, and self-sacrificing. She moved in and out of my sick chamber like an angel of mercy, and as I have said many times since then, I think I owe my life to her. It is strange that the reading of the few words that told her death to the world, should have opened the flood-gates of memory, brimming my eyes with tears. The death of my own mother could scarcely have affected me so deeply." . . .

From Dr. Backus :

"OCTOBER 12, 1866. — MY DEAR COUSIN, — My heart is with you in your great affliction. Were I with you I could only pray :

" ' O Lord, our help in ages past,
Our hope for days to come,
Our helper while the storm shall last,
And our eternal home.'

"I did hope she would be saved to you, to the family, to the church, and to the poor, but alas ! she has gone. Not dead but slecpeth. Not a doubt but she whom we loved, is, and ever will be, with the Lord. . . . I know not when my hopes have more unexpectedly perished, for I left you, hoping dear M. would live, and I know not that my heart was ever so sad. 'Friend after friend departs,' and in the death of dear M., who has not lost a friend?"

"J. S. BACKUS."

The following letter accompanied the wreath that lay at her feet :

"MY DEAR FRIEND AND PASTOR, — I can not express my feelings ; you know how I loved her. You can appreciate what I suffer. Lay this wreath at her feet for me, the last token of love I can offer.

"Most affectionately yours,

"B. C."

From Gen. McC. :

"Will you please accept and appropriate for the Erring Woman's Refuge, the enclosed. It is scarcely my gift. All is due to her. It is only one of the least of the flowers growing from love and charity buried in her grave. . . . It may not be ungrateful to you to know that one of the silent was not the least touched by that sad loss, sad to you and to us, but not to her."

A German pastor, whom she had often entertained and encouraged in his work in Louisville, and after his removal to Kansas, forwarded a box of clothing, and other useful articles for his family, upon the news of her death, writes, in broken English, "I was struck with silence ; I could not speak for sorrow ;" and the letter was full of affectionate memories.

First gush of sorrow at the loss of friend and fellow-laborer :

"OCTOBER 11. — Mrs. E. died this day at noon. What a loss to her family, to our institutions, to this community ; to me, personally, what a loss ! How can I bear it ? My sensibilities are bleeding at every pore. I have been associated with this good woman three and a half years, on the Board of Managers of the Erring Woman's Refuge. In my opinion she was among the greatest of living women. One of the truest, the best, the strongest and firmest, the most gentle. As presiding officer of our Board, she never said to us, 'Go, ladies,' but 'Come.' 'All we want is faith and corresponding works and we shall succeed.' The last outward duty was to solicit brick for our Hospital building. Among the last efforts of her pen, was a most thrilling appeal to the common council to aid in this charity. No one could be in her presence without feeling strengthened and stimulated to do with their might what their hands and mind found to do. Her dignified bearing, her pure and faultless life, her active mind, ever awake to the wants and woes of fallen humanity, preëminently qualified her for the station she filled. Although her presence can make my labors cheerful no more, I will emulate her noble example ; I will work on and on, with a higher and holier purpose."

From the Chicago Republican :

* * * * * “Mrs. Everts has been a leader in almost all the philanthropic movements of the city, and labored with the utmost unselfishness in a variety of charitable undertakings, and under numerous and diversified responsibilities. * * * * She was a lady of remarkable executive ability, possessed of unbounded energy in the prosecution of the charitable missions she undertook ; of admirable tact and discretion; and universally welcomed and beloved in the circles filled by her sphere of beneficence. One of the last public acts of her life was to solicit contributions of brick from the various manufacturers for the new Home of the Friendless building in this city. * * * *

“Mrs. Everts was endowed with much intellectual power, and her intuitive delicacy and perceptions of propriety caused her, with all her ability and superiority in council, to avoid all obtrusion, and to shrink from all ostentation or parade. The consciousness of the good she was doing, was her best reward for the labors in which she was constantly employed, and in which she was governed by the Scripture rule, ‘Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.’ Her illness, indeed, was superinduced by over-exertion in works of piety and philanthropy.

“She was well known and much depended upon in all undertakings for the amelioration of suffering and distress, by the Christian and phi-

lanthropic portion of the community, who, with thousands elsewhere who knew and esteemed her, will deeply and sincerely mourn her departure from her field of piety and usefulness on earth."

From the Louisville Courier :

"To speak too highly of her merit is not possible. But it was especially in her own home that her christian graces were displayed. As a wife, whose happiest duty was to cheer her hard-working husband ; as a mother, whose earnest and ever-present effort was to bring up her children in the fear of her Master ; as a friend, whose wise counsel and encouragement were never withheld from child, friend, or servant ; she was conspicuous above any woman with whom it has ever been our fortune to meet. We never saw a frown upon her face ; we never heard a sharp word from her lips. . . . Her death is a public calamity, for of such women come the bone and sinew of the Republic."

Resolutions adopted by the Church of which she was a member :

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, }
CHICAGO, November, 1866. }

"REV. W. W. EVERTS, D.D. — DEAR BROTHER, — On the 26th of October, A.D. 1866, a committee theretofore appointed for that purpose, presented to the churches the follow-

ing preamble and resolutions, in reference to the death of your beloved wife, namely :

“ *Whereas*, God, in his Providence, has removed from the scenes and activities of earth, the beloved companion of our pastor, our Sister, Mrs. Margaret K. Everts, who departed this life on the eleventh inst., this church, desirous of placing upon their records some humble testimonial of the worth and excellence of the deceased, do therefore resolve :

“ 1st. That though to our limited understandings, this Providence seems dark and inexplicable, we nevertheless bow to the solemn mandate of him, who doeth all things well, and will not, therefore, murmur or repine, though our heads be bowed in grief, and our hearts smitten with unutterable sorrow, but in the exercise of the same christian faith that so eminently characterized our sister, we will press on to more perfectly know the Lord.

“ 2d. That in the death of our sister, our pastor has been bereaved of a most estimable and beloved companion, who, by her uniformly amiable deportment, her intellectual culture, sound judgment, wise discrimination, refined taste, genial companionship, and exalted piety, has lightened his burdens, solaced his hours of weariness, counseled him in his great work, contributing in no small measure to his large success as a minister of the Gospel of Christ.

“ 3rd. The children of our deceased sister have lost their most faithful counselor and friend, a mother, the memory of whose beautiful exam-

ple time can not efface, the impressions of whose christian walk and conversation upon their unfolding characters, years can not despoil. They sorrow, yet not as those without hope, for though the light that shone brightest in that happy dwelling, has faded from earthly view, it glows even now with new radiance in the realms of the blest ; though the voice that so sweetly cheered the home circle, and attended the harmonies of worship around the domestic altar, has escaped mortal ears, it even now mingles with cherubim and seraphim in the praises of Heaven. Having, before she passed away, seen all whom God had given her, themselves given to the Saviour, after the separation of a few brief years, they will be reunited in mansions above, of which their earthly home was but a faint symbol.

“ 4th. That the church has lost one of its purest and noblest examples of christian fidelity. Whether in the prayer-meeting, or in the public assembly, in the social gatherings of the church, or in the active walks of charity and good works, our sister was ever present to counsel, encourage and execute, of remarkable endowments of mind, of fervent faith and untiring zeal in her Master's service, her presence was every where a blessing, her influence refining and exalting to all who associated with her. Her familiar face we shall see no more in the prayer-circle, her voice no more hear in our hymns of devotion, but her example and her counsels will survive. ‘ Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord ; yea,

saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'

"5th. That to our afflicted pastor and his sorrowing children, we tender our profoundest sympathy, and hereby commend him and them to the Spirit of divine compassion and grace.

"6th. That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the church, and that the clerk furnish a copy of the same to our pastor.

"CYRUS BENTLEY,
"Church Clerk."

Also like resolutions of respect and sorrow were passed by the Louisville Church, the trustees of the University of Chicago, the Ladies' Baptist Educational Society, managers of Erring Women's Refuge, and the Sabbath school of the First Church.

The following is the tribute of one who long enjoyed the fellowship of the church and the friendship of Mrs. E., returning after an absence, to find her no more :

I came,—but she was gone !
The voice that oft, in cheerfulness and love,
Had spoken words of holy faith and trust,
Was hushed and silent now ! Her ready smile,
Chasing the shadows from this burdened heart,
Beguiled and cheered no more ! ALL seemed changed.
Her rapt attention in the house of God
No longer told that her whole soul drank in
The melting words of truth and grace which fell
Upon her ear. Her place was vacant there.

No more her voice, in tones almost as sweet
 As those which angels use, warbled the songs
 Of Zion in our place of prayer. No more
 Our souls thrilled with the theme, as from her lips,
 In strains exultant, rose the words she loved
 So well — "In the cross of Christ I glory."
 Our voices faltered as we thought of her,
 Though well we knew that hers, hushed here below,
 Was turned to nobler strains on high,
 To falter never more.

How many miss and mourn for her !
 The light of heart pause on their gladsome way ;
 For she, whose bright example bade them seek
 The bliss that ne'er grows dim, no longer moves
 Among them. Those on whose bowed spirits care
 And sorrow press, shed tears of fond regret
 For her who pointed them to those blest scenes
 Where God for ever wipes all tears away.
 The "little ones" speak low, and cease their sport ;
 For she they loved so well they know will come
 To smile upon their guileless ways no more.
 Manhood and maidens turn aside to weep :
 She who had welcomed them to Zion's gates—
 Whose soul was filled with joy when they in faith
 Bowed 'neath the baptismal wave—she whose prayers
 For them so oft had risen to the throne
 On high, is gone ! They weep that in the flesh
 They shall behold her welcome face no more.
 The strong in faith — the sanctified, with hopes
 Long fixed on high, and feet upon the Rock
 Of Ages, know that one who ever led
 Them on and upward is taken from their
 Ranks, — and they, too, mourn.

The erring ones ! — Oh, they indeed have cause
 For grief ! Like Him who said, "Neither do I
 Condemn," she longed to bring the wand'ers back.
 Her latest toils were for a "Refuge," where they
 Might learn of Him, the sinner's Friend, whose blood
 Can wash the darkest stains away.

But in her home ;— ah, *there's* a void which earth
 Can never fill ! The son she gave to God
 And trained for heaven ; the daughters dear, whom
 With prayers and tears she nurtured for the skies—
 How do *they* miss the hand that led, the voice m
 That cheered, the cherished form that bowed with them
 So oft in prayer. Beloved and stricken ones !
 That hand sweeps now a golden lyre above —
 That voice responsive swells the songs of heaven ;
 That form, adoring, bends before the throne.
 Walk in her footsteps here ; so shall ye share
 Her blessedness on high.

And the man of God —
 (Tread softly here ; this seems like sacred ground,))
 Who long had taken counsel sweet with her
 Whose presence was as sunlight in his path !
 We may not speak *his* loss, nor bring a balm
 To draw the sting from sorrow such as his.
 Rather would we in silence and in tears
 Respect a grief our words could ne'er assuage.
 We feared that he might falter in his course ;
 For strong as was the spirit, yet the flesh
 Was weak ; but when, after his great grief, he
 Came forth and stood again before his charge,
 The Everlasting Arms were around him thrown.
 Strong in Jehovah's strength he stood, with words
 Of holy trust and faith upon his lips.
 Father, we thank thee for the grace and strength
 Vouchsafed to him. Still gird him with thy might ;
 Be thou his,— own and shield him e'en till he join
 His sainted one before th' eternal throne ;
 Where they, together, side by side shall stand,
 To cast their crowns, in humble adoration,
 At the Saviour's feet.

E. DE L. F.



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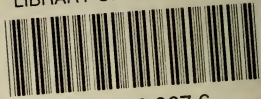
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